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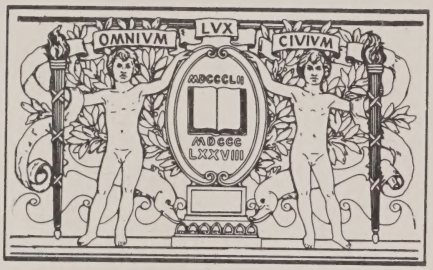

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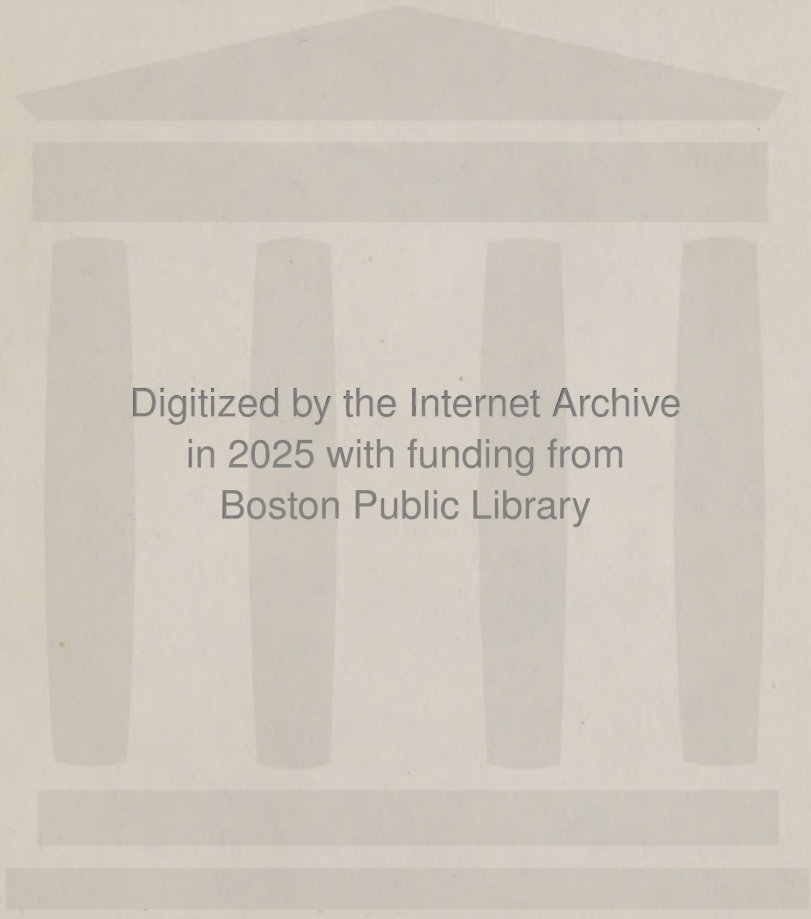
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AN

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL

JULY, 1894, TO DECEMBER, 1894.

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VOLUME XXXII

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MOTHER AND CHILD.

Permanent Benefit

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SPEEDY RELIEF.

These are the twin results from the use of

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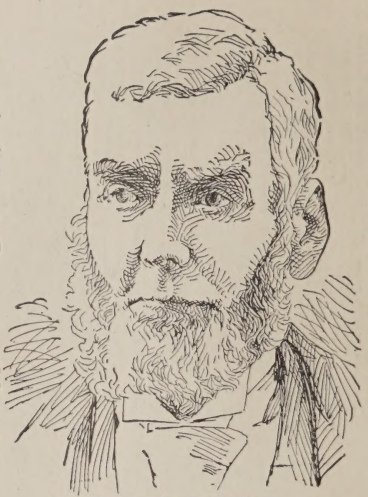
THEY CURE

Sick Headache

and biliousness when other remedies fail.



Charles H. Hutchings.

Mr. Charles H. Hutchings, East Auburn, Me., gives the following convincing testimony:

"I was troubled a long time with sick headache. It was usually accompanied with severe pains in the temples, a sense of fullness and tenderness in one eye, a bad taste in my mouth, tongue coated, hands and feet cold, and sickness at the stomach."

The Best Medicine For Family Use

"I tried a good many remedies recommended for this complaint; but it was not until I began taking Ayer's Pills that I received anything like permanent benefit. A single box of these pills did the work for me, and I am now free from headaches and a well man."—CHARLES H. HUTCHINGS.

AYER'S PILLS

Medal and Diploma at World's Fair.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla Invigorates the System.

IS HE THINKING OF ME?

SYMPATHY.

Donahoe's Magazine.

Copyright, 1894.

VOL. XXXII. BOSTON, JULY, 1894. No. 1

THE BLESSINGS OF THE A. P. A.

To the door of a house in Boston one afternoon recently came a woman looking for work. She explained that she was a widow, with a boy and two girls dependent upon her. The elder of the girls was bedridden. It was late in the afternoon, and she had been out all day on the search. Twice during the day she had found people who needed her services. At a house in the vicinity the mistress arranged with her to come one day a week to do washing, and agreed to pay her one dollar for the work. She was to come the following Monday morning. Thankfully the woman accepted the opportunity and turned away. She had reached the street when a servant called her back. The mistress, who was waiting for her, said: —

"Oh, by the way, I had forgotten something. What church do you belong to?"

"And," said the woman, in relating the incident, "as soon as I told her the church I went to, she replied, 'Oh, well, I don't think I shall need you,' and closed the door."

The woman then went to a neighboring house, was engaged, and again suffered disappointment, after answering a similar question.

There was nothing about the woman to indicate either her religion or her nationality, and up to this point in the conversation with the writer, she had not mentioned just what her religious belief was. Surely she had no means of knowing the belief of her questioner. So it was in a perfectly honest and ingenuous manner that she answered the question, "Well, what church do you go to?" by saying, "I am a Catholic."

Here were two presumably charitable and kind-hearted housewives who needed work done, but who preferred to let it wait, and to stifle their better feelings, rather than give a chance of earning money — pittance though it was — to a Catholic.

An incident like this is much more noteworthy than a disturbance at a meeting, or a holiday brawl, or a pulpit harangue. It has in it all the elements of the cruelest persecution. It shows the choking in individuals of all that is beautiful in human nature, and the ascendency of the brute. This incident is, we trust, exceptional. We relate it simply because it shows the spirit of A. P. A.-ism at its worst.

Persecution such as this is simply the refinement of the cruelties of Salem in the seventeenth century, and of the horrors of the middle ages, which all men to-day, bigot as well as liberal, condemn.

Taking this typical incident, which to our minds contains the essence of present and of former religious persecutions, — what are the thoughts and the lessons it should suggest to American Catholics?

Above all things, it should not suggest resentment and retaliation in kind. The only things which can conquer hatred and malice are forbearance and love. So Christ taught; so history testifies. About this fundamental truth there can be no dispute; but the ideals — or rather the ambitions — of our every-day life seem sometimes to ignore it. Men will say that such thoughts are too beautiful for use. We are not here appealing to the loftiest motives in human character, for that is not necessary. We simply wish to stand upon a level that all men can reach. We appeal only to common sense.

The usual manner of dealing with this question is to analyze the origin and the methods of the A. P. A., and to expose the degradation, mental and spiritual, of this so-called American organization. This method is justifiable and useful enough, but it is not the only nor the best way, we believe, of dealing with this "new disease."

Persecution is acknowledged to have been at times a blessing in disguise. We firmly believe that this transient politico-religious craze will prove ultimately a good for America and for the cause of Catholicity. The spirit of the present time is so entirely opposed to narrowness and persecution of all kinds, that A. P. A.-ism cannot be grafted upon t permanently.

Its passing existence will serve, first, to bring the Catholic Church more prominently before the intelligent world, and promote an examination of its work and of its claims. The Catholic Church can only gain by such examination.

Secondly, educated Americans, breathing the best intellectual atmosphere of the present, will resent the silliness of A. P. A.-ism, and, while recognizing the good accomplished by the Catholic Church, will more than ever appreciate the equality and liberty guaranteed by the American constitution.

Thirdly, individual Catholics, under the light of criticism, will become better men and better Catholics, will be more loyal one to the other, will sink their petty differences, and will, as they become better men and better Catholics, prove truer Americans.

Fully as we realize the injustices of A. P. A.-ism, just as fully and firmly do we believe in the great benefits that will ultimately come from it when the reaction occurs.

Christ's Church needs no apology or defence. He himself has said that it would survive all attacks. The Church owes nothing to its children, but its children, lay and clerical, owe a great deal to it. It is each individual's duty to find out what that debt is, and to pay it in a nobler life and a better character. No one can say what that debt is in each individual case; but general evils can be pointed out, the existence of which is a matter of shame to Catholics, and of satisfaction to their enemies. These evils should be exposed, bravely and fearlessly, by Catholic leaders. Sometimes they shrink from doing this, — they who are the only ones who can apply the knife without seeking to kill the patient. It is too much the

practice to praise one's friends and to abuse one's opponents. Rather, say we, speak the truth both of your friends and of your enemies. The truth must help your friends; if it hurts your enemies, so much the worse for them.

What is the truth about the conditions in this country among Catholics? As to the past, that is secure. Both in times of peace and in times of war the Catholic has contributed his full share to the glory of the American nation, just as has his Protestant or pagan neighbor. As to the present, the lives of all our people can be divided into three phases — the home life, the social life, and the working life. In both the home and the social life, the Catholic is admittedly the equal, if not the superior, of other classes of Americans. The moral beauty, the religious atmosphere, and the generous helpfulness of the typical American Catholic home are matters of pride for our whole people. To the purity, to the heroism of Catholic womanhood, all decent men pay homage. Only where the social glass casts its fell shadow is there any darkness in Catholic home or society in America. That curse is happily waning. As between Catholics and others, in the matter of drink, the difference has always been an apparent rather than an actual one. As the Catholic rises in social and financial circumstances, as he surely is doing, the drink question will diminish in importance. To decrease the baneful influences of drinking, is a noble end which many Catholics are banded together to accomplish.

Having glanced at the home and the social life of our people, we come now to the third phase — the working life. We choose the term "working life" because of its comprehensiveness. It covers money-getting in all its forms. Taken as a class, the Catholics of the last generation were the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. That we have passed from this condition to a better and more lucrative one, is due to the sturdiness of character and the progressiveness of our fathers as well as to the splendid opportunities and resources of our great nation. Our readers know how proud is this magazine of the brilliant achievements of American Catholics in the higher lines of human effort, as well as our hope of greater triumphs for them in the future. But our purpose to-day is to point out dangers and difficulties, and not to exult over victories.

In business and professional life, Catholics of position and power are, to-day, the equals in honor, in breadth and in humanity of their fellows. Catholics can look over this field with pride. In truth, in all working, money-making life here in America, the Catholic critic can find equal if not surpassing credit for his people, — except in the one field of politics. Any honest man, viewing the political conditions and practices of the present time, must be shocked and shamed. In politics to-day there is neither heart nor conscience. The highest officers pursue their own selfish aims, regardless of the suffering of the country, and the humblest follow their example in baser ways. The senator in Washington who speculates and the police officer in New York city who takes bribes from unfortunate women are of the same ilk. Ask any active politician whom you know, and who trusts you, of the conditions surrounding him, of the temptations and of the opportunities presented to him, and he will

tell you facts that will make you almost despair of humanity. Yet it is in this very atmosphere that many Catholic men are living, and into which many of our young men are thoughtlessly hurrying with eager steps.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE firmly believes that the greatest enemy to the progress of true Catholicity in this country is corrupt politics. Many of the men who come to the surface in politics, and who claim to represent our people, are a curse instead of a blessing to us. They reach their places not because of their superior moral fibre or intellectual force, but simply because of the brutal energy of their character that adapts them for political strife.

We know perfectly the dangers of statements such as these; but we also know their truth. The latter consideration outweighs all others. We do not believe in attacking men as individuals. No good ever comes from pointing out particular men who fall before a temptation specially fitted to their peculiar weakness; but we cannot paint too strongly the moral wretchedness of a great part of contemporaneous political life, nor can we avoid hurting the feelings, perhaps, of men who hold representative place in that life. Our purpose is not to hurt them, but to help the conditions surrounding them. We leave the rest to their conscience. Are they, by their lives, diminishing or increasing the debauchery? If the former, they will welcome the truth, and thank the person who utters it. If the latter, then their condemnation will be accepted as endorsement.

Every day the newspapers are printing stories of the "crookedness" of public servants in high and low places. No man familiar with political life doubts that much of this talk is true. Yes, and much of it is actually too indecent to print in a magazine. Take the investigation into police methods now going on in New York city.

This investigation is exposing depths of wickedness, — moral, political and financial, — lower almost than hell itself, and in those depths wallow, with the rest, men of Irish blood and Catholic connection. It is an outrage that the Catholic people should have to bear the stigma of all this. But they surely will have to bear it, until the Catholic people themselves prevent it. It is going to take time and patience and fortitude. The first thing necessary, is a better moral tone in politics. The home and the school, not the saloon and the sidewalk, must be the training places of men chosen to public position by Catholic votes. Already some progress has been made; it must continue. Great questions must come up for settlement within the life of this generation. All great questions in this country must be settled by the voice of the people. We look into the future with the greatest hope. We foresee this great nation the home of a really free and happy people; and we foresee Catholic truth, Catholic conscience, and Catholic charity as great factors in the happiness of such a nation.

This A. P. A. business is simply the dying spasm of ignorant bigotry. America will not be fooled by its absurd charges. Neither will Catholics, we believe, in their just indignation at this attempted persecution, exhaust themselves on the weaknesses of their opponents without repairing their own. Forbearance and fortitude will be their characteristics, both in dealing with their

fanatic enemies and their misguided friends. Let us take example from our fathers, when they were "under fire" for their faith. This is the first trial of the present generation. Bear it like honest, intelligent men, and followers of the gentlest, bravest Man who ever lived — our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The Catholic who lives his faith to-day can defy the world; but he does not need to do so. He loves the world too much to defy it. It respects him too much to make defiance necessary.

To repeat, we look for these blessings as the sure result of A. P. A.-ism: —

A greater prominence to the Catholic Church in America.

More thorough and general study of her claims by people without her fold; and a greater appreciation of, and greater faith in, her work on the part of her children.

Increased loyalty, one to the other, of Catholics, and the consequent extinction of many petty jealousies and much accursed narrowness, that have made Catholics their own worst foes.

A political awakening among Catholics, that will result in the placing of men in representative position, who will not be a disgrace or a burden, to say the least.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Red as thy heroes' blood thine orient be!
Blue as their azure garb thy cloudless skies!
Their silv'ry swords as white, the stars that rise
To crown thine eve with quivering ecstasy!
Our Banner's hues, the colors of the Free,
Live in thy glories, clothe thee with their guise;
Faith, Hope, and Love (the soul's fair Trinity),
Lend thy soft vesture, heav'n's immortal dyes!

Who rants of creeds? — Thy charter bears the seal
Of Catholic martyrs, for thy birthright slain.
Thy bulwark in dark days was Catholic steel,
Thy very stronghold, Catholic brawn and brain!
Shall bigots now impugn our loyalty?
Forbid, Columbia! — We are leal to thee!

BETTINA.

A MIDNIGHT PHILOSOPHER.

BY FREDERICK STANSBURY.

"SAY, Cap, I'm playin' in hard luck to-night; will you buy one of these jokers from me?"

The hour, midnight; the scene, Broadway. The "jokers," small packages of court plaster, one of the innumerable excuses for begging and — evading the police.

I looked at the fellow closely. I had just spent my last dollar. I felt a species of shame at not being able to purchase a "joker."

Parenthetically, I may mention that I have a drawer full of jokers bought under similar conditions.

"I am dead broke," I explained to the representative of the great army of the miserable; "why did you tackle me?"

I "tackled" him in the vernacular.

"I half thought it," he replied, with preternatural solemnity, then he added:—

"It's like this; a man wots broke aint sassy. He looks thoughtful. He looks kind. Wen yer pocket's full er money yer aint apt to think about other people. Yer thinks everybody a fool wot aint got money. Yer sassy, that's wot yer are. But wen yer broke, oh my!"

It was a long speech, but the "oh my" gave him his second wind.

"Wen yer hungry, yer thinks about the tenement district, yer can't help it. Yer thinks about little babies panting on fire escapes, an' cryin' fer food. Yer thinks how far a dollar will go among the poor who always figger in cents."

"There's something in that," I ventured to remark.

"It's God's truth," he continued. "We never think of others till we feel a want o' sumthin' ourselves. I aint nobody's rich man, but I'm the same way myself. Consequently I never tackles a man wots flush o' money — that is, unless he's drunk —"

"And then" — I suggested.

"Then, we generally gits sumthin'. But the man wot's drunk takes his money's worth out o' us in insults. I've had a drunken man squirt a whole bottle o' vichy water over me, and then gimme a V to git a new suit o' close."

"Which cost you" —

"Look a here, boss, yer gettin' personal!"

The fellow's diagnosis was correct.

I took the humbug home with me, awakened my landlord, and "raised" a dollar.

It was tacked on to my next bill.

A DIFFICULT CHOICE.

AFTER DEATH.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND CREMATION.

BY VERY REV. J. HOGAN, S.S.

When the mysterious tie which binds together body and soul in man is finally severed, the soul wings its way to the judgment-seat of God and henceforth belongs only to the unseen world. The body remains, but it, too, has soon to disappear. Bereft of the sustaining energy contained in the vital principle, it soon becomes a prey to other forces, ever present, but now free for the first time to effect their work of destruction. The process of decomposition sets in at once and proceeds through its various stages with the well-known results, equally repulsive to the senses and to the feelings of the beholder. However much he may have loved the departed one, how great soever may be the reverence and tenderness with which he still clings to his remains, he cannot long endure their presence; they have in some way or other to be put aside.

But how shall this be done?

I.

The problem is as ancient as man himself. It arose with the first victim of death at the very cradle of the human race, and ever since it has had to be solved by each generation, for the hand of death has been busy all the time.

The methods of solving it have varied with races, religions, and civilizations.

The earliest, the most wide-spread and the easiest of all was burial. To dig a grave and deposit in it the remains of those loved, safe from desecration and sleeping undisturbed their last sleep; out of sight, yet near enough not to be forgotten, and in a place where one day their friends may rest beside them, — this was the most natural impulse, as it seems to have been the universal practice of all peoples at the beginning.

Later on other customs prevailed. Egypt embalmed her dead with elaborate care in view of the future resurrection; and so effectively was it done that after thousands of years the features of many still retain something of their original expression. From time immemorial the Hindoos have paid the last honors to their departed friends by consuming their remains by fire or by committing them to the sacred waters of the Ganges. The Parsees, viewing such practices, as well as burial, as a desecration of the elements,— earth, fire, and water,— expose their dead on the platform of towers especially erected for the purpose, which they poetically call "Towers of silence." Scarce are they deposited there when flocks of vultures, ever watching for their human prey, swoop down upon them, and in two or three hours nothing remains but the skeleton.

But the commonest method of all, after burial, has been cremation or burning the untenanted bodies and reducing them to ashes.

Various motives led to the introduction and diffusion of the custom, such as the fear of contagion, or a wish to place the remains beyond the reach of desecration, or a superstitious belief in the purifying action of fire, or simply a wish to possess in innocuous form the bodies of those dear in life. Whatever the reason, the practice was very widespread in ancient times. It flourished side by side with inhumation, in Greece, in Rome, all through the vast regions of Asia and among the barbarous tribes of northern Europe.

But it never obtained among the Jews. Faithful to the earliest traditions of humanity and to the customs of Chaldea, the cradle of their race, they continued to the end to consign their dead to the grave, as we see all through the history of the Old Testament, from the Patriarchs down to the Machabees. To be deprived of burial they looked upon, like the Greeks, as a great calamity, and hence the zeal with which Tobias performed toward his exiled countrymen the last sad duty of committing their remains to the earth. The reverential feeling for the dead, so great among the ancients that the very ground in which they rested was sacred, was intensified among the Jews in the latter period of their history by the vivid expectation of a future resurrection. "Thou, indeed," says the noble youth to Antiochus in the midst of his torments, "O most wicked man, destroyest us out of this present life; but the King of the world will raise us up in the resurrection of eternal life. . . . These hands I have from heaven, but for the laws of God I now despise them, because I hope to receive them again from Him." (II. Mach. vii. 9.)

II.

With this spirit the practice of burial passed on from the chosen people into the Christian Church. A large majority of the first converts to Christianity had been Jews, and they naturally brought with them a custom, ancient and venerable, which had nothing in it out of harmony with the new dispensation. Indeed under the brighter light of the Gospel the human body was seen to possess a sacredness far beyond anything they had hitherto conceived of. Not only was it to be one day reunited with the soul, and admitted into the society of the angels, and to the unveiled presence of God himself, but even in its mortal condition it was dedicated to Him as His dwelling-place, and thus made holy. "Know you not," says St. Paul, writing to the Christians of Corinth, "that you" (or, as he says elsewhere, "your members," not merely your souls) "are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? But if any man violate the temple of God, him shall God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which you are." (I. Cor. iii. 16.) As a fact the Christian is, in body as in soul, consecrated over and over again to God, by the purifying waters of baptism, by the sacred unction of Confirmation, by the repeated visits of Christ himself in Holy Communion. A final consecration comes with the last sacrament, and thus the body of the Christian reaches the hour of dissolution invested with a high order of religious dignity.

As a consequence the Catholic Church, while sending up her prayers for the departed soul, goes forth to meet the mortal remains with marks of special reverence. She causes them to be borne with honor into her sacred places and placed before her altars. She surrounds them with lighted tapers and offers incense as to something holy. She follows them to the grave and consecrates with her blessings the earth in which they are laid. She continues to watch over them lest a ruthless hand should disturb their repose or lest any but her own children should rest beside them. It is only when the fame of special holiness follows them, and is justified by God himself through miraculous manifestations, that the Church once more approaches them, this time to raise them aloft, to enshrine them in silver and gold, to deposit them in places of highest honor, right under the altar of sacrifice, or beside the tabernacle, and

to give away their smallest particles as priceless treasures to be carried about by the faithful as an inspiration and a safeguard.

Such is the Catholic method of disposing of the dead. It has prevailed in every Christian land from the beginning down to the present day, intertwining itself with the thoughts and feelings of each generation, and impressing itself indelibly on the language and on the literature, sacred and profane, of the whole civilized world.

III.

Yet within the last 20 or 30 years a strong and wide-spread effort has been made to put it aside, and bring back in its stead the long-forgotten practice of cremation.

The substitution is claimed principally on the ground of the growing difficulty of supplying, in or near modern cities, the requisite space for carrying out the old methods of burial; of the pestilential crowding of many of our cemeteries; of the permanent peril of disease arising from their proximity, and of the comparative ease and cheapness with which all these evils could be set aside through the improved methods of cremation suggested by modern science. The plan is proposed as optional; but its supporters evidently hope that it will, if once admitted, gradually work its way, and ultimately supersede the traditional custom of inhumation. As a fact, it has already succeeded to that extent that crematories for reducing dead bodies to ashes, have been established in almost every country in Europe, and in several of the chief cities of the United States. But the growth of the movement is slow, nor is there, so far as we may judge from the present condition of public feeling, any likelihood of a rapid development in the future.

For this many reasons may be given.

First of all, most of the evils of inhumation may be obviated with a little intelligent care, and are, as a fact, sufficiently met by the sanitary regulations in force in this and other civilized countries. The present century has witnessed great improvements in this regard. The old cemeteries in the heart of cities have ceased to be used; those which replaced them have been opened at a reasonable distance from dwelling places, and on sites specially suitable from a hygienic point of view. In other words, the strongest reason of cremationists is losing something of its force every day, and scarce anything of it remains in this country.

As to that based on convenience, it is true that from that point of view, cremation might still have a strong claim, especially in large cities. But it is hardly necessary to remark that convenience is one of the last things by which people are guided in this matter. It is above all a question of feeling and of duty; a wish to pay a parting homage, a last tribute of affection to departed relatives or friends, and the uppermost thought is, in almost all, to offer it in as reverent and as loving a way as possible. Now when it comes to giving public expression to a feeling or to performing a duty of a solemn kind, men are generally guided, not by their personal sense of the fitness or unfitness of things, but by the prevailing customs of the society to which they belong. They instinctively shun what is strange or unexpected, and simply conform to what is practised around them. This is especially true of the last honors to be paid to the dead, and to it is mainly due the powerful hold which inhumation, as opposed to cremation, continues to retain on the popular mind.

But there are other currents of feeling which lead in the same direction. Thus to adopt the practice of incineration, men would have not only to depart from traditional usage, but also, as we have observed, to mould their thoughts and impressions into unwonted shapes In the new methods, the poetry of the grave, with its unbroken rest, and all its touching associations, would speedily vanish. Of course, for matter-of-fact people, — physicians, chemists, and the like,— who are the great supporters of the change, this may be of little account;

but to the great majority it means much, and this is just why the former have so small a following.

Finally, whatever may be said to the contrary, there is in the practice of cremation a certain lack of reverence. Objects which awaken any special sense of respect or affection we scarce ever destroy. We are even slow to put them away, though worn out and unsightly, and prefer to leave to nature or to chance the care of disposing of them. Nor is it otherwise in regard to the remains of those dear to us. While still present we lavish on them the marks of our regard, and when they have to disappear, we deposit them in the bosom of mother earth, and leave them to the forces of nature, in which we see the appointed agents of God's providential laws. All this we do in obedience to a natural impulse still more than to established custom, and any unnecessary departure from it would be a shock to our feelings.

IV.

From these remarks it is easy to gather what the attitude of the Catholic Church is likely to be in regard to the practice of cremation.

Doctrinally she has nothing to oppose to it, for no divine law has determined the manner of disposing of the dead. Practically she is prepared to admit it in cases of necessity, such as those of war or pestilence, when a large number of decaying bodies may become a danger to the public health unless they are reduced to ashes. We may go farther, and say that if we could suppose in some remote period the necessity to have become common, doubtless the Church would accommodate herself to it.

But in the present circumstances she objects to the practice. She objects, first of all, because she is instinctively conservative, and dislikes all unnecessary changes, especially when the change would be a departure from what she has practised universally and invariably from the beginning.

She objects again, because what was only a practice at the outset soon became, and has ever since remained, a law — the law of Christian burial, elaborate in its details as it is venerable in its antiquity. If the Church had found cremation universal in the beginning, doubtless she would have adapted her ritual to it; but she found instead the practice of burial more common wherever she went and alone in possession among God's chosen people. The divine type of Christians, Christ Himself, had been buried; so had the patriarchs, the prophets,— later on the apostles; in a word, all those to whom the Church looked back with veneration. Thus burial naturally became with her a law, and around it was evolved a ritual, whose prescriptions and prayers all imply the presence of the integral remains, and their deposition in the grave.

Another primitive and constant devotion of the Church is closely connected with it — the veneration of relics. It has been pleasing to God Himself to preserve miraculously the remains of many of His chosen servants. Who in presence of such a fact would think of reducing to ashes the body of any one dying in the odor of sanctity?

But what awakens principally the opposition of the Church to the proposed change is the spirit which animates its most ardent promoters. However it may be in individual cases, there can be no doubt but that the leaders and the great majority of those who favor cremation are unbelievers; that for them the resurrection of the body is an idle fancy, its present sacredness a superstitious belief, and the reverence commonly exhibited towards it a weakness of which men would do well promptly to divest themselves. Cremation they consider most helpful in that direction. Like the persecutors of the early Christians mentioned by Eusebius, who burned the bodies of their victims, and, casting their ashes to the winds, exclaimed: "Now let us see whether they shall rise again," many of our modern cremationists seem to hope that the visible reduction of the

human body to its primitive elements, constantly carried out before the eyes of the people, will gradually dispel from their minds all belief in a future return to integral human life, and ultimately in the immortality of the soul itself; and there is no doubt that the practice would tend to weaken these convictions in many. Beliefs are not a mere matter of reason or argument. They are largely influenced by the imagination and by the feelings. It is much easier to picture to oneself the return to life of a body always thought of as lying peacefully in the tomb than if one had seen it reduced to a handful of ashes.

For all these reasons the Catholic Church clings to her ancient custom and objects to a change. Her mind has been manifested on the subject by several pronouncements, which, combined, show distinctly on what principles she proceeds.

In the first (September, 1884), there was question of cases arising in India where the practice of cremation had always been common. Should the missionaries protest against it, at the risk of wounding the susceptibilities of the natives? Should they deny the sacraments to those who practised it and to those upon whom it was to be practised?

"Neither one nor the other," was the reply from Rome. "Give no formal approval to the practice, but suffer it to be carried out; only strive to win the faithful gradually to the universal usage of the Catholic Church."

In the following case (March, 1886), the answer is different, because the circumstances are no longer the same.

Several bishops noticing the efforts made in Catholic countries by a certain number of men, mostly unbelievers and Freemasons, to bring back the old pagan custom of burning the dead, and to form societies for that purpose, and fearing lest the faithful may be led thereby to disregard the traditional usages of the Church, inquire, first, whether it be lawful for Catholics to join such societies; second, whether Catholics may direct that their own remains, or those of their relatives of which they have the disposal, shall be cremated?

The answer in both cases is strongly in the negative, the Pope recommending, furthermore, that wherever necessary the bishops shall caution their people against such practices.

A third decree (December, 1886) declares that when the process of cremation is carried out, not in obedience to the will of the deceased but by the direction of those who are in charge of his funeral, the usual rites may be performed in his house and in the Church, but not where his remains are reduced to ashes. The scandal which might follow from such a concession should be removed by publicly stating that the deceased was not responsible for the mode of disposing of his remains. But if the choice was his own, and if he notoriously persevered in it to the end, then, in virtue of the previous decree, he would be deprived of Christian burial. Cases of doubt or special difficulty should be referred to the bishop who has the right to decide what he considers most advisable in the circumstances. (17 (1) V. Acta Sancta Sedis, tom. XIX., p. 46, and tom. XXV., p. 63.

From these rulings it is easy to gather the mind of the Catholic Church. She dislikes a change; she maintains her ancient customs to which she is bound by so many ties; yet she is ever ready to take into account the requirements of the day, and the advent of new methods, so long as they are not introduced in a spirit of hostility to her faith. She clings to the past; yet she leaves to each individual bishop to decide in what measure it may be advisable to depart from it.

We believe that on the whole there will be little occasion to do so. Custom is strong in support of inhumation. Religious feeling, even outside the Catholic Church, is much opposed to the opposite practice. Social authorities, entrusted with the administration of criminal law, object strongly to it as destroying evidences of crime. Cre-

mated bodies tell no tales of violence, or, generally speaking, of poisoning. A terrible case of the latter kind is being presently tried in Belgium, and the evidence rests principally on a post mortem examination of the victims, which would be impossible if they had been cremated. All these influences make against the new practice. It will doubtless remain as a matter of individual exceptional taste, but there is every reason to anticipate that for many a generation there will be no general departure from the ancient and universal practice of the Catholic Church.

A SONG OF SUMMER TIME.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

Oh, the swaying of the branches and the flitting through the trees,
And the music of the voices that come upon the breeze;
Oh, the singing and the winging of the birds that come and go,
And the frisking of the squirrels as they scamper to and fro;
Oh, the ferns and mossy carpets and the waters dark and cool,
That go stealing through the shadows from some clear, unsullied pool!
Oh, the trilling of the songsters
From the branches and the grass,
And the glancing of the sunlight
On the waters as we pass!

Oh, the glancing of the sunlight as it strikes the waters clear,
And the singing of the thrushes and the other songs we hear;
Oh, the boating and the floating on the waters of the lake,
And the ripples and the shadows that go dancing from our wake;
Oh, the breezy days of pleasure and the pleasant nights to dream,
When the stars look down and twinkle and the winged lanterns gleam!
Oh, the summers in the country,
Where the songsters nest and sing;
And the pleasure without measure
That the woods and waters bring!

JEANS AND BROADCLOTH.

BY M. F. NIXON.

A BRIGHT spring day, the sun playing hide-and-seek with the sky and the white clouds, the wind tossing soft curls and blowing wild-rose hues into feminine cheeks.

The streets were full of people, and the west-bound cables crowded. There were women with full bundles and correspondingly empty purses; school-boys and girls, their faces joyous with youth, men of "various moods and styles," of "all sorts and conditions."

The car stopped, and more passengers crowded in as the conductor's rasping voice called, "Move up there!"

Tired business men refrained from looking up from their papers, and a few were heard to mutter treason about "Women who could never shop in proper hours."

A girl stepped to the front of the car, and looked out into the gathering twilight. She was all in brown like a sparrow, and carried a bunch of daffodils. The sweetness of her hazel eyes belied the hauteur of her mouth, and she had that blending of dignity and gentleness which tells of good blood.

Near to her, in the corner of the car, sat a man large and brawny as Hercules, a workman, so his blue jeans and dinner bucket told.

His tools were on the front platform, and he held awkwardly a basket and several parcels. He hesitated a moment, then said, rising, —

"Ye kin hev my seat, Miss."

"Oh, thank you," she replied with a smile. But as she turned to seat herself in the corner, he laid a detaining finger on her arm. Timidly, yet in a voice distinctly audible, he asked, —

"Say, Miss, would ye'es please mind me bundle?" pointing to an odd-shaped package he had left on the seat.

"Certainly," she replied, taking the parcel in her lap. Emboldened by her graciousness, he said in a would-be confidential tone, "An' sure an' it's new potatoes I'm takin' home to the Missus."

"Yes?" she smiled up at him pleasantly, albeit flushing slightly, for the man's words were overheard, and a titter went round the car. Papers were lowered, smiles exchanged, and all seemed amused save the chief actors in the scene. The workman looked around indignantly, but the girl sat serenely unconscious, holding her flowers and the bundle. The smiles died away, and the spectators seemed absorbed in scenery out the car windows.

A little later the girl rose to leave the car, and as she handed the parcel to its owner, he raised his hand clumsily to his battered hat.

"Thank ye, Miss," he said. "Ye're a lady, a real one! I don't often see 'em," with a defiant glance round the car; "but I knows 'em when I does."

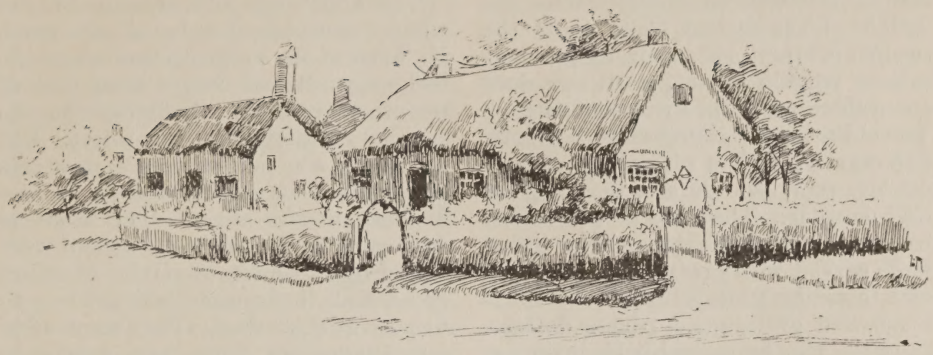
"Thank you very much," she said with a friendly nod, and passed from the car into the sunset "which gathered her up in a gleam."

She left a kindly atmosphere behind her, and one man said to another, smiling, "A gentleman in jeans, and a lady in broadcloth."

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY.

BY MME. FRANCIS HIGGINS–GLENERNE.
(LIDA LEWIS WATSON.)

We love but once: when the hour is come, and the die is cast it is cast forever,—
And worlds may pass and hearts may sleep, but the love God sends the soul dies never!
Men drink from the cup that the gods prepare with parching lips and hearts uncaring,
They drink of the draught whenever they may, and little reck of the after-faring: —
And they quaff life's wine to their lips uplift, for a force impellent says they must,—
And they drink and die, and the world goes on and holds its revels above their dust.
The riches of life they count by the throbs of the blood that flows in passion's measure,—
But the life itself is hidden away in the heart that lives for its only treasure!
And the gilded mask of the face of Care, and the sceptres held in the hands of kings,—
And the jewels' flash and the laurel-wreath, and the gold that still to the dead hand clings,—
In the little span of a life-time here, with its flitting day of light and laughter —
The froth of the wine, the foam of the seas,— in the light that streams from the vast hereafter,
And the soul shall look from the bar of heaven and see the wealth of the world's large giving.
The gilded mask and the care-worn face, and the sceptred power of the unforgiving —
And the lips of the dead to the mask of sneers answ'ring back with a fleshless grinning,
And the miser's clutch, with its crumbling bones, and the laurel dead, of the victor's winning, —
The jewels back in the bosom of earth, with their fires that flamed in their smouldering flashes,
And there shall see the world's pride fall, and mingle her ruins in dust and ashes!
But out from the wrecks of her vanquished pride — and the hearts that fed on her false affection,
Out of the night shall Love arise, and be born again at the Resurrection!



THE ANCIENT SCHOOLS OF IRELAND.—III.

BY REV. DR. T. J. SHAHAN.

WE must not look in those early times for anything like the splendid architecture of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Even on the continent, where the monuments of Roman skill and grandeur educated the eye and taste, and where the political development was more perfect, the same period, from the sixth to the ninth century, brought forth almost nothing of permanent value.

While Christian Ireland was developing her unequalled monastic schools the political evolution did not keep pace with religion and science. The land was cut up into a number of petty states, torn by ancient feuds and jealousies, uniting only long enough to give battle to the Danes, and then falling, with renewed discord, on one another's fields, cattle, and castles.

The buildings of the monastic school were generally built in the neighborhood of a little stream or clear springs. They were always protected by a circular or oval enclosure, called a rath, lis, cashel, or dun. Sometimes there were two or more of these enclosures, made of earth, and occasionally faced with stone. Between these ramparts there were deep dykes. A single entrance, guarded day and night, controlled the egress and ingress. The monks could not go out without consent of the abbot. As a rule, women were not allowed to enter the innermost enclosure. The principal building was the church, usually small. The largest of these ancient Celtic churches is not more than 80 feet in length, and many measure but from 20 to 40 feet. If needed several churches were built. Groups of seven churches were much beloved, such as we find at Glendalough, Cashel, Kells, and elsewhere.

The churches were usually built of oaken planks, covered with osier or wattles, woven into various designs of trellis or checker, and neatly painted so that the exterior often looked like a page of their own elegant manuscripts. Sometimes the walls were built of earth, but then they were encased to a certain height with wickerwork or artistic carpentry. The first churches we hear of in Ireland are the oaken churches of Palladius, and the mud church built by St. Patrick at Tirawley. In the south or west,

where stone was more abundant, the churches were built occasionally of stone. But wooden churches were the delight of the ancient Celts up to the twelfth century. St. Malachy got into serious trouble by trying to introduce stone churches of the Cistercian pattern. The old monastic churches were usually rectangular, with a very steep, often a double, roof, the outer one being of lead or stone. They had no pillars, but frequently the doorways and the arches were carved with great elegance; delicate incisions, graceful scroll and spiral work, and grotesque intricate designs, show the rich fancy and bold, inventive mind of these good old monks.

Close by the church was the building used for the sacred vessels, vestments, and books,—a kind of sacristy and library in one. Sometimes, as at Armagh, the library or House of Writings stood apart. A large kitchen and a refectory, buildings for the smith and the carpenter, completed the public edifices. The Guest-House stood outside the enclosure, and was never empty, as visitors, penitents, disconsolate persons, and poor scholars were ever wandering from one monastery to another.

Near by the enclosure stood the storehouse for provisions, the kiln for drying, and the little mill of the monastery. Sometimes buildings were divided by streets, when the concourse of students was large, as at Armagh, and, no doubt, at Bangor, Clonmacnoise, and Lismore. The dwellings of the students and monks stood within the outer enclosure, or in the immediate neighborhood, and were of the most primitive form, being no more than little cells or huts, usually for one person, sometimes capable of holding three or four. These huts or clochans were frequently conical, shaped like a bee-hive, or like an up-turned boat. They had only one narrow, low entrance, and no window. The inmate slept on the hard earth, or on a mat of straw and rushes, over which he might throw a covering of skins.

DISCIPLINE.

The abbot was the superior of the whole monastic family of students. He lived at the mother-house where he had a separate cell larger than that of the other brethren. Sometimes he was a bishop, sometimes only a priest. But the bishop, who performed episcopal acts as he was told, acted usually in subordination to the abbot. The students who came to the monastic school were bound by the order of public exercises and lessons, but were otherwise free to dispose of their time. They went without hinderance from one school to another, not unlike the German university youth of to-day. The monastic students, however, were bound by the most absolute obedience even unto death, by the vow of strictest chastity, and most complete poverty. The rule of silence was strictly observed, and they frequently communicated by signals rather than infringe the stillness of the place.

Hospitality was one of the chief virtues of the old Celtic races. Every monastery had a guest-house, where the stranger was received by the abbot or his representative, who gave him the kiss of peace, washed his feet, gave him fresh clothing, and then went with him to the church to join in a short prayer. Then he was refreshed with the best in the house, and afterwards entertained by the monks. If the stranger came from afar, these simple men questioned him about the monasteries and shrines he had seen, the Eternal City, the Holy Land, and the like.

The ordinary meal was barley or oaten bread, with milk and a little fish. Flesh meat was rarely allowed except on great feasts. Vegetables and porridge were allowed. Their fasts were frequent and severe. Generally they ate but one meal, before which they assembled for a short prayer in their little churches.

Their dress consisted of a white robe of coarse, undyed wool, and a short under tunic. Over the head they

wore a large, loose cowl, and about the waist a leathern girdle. The students were free to dress as they pleased. We learn that some of them wore the most fashionable clothing of the day, — gay cloaks, embroidered sandals, ornaments of gold and silver, while others imitated the simple and edifying dress of their teachers.

The appearance of the ancient Irish monk or teacher was somewhat striking. Tall, broad-shouldered men they were, with dark or reddish hair, slightly curling. The face was round and ruddy, and cleanly shaven, the eye-brows were frequently stained, the hair was trimmed closely from ear to ear, leaving the front of the head bare, while the long, curly locks hung down behind. They never travelled without their satchel of books, which was their chief concern, and their Chrismale or little box containing the holy oils and the necessary articles for saying Mass. They usually carried a large staff in one hand, and in the other a small square bell which they rang to announce their approach, or to induce the people to listen.

DAILY LABOR OF THE MONKS.

"Fasting and prayer, labor and study, are the tasks of the monks in every monastery," says an eminent writer. "How patiently and unselfishly that toil was performed, the history of Europe tells. The monks made roads, cleared the forests, and fertilized the desert. The monasteries in Ireland were the sites of our cities. To this day the land about a monastery is well known to be the greenest and the best in the district; and it was made fertile by the labor of the monks. They preserved for us the literary treasures of antiquity; they multiplied copies of all the best and newest works; they illuminated them with the most loving care. They taught the children of the rich and the poor alike; they built the church and the palace, the school and the hospital, the roads and the bridges, the canals and the aqueducts; they were the greatest authors, painters, and architects since the decline of the Roman Empire; they preserved the ancient laws, purified, and codified them.

"They were the physicians of the poor when there were no dispensary doctors; they served the sick in their hospitals and their homes; they encouraged navigation and discovery; and when their day's work was done in the fields or in the library, they praised God and prayed for men who were unable or unwilling to pray for themselves. Ignorant and prejudiced men have spoken of them as an idle and a useless race. They were in reality the greatest toilers and the greatest benefactors of humanity."

They began their day with prayer and the hearing of Mass. Then some went to the fields, others to the library. Those who tilled the soil could return occasionally to the church if they had leisure, — otherwise they stayed in the fields till night fall. They made the sign of the cross going in and coming out of the church. It was their mode of salutation, and their most natural form of prayer. Those who were assigned to the library or the school went each to his task. The schoolmasters taught daily a portion of the Sacred Scriptures, which the students were obliged to learn by rote. In fact, these ancient Irish schools developed phenomenal memories. Though the students had to learn Greek and Latin from the classic writers of antiquity, the great Christian writers were studied with equal care.

They raised from the soil all that was needful. Their corn was always ground in their own mills; they obtained milk, cheese, and butter from their own herds; they kept their own sheep, and made their garments from the wool, which they combed and spun themselves; they cut the turf and quarried stone on their own lands; they made their own simple furniture and kitchen utensils. When they died they were buried without pomp or delay, in the monastic habit, with the cowl drawn over the face. They were no burden to the community; food, cloth-

ing, shelter, they provided for themselves,— even the soil they tilled. The community scarcely afforded them protection, though it owed them everything. They taught the children, developed the land, dried the swamps, irrigated the fields, felled the forests, bridged the rivers. They schooled the eye and the ear and the hand of the child, who learned from them the thousand mysteries of colors and sounds, and how to use the tools of the sculptor and the painter and the architect. They kept alive the respect for law in an age of general lawlessness, the memory of civil order and peace in the midst of anarchy, the reminiscences of Hellenic culture in a rough and barbarous society.

Students came from many foreign lands to learn writing from these monastic teachers, and to buy the rich illuminated books of the Irish schools. The Celtic monks abroad were the best writing-masters, and from them dates the renaissance of handwriting in the time of Charlemagne. The Irish monasteries on the Rhine were the best writing-schools of the ninth century. One of them, St. Gall, was especially celebrated for its admirable manuscripts, written by Irish hands in that peculiar character which makes their handiwork so easy to be recognized.

German scholars tell us that multitudes of beautiful books were then written in the schools of Germany, France, Switzerland, and Alsace by those Irish monks or their disciples. We read of Irish nuns on the Continent who wrote so beautifully that after their death masses were offered for them by their friends out of gratitude for their services. At the end of the eleventh century the Abbess of Ratisbon detained on his journey an Irish monk and his companions to write manuscripts for her convent. They built a little monastery at Ratisbon, and soon filled the whole country with their books, which were so prized that they were never loaned without a deposit of a heavy pledge. There are over two hundred of these ancient Irish books yet left in the libraries of the European mainland, written in a clear, strong, even hand, and they form the admiration and study of many great scholars.

It is impossible to read the most ancient histories of the Irish saints without noticing how large a part books play in their lives. They are taught to read in them at an early age by some good monk, perhaps under the sturdy oaks near the school, or at the base of the splendid Celtic cross before the church door. A special providence was supposed to look after their books. Whether lost in lakes, or rivers, or bogs, abandoned in the forests, drenched by the rains or snows, or in the midst of fire, the books of the old Irish saints enjoy a miraculous immunity. The Celtic saints collect books at Rome, carry them with reverence on their shoulders, write them down at the dictation of angels. Their last earthly occupation is to write a page of the Scriptures; the highest praise is to be called a choice scribe. They spend the nights writing, and the days binding their parchments, and encasing them in gold and gems, and hammered metal work. When they find in the legend the Land of Promise, after years of wandering, they are told to bring on shore only their clothes and their books. The angels help them to finish the books, they transport them from one part of Ireland to another, they fill the room with light when the darkness sets in. Their books were found in Iceland, with their little bells and their crosiers or staves, and if certain histories of the fourteenth century are truthful, their books were found by Venetian navigators on the island of Nova Scotia. The Danes pillaged the Irish schools countless times in the ninth and tenth centuries. Every time they made a bonfire of the books, for which they had a special hate. And yet, on every fresh return there was a new stock of the odious objects to be given to the flames.

No one was more prized than a skilful copyist of books; he was loaned from one school to another to train

the younger brethren. They loved to see a scribe work rapidly, but without errors. The brethren all rejoiced when he turned out a book written without a single mistake, in a hand of even height, with proper spacings and shadings, with every letter faultless in curve and point, suited in size to the page and the text, with generous margins and lines wide apart, so that future possessors may add notes.

In the library some cut the sheets of parchment, or even sewed together in the neatest way the odd shreds (for the monk must not waste the gifts of God, especially when they are rare and dear). They polished it on one side, until it was smooth, and laid it near the scribe. Others prepared the peculiar thick inks of the Irish writers, very much like varnish, in different colors. The red was the most beautiful, and after a thousand years it yet shines as the day it was first used. It was got from a kind of cockles collected on the sea-shore. Then there were black and green and golden inks, used in various thicknesses by the illuminators, and the artists in miniature. All these inks will resist chemicals that corrode iron. The ink was placed in thin conic glasses, attached either to the side of the desk or to the chair, sometimes to the girdle of the writer, often fixed to the end of a pointed stick placed upright in the ground. It is owing to this peculiar skill in making ink that so many of the old Irish manuscripts have come down to us. They were like the cloth of corduroy, unless cut up or burned up, they were bound to last for ages, and are an eloquent symbol of that tenacious love of learning, and that unquenchable faith which the hand of Patrick wrote in characters ineradicable on the very soul, in the very blood and innermost marrow of the Irish race.

Some selected the parchment, made from the skins of cows, goats, and sheep. If a specially fine and delicate book was wanted, then the skin selected was that of a little unborn lamb, taken from the pregnant womb of the mother.

The young students or novices prepared the writing instruments, the pens made of the quills of geese or swans. They were very sure, quick, and elastic. The writer could finish the Four Gospels and the Acts in a few days, but he needed some one to prepare his materials for him. They often worked late at night; we read of St. Columba of Tirdaglass that one night his little lamp gave out, whereupon the five fingers of his left hand became suddenly so many luminous candles which lit up the room with a rare radiance. The parchment leaves lay upon a desk or inclined surface. Sometimes they copied in the heart of the forest, or on the hillside.

A pretty story is told of Saint Cannechus, how, one day being in the forest, he desired to read, and calling up a passing stag, he planted his book between the horns of the animal which stood quiet until frightened by some noise, whereupon it escaped into the forest with the good saint's book, yet next day the stag brought it back unharmed.

They had many books. When St. Fintan Munnu was unceremoniously put out of his little monastery by a good nun who wanted it, two oxen and a cart were needed to carry away his books, — he had no other furniture. When St. Mochta came to live with St. Colman, he brought his books with him in two baskets perched upon his shoulders.

Angus the Culdee invokes the "countless hosts of the illuminated books of Erin." St. Columba is said to have written "300 gifted, lasting illuminated noble books." St. Dagaeus spent his days and nights producing the most exquisite specimens of the art of illumination, which he afterwards bound in superb manner.

They were generous, too, with their books. They made copies of the Psalms for the children and nuns. They wrote beautiful prayers and litanies and devotional works which they gave to the people. They gave copies of the Sacred Scriptures, the fathers, and the classics to the students who came from

England, France, Germany, and Italy. They sent loads of books to the Continent. Every monk and missionary (and they went by thousands) took his dear books with him, and dying bequeathed them to the nearest Irish monastery on the mainland. Thus St. Gall preserves, after 1,000 years, a large number of the old Irish manuscripts. Dungal, an Irish scholar of the ninth century left his books to Bobbio, an Irish monastery in northern Italy. Mark and Moengal (Marcellus), returning from Rome to Ireland in the ninth century, left their books to St. Gall, and took up their residence with the brethren. Books were given as ransom for captives. They went to war for the possession of a book. They gave them many tender, endearing names.

They bound them in elegant style, with ornaments of gold, silver, and ivory. They made tasteful silver and metal caskets for them, and appointed special guardians for certain aged and precious books. They copied their most ancient books with great care and veneration, down to the obsolete terms and grammar, and the unintelligible archaisms. No literature in all history has had so many enemies, or suffered so long from the most adverse circumstances as the ancient Celtic, and yet there remains to-day at Dublin enough of unprinted manuscript to fill 1,000 large octavo volumes, and the greater part of this is the product of the old schools, or of those learned families which kept up the forms and traditions of the purely Celtic schools, long after the Norman monks and clergy had introduced continental methods.

HANDWRITING.

The handwriting in these ancient books is marvellously beautiful. It is of two kinds, the uncial and the cursive. The latter is a neat, firm, running hand, used for quick transcription and for books of common value. It is usually faultless and strikes the eye by the elegance and delicacy of the execution. In the former, which was used for the Scriptures and the mass-books, the letters are larger, separate from one another, and the words neatly spaced. Every letter is a perfect study. There is a softness of contour and a symmetry about them which charm the eye. The swing of the strokes is regular, strong, unswerving, page after page, almost as perfect as the finest capital print, and infinitely more artistic. The lines are infallibly equidistant, the letters of even height, the shading alternately gentle and massive, but ever firm and distinct.

The eye rests on these stained parchment pages, the jetsam and flotsam from the shipwreck of an ancient and glorious literature, with infinite pleasure not unmixed with melancholy. They were no ordinary men, who, day after day, wrote with that bold, steady sweep, but men of decision, of clear, positive convictions, and nerves of steel. Their souls were of the same hardy temper as those who scoured the Western seas in search of unknown lands, or those who swept up and over the breastworks of Fontenoy and Fredericksburg.

They were only a race of humble scholars, but they transformed the face of society, and they deserve the admiration and gratitude of all who believe that the spirit is greater than matter, man than the beast, the things of the immortal intellect above the perishable things of earth. This perfect writing of the old Celtic monks was not the work of one century alone. It extends over several, the darkest in the middle ages, and of itself would prove that the island was full of schools and capable teachers, since writing had reached so high a standard of grace and correctness.

But the acme of their efforts in caligraphy was not in their venerable inimitable handwriting, — it was in the splendid illuminations with which they adorned their books. Neither before, nor since, has the art of miniature painting reached so high a level. When you open one of these grand old volumes, you are at once struck by the in-

tricate and faultless initials which often fill an entire page.

There is nothing in all ancient or mediæval art to equal the delicate interlacing, the tortuous serpentine lines, the elegant spirals that twist in and out and over the whole page, the wild tangle of odd beasts and monsters, of circles, squares, lozenge, and checker. Strange birds and fishes, lizards and dragons, are bound together by thin and graceful ribbons of color which again run off in an endless confusion of knots and labyrinths. There is nothing sharp or repulsive or coarse about it. Only it seems like an angelic concert in which the most elegant sounds and shapes are jumbled in apparently inextricable confusion. They surpass the finest examples of Moorish Arabesque. The daring design, which seems hopeless of execution, is eventually carried out. It is like a long and splendid symphony to which all the senses and the very soul have been keyed up, but which gradually soothes the excited spirit and lands it back on earth again. Before the Norman Conquest these splendid books existed in hundreds. After that period they gradually disappeared, owing to the growth of foreign tastes and influences, and the perpetual internal warfare. The artistic gift of miniature painting was very common among the early Celtic clergy, brought up in the monastic schools, and taught to use the pen and the brush and the chisel from their youth.

Since the meeting of the Celt and the Norman, this admirable ancient literature has gradually disappeared. The Norman sword was mightier than the Celtic pen. Yet there remain some marvellous examples at Dublin. The Book of Kells, kept at Trinity College, is surely the noblest manuscript in the world. It is an ancient copy of the Gospels, made over 1,200 years ago, and is "unquestionably the most elaborately executed manuscript, of so early a date, now in existence," says Professor Westwood, "far excelling in the gigantic size of the letters at the beginning of each gospel, the excessive minuteness of the ornamental details crowded into whole pages, the number of its very peculiar decorations, the fineness of the writing, and the endless variety of its initial capitals, the famous Gospel of Lindisfarne at Oxford."

The Book of Durrow at Dublin, the Gospel of St. Willibrord at Paris, the Psalter of St. Columba, some ancient manuscripts at St. Gall in Switzerland, and Milan in Italy, preserve the memory and the traditions of the ancient Irish skill. We know that other books, still more beautiful, have perished, for instance, the Book of Kildare, a copy of the Gospels so perfect that in the Middle Ages it was supposed to be the work of the angels.

From what quarter did these old Celtic schools obtain their artistic knowledge? The question is much debated. Many indications point to the Orient, to the great city of Alexandria, which was flourishing in the fifth century of our era, and had among other schools a notable guild of caligraphers, or expert copyists. The Egyptians and the Syrians were already noted for their fine manuscripts of the Christian books at the beginning of the fourth century; still earlier Origen of Alexandria, and Pamphilus of Syria, had a large number of excellent transcribers in their service. Before Christianity was introduced into Ireland on a large scale, it was customary for these Alexandrine scribes to illuminate their manuscripts so richly that St. Jerome complains of it; the text of the Scriptures disappeared under rich colors and splendid jewels.

On the other hand, there is much in the great Irish manuscripts that recalls the land of the Pharaohs. The portrait figures are stiff, prosaic, unreal, the hands and feet are drawn in a hard and clumsy style. The Irish illuminations resemble greatly the ancient Egyptian designs in mosaic and fresco. One sees in both the same mystic, unreal conceptions; the same high tension

of fancy, restless, uneasy, chasing its ever-vanishing object through inextricable mazes; the same mythological fauna, wild-eyed and grotesque.

The absence of the old Celtic pagan beliefs is remarkable, and inclines one to admit that this art is entirely an oriental importation. The exquisite, graceful lines, the inexhaustible richness of tracery and foliage, the delicate perceptions of distance, proportion, and color, are qualities rarely developed in cold northern climates, in sight of a dark and restless ocean, or the pathless summits of lone mountains. They are the social products of a refined and highly developed artistic life. They come from some land where the influences of the east and the west overlapped one another in the past, where the Christian Scriptures were the common possession of Greek, Egyptian, and Oriental, and called forth for their embellishment the common skill and art traditions of all three.

NUMBER OF STUDENTS.

Trustworthy writers inform us of the great multitudes of students who frequented the Irish schools. Clonard had 3,000 students, Lismore is credited with 4,000. We read often of hundreds and thousands who frequented the different monastic establishments. An ancient writer, Angus the Culdee, speaks of communities of 700, 800, 1,500. St. Bernard tells us that many thousands of monks and students lived at Bangor, that it was like a vast bee-hive, from which missionaries went out to change the face of Europe. If we had only the Irish writers to depend on, we might suspect that patriotism and imagination were misleading them.

Fortunately we have foreign authorities, Italian, French, and English. We learn from them not only of the great number of students in the schools, but that many foreign students came thither to get the Christian education impossible to be found elsewhere in Europe. We read in the life of St. Cataldus, an Irish bishop of Taranto, in southern Italy 1,200 years ago, that the school of Lismore was famous all over Europe, and that Germans, French, and Italians visited it in great numbers, as the emporium of science. Angilbert, a bishop of Paris in the seventh century, spent many years in Ireland where he obtained an excellent classical education.

The Irish schools were known to the French abbots and prelates as the best seminaries of learning. They went there when they could, and obtained teachers from there. The royal families of France, England, and the Merovingian kings sent their children occasionally to these schools, as did later on the kings of Norway and Scotland, the great families of Iceland and Denmark, and the Danes of Limerick and Dublin. The monastic establishments of the Irish were to that age what the German universities are to-day, — the common resort of the studious youth from all parts of Europe. Thirteen hundred years ago the most cultured men of France were the Irish monks Columban, Gallus, and their companions, and their seminaries at Luxeuil, Anegray, and Fontenay were the centres from which learning radiated throughout Gaul. From the Irish monasteries on the Rhine, Reichnau, Rheinau, and the neighboring St. Gall, many students were surely sent to the great schools of the Irish fatherland.

Ancient Irish writers, of the eighth century, tell us of students from Rome and Egypt, — and we may well believe that the savage Lombards and the conquering Islam drove many faithful Christians to the end of the world in search of peace and sanctity. The Irish were always prone to travelling and to boasting; and surely they did not fail to talk of their teachers and their schools wherever they went. Long before A. D. 600 they had overrun France, the Rhineland, Bavaria, upper Austria, northern and southern Italy, and were wont to make pilgrimages to the Holy Land.

No nation sent more students to the Irish schools than the Saxons and the English. They had been converted or saved to the faith chiefly by the efforts

of the Irish missionaries of Iona and Lindisfarne. In those old days there was not hate, but the most tender love between the Celt and the Saxon, and the memories of Aidan, Finan, Colman, and others were firmly established in the hearts of their converts.

The Venerable Bede, a Saxon writer of the eighth century, tells us how multitudes of nobles and common people went over to Ireland to study the Scriptures, and to make progress in what was more, furnished them freely with the necessary books. These students came in such numbers that at Armagh a whole section of the city was given up to the Saxons, and later in Mayo, Saint Colman founded a special monastic school for the Saxon monks who followed him from England. Aldhelm, Bishop of Shrewsbury, a very learned man, complains in a letter to a friend of the swarms of students who yearly quit England to study with the

Dargle Bridge.

The Dargle Bridge, like the glen of the same name, is as famous as is the Wicklow scenery of which it is a part. No tour of Wicklow is complete without a visit to the "glen of oaks," whose romantic character is not surpassed in all Ireland. The ravine, in which the bridge is situated, has a story of love and suicide, as almost every lovely dell in Ireland has, if you only travel far enough back in history to find it. The chasm is well wooded, and is altogether one of the most picturesque localities in the green isle.

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piety. Some remained in one monastic school, others went from one to another, like bees among the flowers, learning various sciences in the little cells of the Irish teachers. The Irish, he tells us, received them with the heartiest hospitality, gave them food gratis, and Irish monks. He knew well that the great English schools of Malmesbury and Glastonbury were founded and kept up by Irish scholars until his Saxons had learned enough to take up their government. Everybody, he complains, is thundering in his ears the

praises of the learned men of Ireland. He consoles himself by eulogizing the Greek teacher, Theodore, the new

Ross Castle.

Visitors to the lakes of Killarney will not need to be told of Ross Castle, by whose ivy clad base they have landed, after they have made a tour of the lakes by water, and rowed across from "Sweet Innisfallen." The castle was built by one of the family of O'Donoghue Ross, in the fourteenth century. A tradition that the stronghold could never be captured until a man-of-war attacked it from the lakes, which would have been an impossibility, caused the Commonwealth general, Ludlow, to construct a large vessel, which he had placed on the water, and then it is said the defenders of the fortress surrendered. There is a splendid view of the lakes and the surrounding country from the castle, which stands on the outskirts of the Herbert estate.

Archbishop of Canterbury. The Abbot Cynefrid went to Ireland at this time to study the Scriptures, and converse with the Lord in prayer. King Egfrid, too, went over to Ireland for the same purpose, and his contemporaries, Egbert and St. Willifrid, the black and the white Ewald, Wigbert, and countless other Saxon nobles, priests, and missionaries, spent long years of study in Ireland, where, the Venerable Bede tells us, "the innocent people were always friendly to England, and gave places of study and prayer to many of the English." "Ireland," he says, "was like a broad and pleasant meadow, where great multitudes browsed upon the sweet crops of learning." If St. Boniface was not himself an Irishman, and born in Ireland, his teachers graduated from the Irish schools. Not only Boniface, but Alcuin, the great scholastic light of the eighth century, the Erasmus of those days, was indirectly the disciple of the monastic teachers of Bangor, Lismore, Armagh, or Clonmacnoise. Indeed, Alcuin was in correspondence with the good old abbot of the latter school, whom he positively calls his master, and whose piety and learning he especially emphasizes.

Before him, another and a nobler son of the Saxons, King Aldfrid of Northumbria, had uttered in pleasing

Irish verse, his gratitude for the reception he got from the venerable Irish schoolmasters of the time. This King spent a considerable time in the Irish schools, notably the Saxon school of Mayo, and the theological school of Armagh. On leaving Ireland he composed the following poem in the language of his benefactors. It is treasured to-day as one of the most ancient specimens of the Irish language, and is replete with taste and feeling:—

I found in Innisfail the fair,
In Ireland, while in exile there,
Women of worth, both grave and gay men,
Many clerics and many laymen.

Gold and silver I found, and money,
Plenty of wheat and plenty of honey;
I found God's people rich in pity,
Found many a feast and many a city.

I also found in Armagh the splendid,
Meekness, wisdom, and prudence blended;
Fasting, as Christ had recommended,
And noble councillors transcended.

I found in each great church, moreover,
Whether on island or on shore,
Piety, learning, fond affection,
Holy welcome, and kind protection.

I found the good lay-monks and brothers
Ever beseeching help for others,
And in their keeping the holy Word,
Pure as it came from Jesus the Lord.

Doolough.

Doolough, Co. Galway, combines as pretty a picture of mountain and lake as even that weird and picturesque western country can afford. The placid waters of the lake are seldom stirred by any greater force than the breezes from the mountain sides, which rise up in magnificent grandeur from the water's edge.

I travelled its fruitful provinces round,
And in every one of the five I found
Alike, in church and in palace hall,
Abundant apparel and food for all.

The Saxon king enumerates in succession the charms of the students' life in Ireland, the lavish hospitality, the

company of hardy and victorious warriors: —

> Fair-complexioned men and warlike,
> Ireland's lights, the high, the starlike.

He draws an idyllic picture of the flourishing condition of the land, its rich pastures, the commerce and wealth, its sweet fruits, its good laws, its strict morals, its truthful historians, and great chess-players, — in a word, he found

> —in each fair principality,
> Virtue, vigor, and hospitality,
> Candor, joyfulness, bravery, purity,
> Ireland's bulwark and security.

At some future time we may discuss the learning of these old schools, and the numerous fragments of their doctrine which have floated down the ages. It would be impossible to do them justice in the space allotted on this occasion. For the present let it suffice us to know that the schools were numerous, well organized, and active for many centuries after the conversion of the island; that they taught both profane and sacred science in a superior manner; that they furnished all Europe with teachers; that they counted bold and original thinkers; that for a long time they alone in the West preserved the teaching of Greek in the scholastic curriculum; that navigation, geography, astronomy, mathematics, geometry, and surveying are their debtors, as well as grammar, music, and the fine arts. Whatever their defects or shortcomings, attributable to the age,

Dunmore Harbor.

Dunmore Harbor, on the coast of Waterford, is one of the most frequented bathing places in the south of Ireland. Like its neighbor, Tramore, it has visitors from almost every town and village in the south and east, who throng there during the warm season to enjoy the cool sea breezes. Its fishermen are as hardy as the average toiler on the sea, while its people are as generous as any in the Emerald Isle.

their noble ardor and their unexampled industry deserve the everlasting gratitude of humanity, for whom they helped to save, out of the wreck of the ancient theory, of knowledge and experience, kept in position or restored to their places by those good old Celtic Fathers whose light streams down upon us from

Trinity College Park.

Trinity College is to Ireland what Harvard is to America. Although it has taught the young idea how to shoot, it is an unfortunate fact that it has not always been in the direction of patriotic effort. It was first opened for students in 1593. Its park, close by the "old house at home," in College Green, and to the east of the college library, is a great resort for the beauty of Dublin, on the occasions of the college sports, which are none the less enjoyable because a little quiet flirtation happens to be blended with them.

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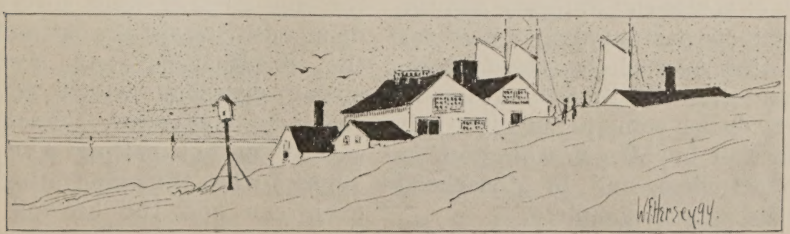
society and literature, so much that is instructive and useful, so much that lies at the basis of our modern world, — grand old beams of principle and the heights of the past, and warms us to high resolves and noble deeds which shall be worthy of so splendid an ancestry.



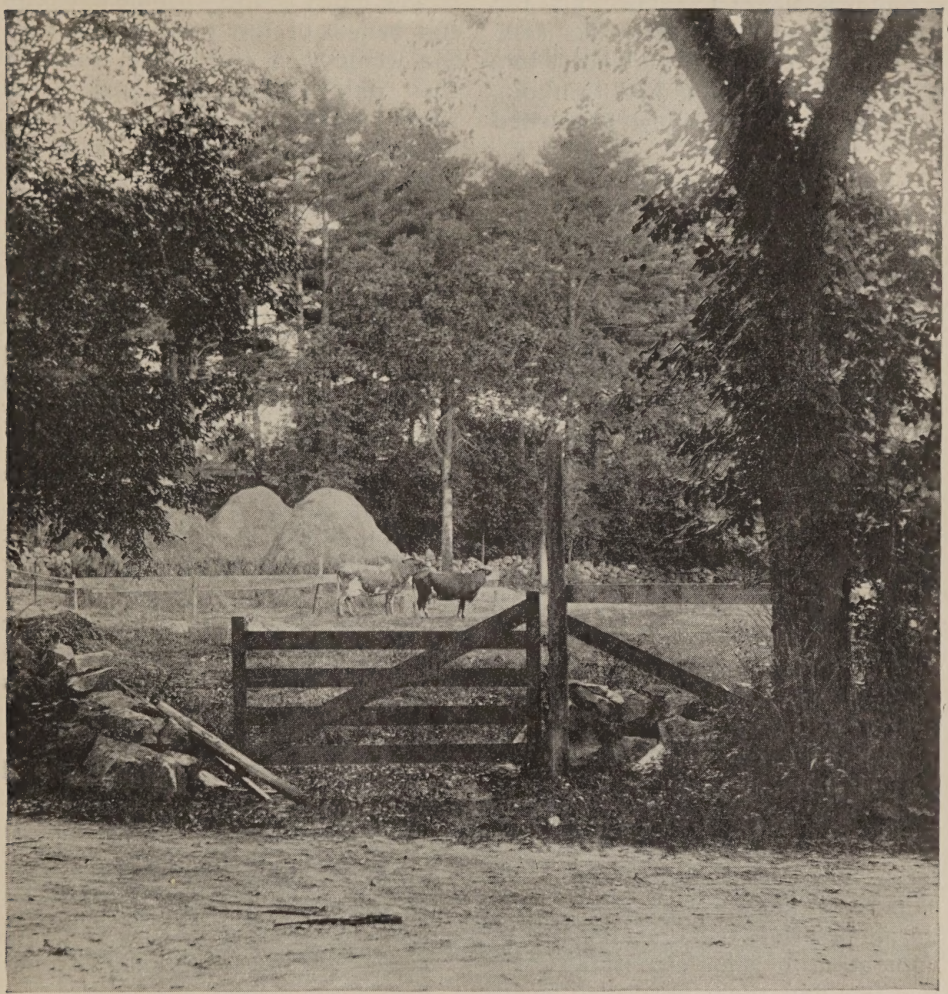
THE EDENS OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY REV. JULIUS H. WARD.

WHILE every part of the country has its special attractions in one form or another for the lovers of nature, New England, itself more rugged and inhospitable to man than almost any other part, has, perhaps, in a larger degree the choice and sequestered nooks among its hills and valleys which hold the minds and the hearts of the people, and compel the joyful surrender of one's life to the outward world. It is well to concede the attractions of other places; but New Englanders who visit Niagara, the Yosemite, the Alaskan glaciers, the Rockies, the charmed region of southern California, and the mountainous parts of Mexico, however much they may admire the magnificent and grand in these overtures of nature, always come home with their satisfaction in Mt. Washington, in Winnepesaukee, and in Moosehead undisturbed and complete.

There is something in our landscape, whether taken in the lowlands or in the highlands, whether on the seashore or among the mountains, which is permanently attractive. It is never wearisome, never monotonous. In winter the White Hills are sternly serene and beautiful in their mantles of snow, and though less inviting than in summer, appeal to the imagination with striking effect. The variety of hill and valley is such that even when the snow covers the ground, and nature takes on the appearance of uniformity, the charm of the view is not lost but heightened.

I have found the White Mountains on a frosty winter morning, with heavy clouds sweeping over the shoulders of Mt. Washington, and the snow-white peak glistening in the sun as if it were covered with diamonds, irresistibly attractive to the imagination, and awakening strong emotions which could not easily be controlled. There was a severity in their outlines which never appears when they are clothed in the evergreen and the browns of the heated season. One can never af-



Past Milking Time. A Rural Scene in Massachusetts.
By Permission of Thomas Lewis, Photographer, Foxboro.

ford to ignore any phase of natural scenery. Its surprises under every condition of light and shade are constant and inevitable, and the careful observer is always finding that the fruits of the enjoyment of it are in close proportion to one's ability to mark the variations which days and seasons, and light and shade, bring to our appreciation of the outward world.

But while this is true in general, and the choice places in New England have an attraction which is imperative and abiding, there are some places which have an interest and a charm which lift them into resorts for rest and recreation. These have gained recognition for a variety of reasons. Some of them are on the sea coast, and give the tired people of the interior in the summer an opportunity to breathe the sea air, to bathe in the surf, and to rest and enjoy themselves during the heated days. Others are in the

mountains where the pure air, the bright sky, and the lofty peaks combine to lift the mind and heart to a high plane of living and thinking, and do much to renew exhausted

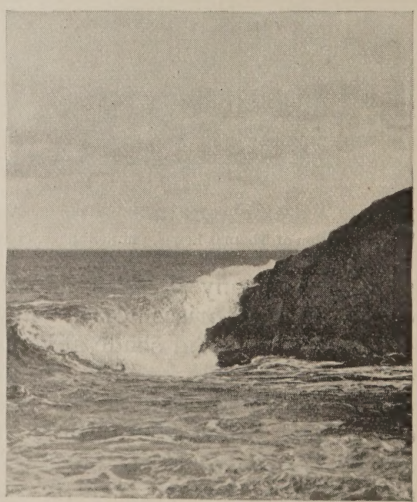
Lonesome Lake, Franconia, N. H.

nerves. Others are localities among the hills or by some favorite lake, where the variety of landscape and water view are in exquisite combination, resulting in a restful charm which cause great numbers of overworked people to seek them for recreation.

In all these places there are different interests to be served. The exhausted brain-worker seeks them during a brief vacation for the recuperation of nervous force; the teachers find them unrivalled means for securing that detachment of mind which is necessary for the building up of a new life; the professional class resort to these cynosures of New England with the feeling that somehow the powers of nature enter into them and remove the defects and damages that the world has wrought; and those who seek the mountains simply to change the occupations of a languid life, find in these superb enclosures among the hills the quiet and repose which restore vigor and strength to mind and body.

The hardy country people have the full benefit of this rural atmosphere the whole year round, and show in their ruddy vigor what it does for them. More and more the exhaustive strain upon all sorts of busy workers is such that a rest of some kind, during which one goes out into the country, is absolutely necessary. It is, perhaps, first and foremost that the brain and the body may obtain rest, but it is equally necessary that the whole spirit and temper of those who live in the cities should be influenced by a change of scene as well as a change of life. Cowper said that God made the country and man made the town, and it is of the first importance that we should live in God's country and breathe his spirit in the life of nature, if we are to maintain the equal distribution of our physical and emotional and imaginative resources in the ordering of life.

This much needs to be said by way of preface in preparing the mind



A Bit of Shore at Nahant.

and heart for the Edens of New England. It would be difficult to

name them all, and there is many an Eden which is known only to the modern Adam and Eve who have made it such by the love which they have discovered in themselves and extended to nature, but the greater Edens are the localities where the charm of the scenery, the combination of hill and valley and stream, and the exquisite blending of surprises, make the place so joyous that one's life immediately takes on freshness and vigor.

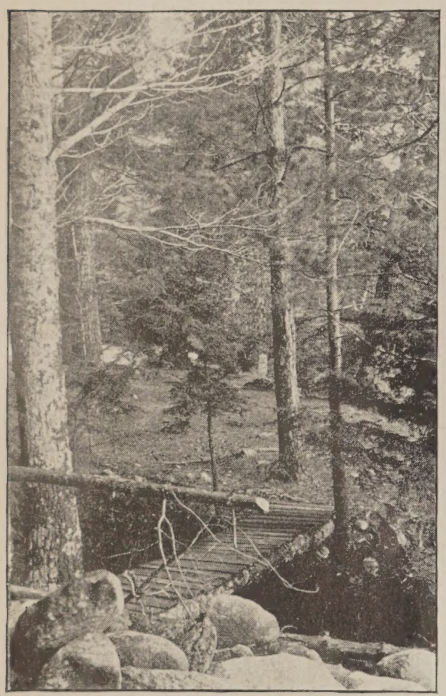
There are two places in Vermont where the conditions are such that the best results in health and refreshment are reached. One is at Stowe, with Mt. Mansfield ten miles distant, and the other is at Woodstock, near where the Quechee river loses itself in the Connecticut. There are many other attractive localities in Vermont, particularly in its northern part. Burlington and Newport, and many of the rural towns, have great interests for the tourist, while Brattleboro and Bennington, in the southern section, combine the old town life with rural simplicity and dignity to a remarkable degree. The feeling very largely exists in Vermont that for pastoral beauty it is the most attractive state in the Union.

Park at Woodstock, Vt.

There is a marked difference between its landscapes and those in New Hampshire. The soil is less sandy, has more loam in it, and the peaks that lead off from the Green Mountains are more rounded, less abrupt and torn. The cattle upon a thousand hills is the characteristic figure that one would apply to Vermont, and the Jerseys herded in the pastures, and the flocks of sheep

upon the hillsides, are the moving attractions as one rides from town to town.

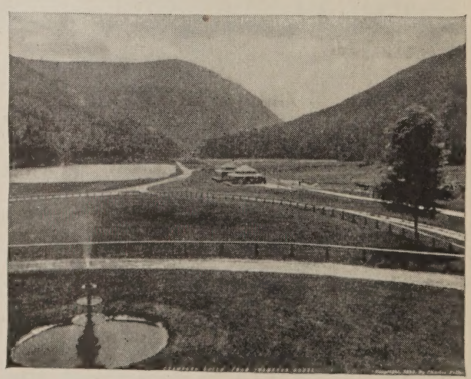
Stowe is a farming town, with no attractions beyond a large hotel



In the New Hampshire Woods.

which is open for only a few months in the year; but it is the nearest point of approach to Mt. Mansfield, Camel's Hump, and Smuggler's Notch, through which in other days people found their chief passage from the north. At one time it was infested by great numbers of smugglers who could make the best crossing through the Green Mountain Range at this point.

The ascent of Mt. Mansfield is the great objective point of one's life at Stowe. It is a day's journey to go up the mountain and return; and the Mountain House at the summit, where a small number of persons can be accommodated, gives one an excellent opportunity to enjoy this highest peak of the Green Mountain Range. From its summit one sees the whole extent of Lake Champlain, while the Adirondack peaks, Marcy and Whiteface, lift up their huge forms in the far west. To the north one sees where the Green Mountains begin in Canada, and the waters of the St. Lawrence can be dimly traced on a clear day. Southward the Green Hills extend so far that the eye finally loses them in the distance, and to the east, 100 miles away, Mt. Washington can be distinctly seen with the naked eye. The ascent of Mt. Mansfield is not easy, even from Stowe, and on the western slope it is much more difficult. I once descended from its peak into Smuggler's Notch, blazing my path as I went, with a small party, and it is a trip that I do not want to take again. The mountain is bold, rugged, and isolated. It is the signal-point for the whole country round about, and from Lake Champlain it looms up in the distance like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. It stands



Crawford Notch.

in majestic repose as one looks at it from Stowe, and it is one of those

A Massachusetts Country Road.

By Permission of Thomas Lewis, Photographer, Foxboro.

peaks which charms and attracts the lovers of nature, while it repels all but the resolute from familiarity with its secrets.

Woodstock is on the east side of the Green Mountains. It lies practically in the valley of the Connecticut, and its soil and its large and well-rounded hills show that at some time it was the bed of a great inland lake. The open fields of Stowe are not possible here. Woodstock is at the confluence of hills which in every direction descend into the valley of the Quechee, and which lose themselves in the narrow, open plain on which the village of Woodstock is built. It is one of the oldest and most cultivated of the chief towns of Vermont. It once had a medical college, and is still the shire town of the county. It has a courthouse, a notable public library, the finest country hotel in New England, and the repose and restfulness of a New England town which was long ago finished off, and is now entering upon the slow stages of social and intellectual decay; but it is the centre of the country round about, and is so separated from the great world outside that it still retains the irresistible charm of New England village life. The new hotel is in the heart of the village, and is one of the most completely appointed houses that can be found outside of a great city. It has the home-like atmosphere, and whether you are a guest in the winter or in the summer, the longer you stay the better you like it.

The rustic simplicity of the vil-

lage life is delightful. It is a place where padlocks are not needed, and where the strain of modern society is not known or felt. The drives from the village in every direction are the beaux ideals of a ride in the country. If you go down on one bank of the Quechee River, you can drive back on the other, and if you make your way up one of the great ravines through which a rivulet meanders, you can shift around and return by the side of another, having all the while revealed to your imagination scenery which is stimulating and beautiful. You cannot go out for an afternoon in any direction for ten or a dozen miles from Woodstock without being captivated by the wildness and the pastoral beauty of the outlying districts.

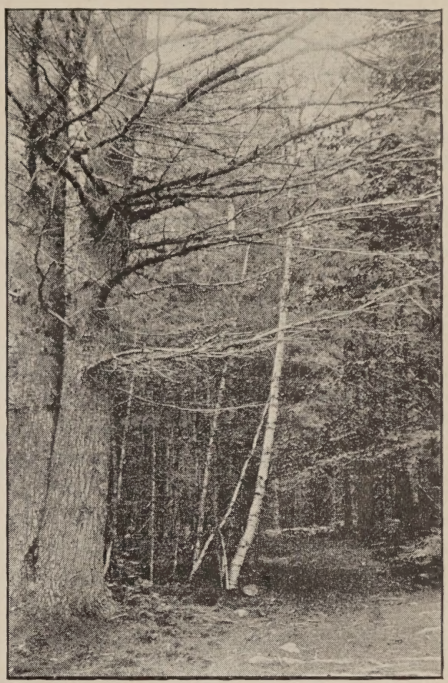
This is the country of sugar maples, and the maple trees upon the hillsides in their full foliage have a grace and majesty which is all their own. More beautiful trees cannot be found. Then the surrounding towns, in which farming is the great industry, are places where one can study the New England civilization in its natural condition. Here the abandoned farms are numerous, and here are the humble homes from which men and women have gone forth to make their mark in the world. For repose, for attractiveness, for beauty of scenery, for delightful drives, and for the restfulness which renews and invigorates the body and mind, I know of no place in the whole of New England which has superior advantages to Woodstock.

New Hampshire has had the lion's share of attractions in the White Mountains, though the Winnepesaukee region is rapidly becoming their rival. The finest view of the White Mountains is from Locke's Hill on the south side of the lake, and form-

Echo Lake from Mt. Lafayette.

ing a part of a spur of Gunstock Mountain which belongs to the Belknap Range. Here the magnificent sweep of the lake in front is met at its northern shore by the Sandwich Range, and these peaks vanish into the higher ranges beyond, while, still further away, Mt. Washington lifts its isolated cone above all the surrounding summits, and is the monarch of the hills. For grandeur and for the wide sweep of high ranges this view is said to be without a parallel. There is nothing like it in the Alps, and one must go to the Andes or the Himalayas for its equal.

The White Mountains have offered such superb attractions that the Winnepesaukee region has been greatly overlooked; but with the development of the South Shore Railroad from Laconia to Alton Bay, the attractions of the lake have become much more widely known, and undoubtedly this region will become one of the most attractive watering places in New Hampshire in the near future. It is still, for the most part, to be occupied, and there is no other place in the state where the same attractions can be had. A hotel on the west side of the lake has an exceptionally fine location, and the Squam lakes are wonderfully attractive for surprises in scenery and for sequestered enjoyment; but on the south side of the lake, at comparatively slight elevations, the whole of the White Mountain Range is visible, and it seems as if the great lake lay embosomed within an amphitheatre of mountains. With its hundreds of islands, and its waters of remarkable clearness, it is itself a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It is, with the exception of Moosehead Lake, the largest fresh-water enclosure in New England, and looks as if it were surrounded by forests on all sides. One can find at no other place, except Moosehead Lake, the same views of forests and mountains and



In the Maine Woods.

lake together. The pictures which one can make for himself while passing from point to point on the lake or on the hills which reach down to its shore, are different from those which are to be had in other parts of New England.

All the way from Wiers, by the Concord and Montreal road, until one enters into the confines of the White Mountain region, the feeling is that you are entering into a new world, more magnificent, fresher, wilder, and more entrancing than you have been in before. The smaller peaks are continually coming into view, and the air breathes the balm of the spruce and the fir which come down almost to the edge of the track. The same experience is to be had when

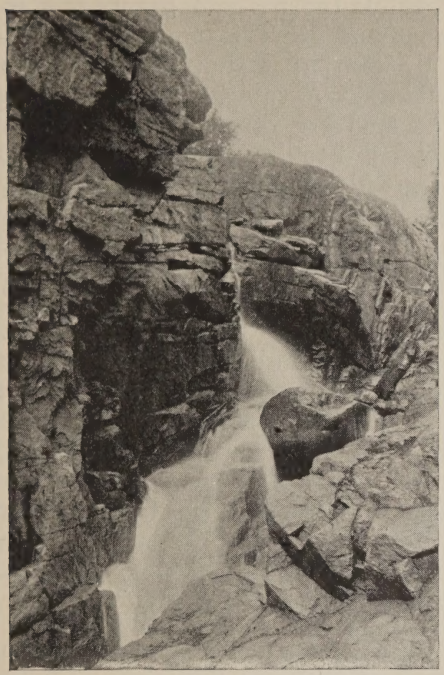
one approaches the mountains by the Boston and Maine Road through North Conway. You feel that you are within the confines of a new world, and by the time you have reached Littleton or North Conway, it seems as if you were breathing a different atmosphere and had bid farewell to all the old associations of your life. To me the first sniff of the fresh air is inspiring. It seems as if I were living anew. The blue-capped hills touch the imagination, and the miles and miles of forest which greet the eye convey a unique impression. For one who has only seen brick walls for a good part of the year, a visit to the White Mountains is like entering into another existence for one week in the year. It seems as if the new life were too delicious to be breathed, and one looks into these forests and upon these peaks with the feeling that they are symbols of the Eternal world. There is an inspiration in going to the mountains at the end of June, when the foliage is fresh and unsoiled, that can be conveyed in no other way.

It seems almost invidious to name one part of the White Mountain region in preference to another; each one has its devotees, and so strong are these prepossessions that it is not safe to argue them. To me every part of the White Mountains is precious. There are few localities which I have not enjoyed, and perhaps I ought not to prefer one to another; but if I were going to this section for a season of special enjoyment, I should not miss North Woodstock and the stage ride from that point to the Profile House; nor would I willingly leave out Sugar Hill and the magnificent views of the Franconia Mountains which are to be had at different points on the way to Bethlehem; nor would I lose the far-off views of the Presidential Range which are to be had from Mount Agassiz and from the main street of Bethlehem or from the highlands of Jefferson.

Bethlehem and Jefferson are both outside of the mountains; but their high plane and their open views of the two great ranges are magnificent beyond description, and for enjoyment and comfort they are perhaps the most attractive localities for a lengthened stay in the mountains.

To study these great peaks from these points of view, as they change in color, in size, and in interest, from hour to hour during the day, is fascinating. They are never long the same to the close observer, and the atmospheric effects are so remarkable that one is never tired of tracing them. Mt. Washington is a place to visit on occasion, but it is too rarefied an atmosphere to live in. I once spent a week on the summit, making it a point of departure for daily excursions, but for only one hour of the last day was the glory of the mountain revealed to me. That hour was one of the great moments of life. The mist broke away, and the great world of mountain and lake and forest stretched as far as the eye could reach, while the vapor shifted in rolls and masses so rapidly that it seemed as if the whole heavens were being transformed before my eyes. It was one of those rare moments when one felt as if the finishing touch was being put to the creation of the world. It is a picture hung upon the walls of my imagination forever. It is these pictures of the mountains in their moments of glory which give to the White Hills their wonderful fascination for imaginative and emotional minds. They enkindle and inspire those who see the changes which pass over them, and it is this watch-

fulness for movements in nature which makes all the difference be-



Avalanche Cascade, New Hampshire.

tween the great interpreters of the visible world and the ordinary people who live in it.

On the east side of the White Mountains there are three or four places that one ought not to overlook. For rural beauty, with a sense of the majesty of the mountains in the distance, the hamlet of Shelburne is one of the most delightful nooks in the mountain region. It is so snug, so green, so secluded, that it seems like a fairyland among the hills. Another spot where one obtains wonderful views of Mt. Washington is the Glen, and all the way down through Pinkham Notch the rugged sides of Mt. Washington and Wildcat give one a vivid sense of what a mountain defile is.

The little valley of Jackson is the Eden of the White Mountains. It is, on a beautiful summer day, the nearest approach to Paradise that any one is likely to find in this world. It contains but few strangers in winter, but in summer the hotels are filled with persons of culture, — artists, clergymen, lawyers, teachers, an immense company in the great hotels, — and yet so completely rural is this little hamlet among the hills that it does not even then seem as if there were anybody in it. It is, so to speak, at the very foot of Mt. Washington, and when you climb up its eastern hillside the glory of the great peak is revealed in dignity and majesty unapproachable. I have never seen Mt. Washington in such glory and majesty as from Thorn Hill in Jackson. The beauty and simplicity of the country life here is only equalled by the majesty and the glory of the mountain views. The Crawford House is a point which no one should overlook in visiting the White Mountains.

The pass down through Crawford Notch into the great basin below is wonderful as a view of wild nature, and one never tires of it. At Intervale and at North Conway the effects of Jackson Valley are repeated, but the uniqueness of Jackson can be reproduced nowhere else. One has not seen the White Mountains in their fulness and strength until he has climbed Mt. Carrigian and stood in the midst of the great wilderness, or until he has climbed Mt. Chocorua and from its bare peak looked over into the same isolated world and compared it with the rest of New Hampshire. Neither has he found the full secret of the attraction of the White Hills until he has climbed Moosilauke or watched the shadows and sunlight from a skiff on Echo or Profile lakes,

or ascended Mt. Lafayette by the bridle path, or seen the great peaks from Randolph Hill, or spent a week at the base of Mt. Chocorua. At every point there is a view so precious, so unique, so entire, that it fills the soul with joy.

The attractions of the state of Maine are chiefly confined to Mt. Desert and Moosehead lake. The seacoast resort is so well known that I pass at once to the great inland lake, the largest in New England, the source of the Kennebec river, and so far back in the heart of the wilderness that, with the railroad even now reaching its foot, it is still seemingly untouched by civilization and in the midst of the primeval forest. Here one encounters nature in all her glory. The forest is not cut off to any extent, and as one takes the steamer and rides twenty miles to Mt. Kineo, where the chief hotel is located, he finds himself more and more alone with the world. I once knew the name of every person living on the shores of this lake, and of every inlet and point, and have spent a week at a time on a little steamer in coasting leisurely over its waters. It differs greatly from Winnepesaukee in its extent and largeness. It is shut in by mountains wooded to the top, and is so great in extent that it seems almost as if one were out at sea in passing from point to point. It is full of trout, some of which are of immense size, and from Mt. Kineo, a bluff which rises to the height of 800 feet directly behind the hotel, one is able to see Mt. Katahdin 40 miles away to the eastward, and to note the great peaks which lie within a nearer distance. The west branch of the Penobscot flows within two miles of Moosehead lake at the Northeast Carry, and from this point it is an unbroken wilderness, until one reaches the villages in Canada along the St. Lawrence.

While the pastoral beauty of Vermont and New Hampshire are totally wanting at Moosehead lake, the wildness and the great range of lake and land are very impressive. The hotel is kept in excellent style, and is greatly thronged in summer by guests, especially by those who enjoy an experience out on the frontier, and whose interest is in fishing and hunting. It is more as a centre for fishing and hunting than as a resort for social and intellectual gaiety that Moosehead lake is known; but it has a strange fascination to those who become acquainted with it, and there are many persons who do not feel as if they had properly lived through the summer unless they have enjoyed its hospitalities and caught trout in its waters.

These are a few of the Edens which are to be found in different parts of New England; but they do not begin to exhaust the attractions which exist in many a quiet old town, in many a secluded farmhouse, in many a fishing camp, and in hundreds of quiet nooks where the great multitude take refuge during the heated term. The wise thing for every one is to take a short trip during the summer in the form of vacation to some one of these places, not choosing an expensive locality, but going where comfort and refreshment and rest can be had to advantage. It is in this way that the exhaustion of modern life is best repaired, and if all the members of a household, and especially those who are its responsible heads, would seek the Edens of New England for a while in the summer season, we should be much nearer Paradise than we are now.

FIRST LOVE.

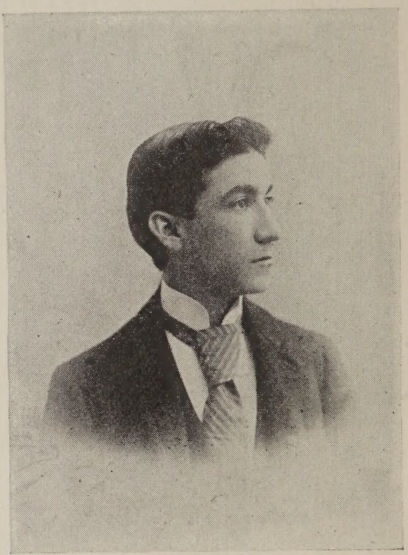
AMATEUR DRAMATICS IN PHILADELPHIA.

BY MARGARET M. HALVEY.

HE first inquiry of a recent visitor anxious to investigate Catholic Philadelphia was regarding the share Catholicity claims in the possession of "heir-looms" wherein the city is supposed to take especial pride. Now, this belief that Philadelphia's past is her most notable characteristic, although the generally accepted one, is not by any means generally acceptable to our citizen of to-day. While bating no jot of interest in the memories of unexampled peace bequeathed of Penn, and the unexampled glory of later Revolutionary years, the average Philadelphian most desires present recognition of present progress.

True, Catholicity has here as elsewhere her "storied shrines." Here is the altar be ore which, as the patriot loves to remember, Lafayette knelt to pray. Another is pointed out as the daily resort of one who went forth to different endeavor quite as fully crowned by conquest — America's Archbishop Hughes. Others are yet haunted by memories of dark days of Know-nothingism and strife, and many, very many, are endeared by recollections of sacrifice and toil attendant on their being. But the Catholic citizen, second to none in appreciation of citizenship, rejoices most in the progressiveness of his own day and his acknowledged share therein.

The immense area acquired by the city, grown famous for its plenitude of homes, the ever-increasing number of beautiful churches varied of architecture as of theological teachings, — the numerous schools and colleges renowned through many lands, their graduates now banded, now scattered for literary



Thomas A. Dempsey.
Graduated from St. Paul's to the professional stage.

and scientific effort, — are so many causes for civic pride and common rejoicement.

In all of them Catholicity claims her part, not in the spirit of rivalry, but of coöperation. A fair average of the "homes" are hers; her churches are the pioneers recognized as most desirable in every newly absorbed district and suburb, and from her schools and colleges have graduated men whose names are amongst the nation's household words. Many, ranking to-day as Philadelphia's brightest lawyers and most successful business men, were first

John F. Skelly. James J. Skelly. Miss Mae Cody. Robert J. McNally.
Miss Mary R. Kennevan.
Daniel O'Connell.

ENTERPRISE DRAMATIC COMPANY IN "THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER."

known to fame and the public as members of Catholic literary societies.

In the present sketch, which must necessarily omit much more than it details, and which at most only attempts to deal with a single offshoot of Catholic organization — the amateur dramatic — many names are mentioned, familiar in legal, literary, and commercial circles. One peculiarity of our amateur dramatic clubs is that for the most part they are known only by the titles of the churches or parishes in which they originated. "St. Stephen's Thespians" (with the explanatory "Thespians" usually omitted), "St. Paul's" and the "Visitation" clubs, St. Edward's and St. Michael's associations — "the Annunciation Catholic Club," one hears frequently discussed in the language of the theatrical habitué and only "the Enterprise Dramatic Company," — which still, however, claims as full title "of St. Vincent's, Germantown," has taken firm possession of an independent designation.

This recognition of parish prerogative in all matters, is so universal as to be regarded by strangers in the light of a "localism." It is quite usual to hear a residence mentioned as being within a "parish" limit, rather than a district or ward boundary, and the custom naturally extended to church societies on their first formation, without any reference to their peculiar object.

So numerous and noteworthy are the achievements of our dramatic clubs, that one wishing to do them even partial justice within magazine limits, is likely to feel the embarrassment of riches as regards material. In the light of their present activity, too, it is possible to appreciate the reasoning of the French student regarding the study of

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his national history: "What is the use of studying while they are still engaged in making history?"

Many and unique contributions to the Catholic history of our own times

R. J. McNally in "The Private Secretary."

must needs be credited to "these our actors." Amongst them, first place may well be given to the production of "Julius Cæsar," at the Academy of Music in September, 1891, with a repetition in the following month, under the auspices of the Catholic Young Men's Archdiocesan Union for the purpose of defraying convention expenses. How this purpose was served can be best understood when we learn that $1,400 above expenses was realized. How the larger purpose of history-making was fulfilled will, doubtless, be appreciated by the future historian.

The arrangements for this ambitious project were in the hands of a committee composed of representatives from twenty-six societies forming the Union; a competitive examination was held for selection of principals, and from amongst a hundred aspirants, the cast was selected by Mr. Frank C. Bangs, the well-known Antony of the Booth, Barrett, and Bangs combination. Mr. Bangs acted in this instance as instructor, and has since, through many mediums, put himself on record as a highly gratified one. "Brutus" was played by Mr. James J. Skelly, the winner of the gold medal in the elocutionary contest which decided the selection. Mark Antony, Julius Cæsar, Casca, and Cassius by Messrs. John L. Harold, Thomas J. Moore, Daniel O'Connell, and Michael A. Dempsey. The cast as here given contrives the double debt to pay of presenting the members usually acknowledged the "stars" of their respective associations, and commemorating as well their most notable joint appearance.

Mr. James J. Skelly, of the Enterprise Dramatic, has been for more than 10 years before the public of his native city, winning easily, and wearing modestly, the laurels of elocutionary and dramatic successes. Most of those successes were shared with the Club, to the interests of which he is devoted, but since his personal fame has been accentuated by such incidents as the medal contest just mentioned, Mr. Skelly has been in individual demand for many special occasions.

A notable one was when some society devotees of Shakespeare produced the comedy "As You Like It," with Nature's self for scene-shifter and property-mistress. The play was given on the beautiful lawn attached to the suburban home of one of the projectors. Many professionals took part and Mr. Skelly was cast for the exiled Duke, achieving the reputation of holding his own with the best. Recently, in somewhat similar companionship, he played Baron de Montrichard, in the "Ladies' Battle," given at the Chestnut street Theatre for the benefit of the Citizens' Relief Fund. Indeed, his name is rarely absent from the programme of any event when charity calls dramatic art to her assistance, occasionally as the chosen representative of Catholic excellence in this branch, but most

frequently with his own Enterprise Company, whose proudest boast may well be, that in the past year alone, they have made 15 appearances, netting over $6,000 for the various charities they championed.

Mr. Skelly's repertoire includes Richelieu, Wilfrid Denver in "The Silver King," John Stebelo in "The Banker's Daughter," all favorite characters with him; Rev. Robert Spaulding in "The Private Secretary," a favorite character with his varied audiences; Dunstan Kirke, in "Hazel Kirke," Jean Renaud, in "A Celebrated Case," Maurice Arden, in "My Geraldine," Michael Feeny, in "Arrah-na-Pogue," and Captain Molineux, in "The Shaughraun," besides leading parts in "Alabama" and "Shenandoah," rehearsed and recently publicly presented.

Incidentally we realize in this reading the general efficiency of the Enterprise members, and high amongst them stands Mr. Daniel O'Connell, who won "honorable mention" in the Julius Cæsar preparatory contest, and whose Casca was characterized by a local critic as "particularly clever;" this, too, on an occasion when none of the indulgence usually conceded amateurs was looked for, the critics according and the performers accepting at their hands a fair field and no favor.

In Bronson Howard's American masterpiece, "The Banker's Daughter," presented by the Enterprise Company at the Academy of Music, before one of the largest audiences ever assembled there, Mr. O'Connell's Harold Rutledge was most admirable. His Maurice Arden, in "My Geraldine," is particularly strong, and as Pittacus Green, in "Hazel Kirke," many have voted him inimitable.

Mr. John L. Harold (Brutus) and Mr. M. A. Dempsey (Cassius) both belong to St. Paul's Dramatic, which was first of the amateurs to venture an academy performance. Certainly, when we consider the immense capacity of the house, and its consequent requirements, it is not wonderful that the success attendant on the St. Paul production of "David Garrick" there is considered just proof of the Club's popularity and excellence.

The present director of St. Paul's Association, Mr. Tom O'Reilly, was for many years member of an organization somewhat similar in Edinburgh, Scotland, which ranked as the premier amateur dramatic of Great Britain. He has played leading characters in almost all of Boucicault's plays, is successful in romantic parts, and possesses a splendid baritone voice. Naturally, his large experience has been of material advantages to St. Paul's, much of its latter-day progress being attributed to methods introduced by him, and the new impetus given by his personal activity. Mr. Harold antedates him as member, being one of the earliest, principally interested in the literary work until recently, when his strength in romantic parts was proven and utilized. Elocutionary fitness was already assured, for to him belongs the distinction of having, at the age of 15 years, won the

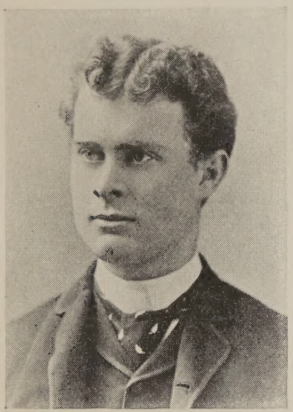
Miss Mary R. Kennevan in "The Banker's Daughter."

Archbishop's medal for this study, contested for at La Salle College, of which

J. J. O'Brien. T. J. Knowles. | Miss Sallie Keenan. Gertie Morris. | R. J. McNally. J. J. Skelly. | Miss Mae Cody. | J. F. Skelly. W. J. McDevitt. | Miss Nellie Skelly. Miss Mary Kennevan.

ENTERPRISE DRAMATIC COMPANY IN "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY."

institution Mr. Harold now ranks as graduate. Amongst the varied honors that have since sought him, may be mentioned his election to city councils, where again as the "youngest member," his record is watched with peculiar



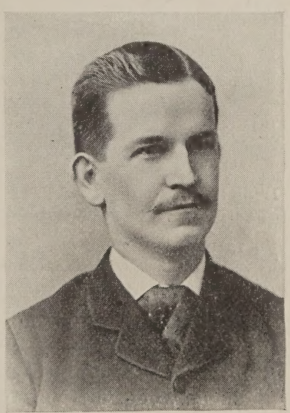
John F. Skelly.
(Enterprise Company.)

interest, and bids fair to realize the promise of his precocious youth. His notable dramatic successes have been William Tell, Robert Emmet, and Mark Antony. In addition to his fine rendition of Antony, on the occasion of the Academy presentation, Mr. Harold supervised the training of the Mob, a most important factor of the general excellence, drawn largely from St. Paul's membership.

Mr. M. A. Dempsey, whose later successes are identified with this association, received his training in the Literary and Choral Union of the Gesu, under the auspices of which his debut occurred about 11 years ago. While a member of this Union he played in many comedies, and even now, while all admit his excellence in Shakespearian parts — Cassius, Hamlet, and Shylock being numbered amongst his successes — many of his admirers claim as his forte high comedy, which he renders with the delightful lightness that never fails to make pleasing remembrance.

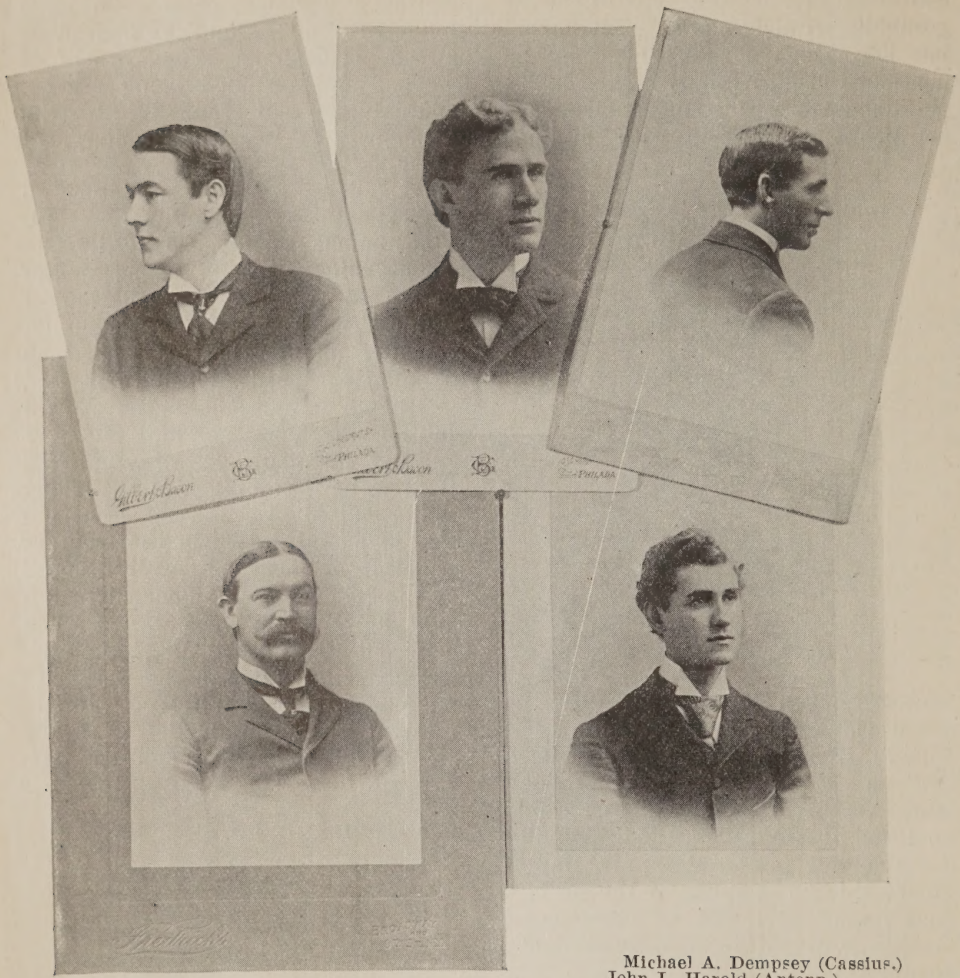
This reputation is shared by his brother, Thomas A. Dempsey, now mentioned amongst those who have graduated from St. Paul's to high place on the professional stage, others of whom I am reminded being Messrs. James Hughes and Hugh Ward — the last named, at this writing, leading man in one of Hoyt's companies.

Mr. Thomas J. Moore is another on whose shoulders the mantle of versatility has fallen, as evidenced by the fact amongst others, that, on the occasion of the second Academy presentation of "Julius Cæsar" — Mr. Bangs being unavoidably absent — his place as stage director was faultlessly filled by Mr. Moore, who represented the Xavier Club in the combination. He first appeared in the ranks of the Gesu Literary and Choral, which, having been organized 14 years ago, seems entitled to pioneer place in the amateur dramatic movement here. Mr. Moore's first appearances were in comedy, alternated, however, by an occasion when he played Bassanio, to Mr. Dempsey's Shylock, with notable success. He also took part in the Oratorio of "Joseph in Egypt" — the production of which is memorable as having made such last-



W. J. McDevitt.
(Enterprise Company.)

ing impress by its excellence and elaboration as to hasten the formation of societies since grown famous. When the Catholic Church Choir Company in



Michael A. Dempsey (Cassius.)
John L. Harold (Antony.)

Daniel O'Connell (Casca.) J. J. Skelly (Brutus.)
Thomas J. Moore (Julius Cæsar.)

May, 1892, in furtherance of a charitable object, secured the South Broad street Theatre, for a production of "Pinafore," Mr. Moore was the Admiral Porter of the occasion, contributing much to a success, equally happy from artistic and financial standpoints.

Pausing for a review of my subject, I find I have been led into apparent violation of a rule which I naturally consider most obligatory, in all cases, to give my own sex precedence. Not having done so in this instance, is entirely due to the fact of choosing to chronicle this joint appearance of many clubs, rather than their separate successes. To all these numerous successes our lady amateurs have contributed the wonted share of stage femininity. That this is the larger who can doubt, remembering how a fair face lightens, a pretty costume vivifies a scene, and a woman's wit entrances an audience.

All these accessories are lent to the performances of the well-known Visitation Club by the two ladies who usually share their stage, — Miss Iona Mae Nowlan and Miss Rose Marie Baumann.

Miss Nowlan owns the advantages

Miss Mae Cody and J. F. Skelly, in "My Geraldine."

of graceful presence and manner, added to which her preparatory training has been particularly fine. She is a graduate of the Mount Vernon Institute of Elocution and Languages, wearing its degree of B. E., and Oratory is her favorite study, of which she speaks and writes enthusiastically. Her preference in characters is for the tragic and emotional which she cannot but feel well fitted to assume. However, her parts have not been always so cast. Among the many advantages of the Visitation Club, is counted the possession of a manager whose judgment in matters theatrical is a law unto all.

Mr. James F. Sherry has been always willing to place his valuable experience gained on the professional stage at the service of his co-religionists sharing his tastes and talent. He has supervised the early efforts of many aspirants, but the Visitation Club has been of late more particularly his charge, and with them his own recent appearances, regrettably few in number, have been made. Guided by Mr. Sherry's judgment, Miss Nowlan has appeared in such varied parts as Tabatha Stork, in "Rosedale," Adrienne, in "A Celebrated Case," Mrs. Creegan, in "The Colleen Bawn," Lady Florence May and Gretchen, in "Rip Van Winkle," receiving high praise in all.

Miss Rosa Marie Baumann is usually in the same cast, sharing efforts and honors. Her first appearance was in "Our American Cousin." In "The Colleen Bawn" she played Eily O'Conor, and in "A Celebrated Case" the part of Valentine De Morney. Her success is due to her naturalness and sympathy with her part. Of her favorite character, Rosa Leigh in "Rosedale," she says: "I never think of the part but as a real pleasure."

In this play of "Rosedale," Mr. Joseph E. Murray, president of the Club, and Mr. Joseph V. Gallagher, both admittedly amongst our finest amateurs, sustain leading roles, and this strong caste, with the beautiful staging of the piece, recently at the Academy, gives that occasion, also, high rank with our notable dramatic events.

J. J. Skelly as Richelieu.

D. J. McLaughlin. Miss Margaret M. Hoade. Dominick F. Durkin.

ANNUNCIATION CATHOLIC CLUB.

Until this time "Rip Van Winkle" had been considered the pièce de résistance of the company, which reputation the members say was due, in great part, to the acting therein of Mr. Edward M'Ginn (Rip Van Winkle), whose talent amounted to positive genius. From their ranks he went to Salvini's Company, choosing this career in preference to the literary one here open to him, and from their ranks were drawn some of the sincerest mourners, who stood a short time since by his untimely grave. Even now they deprecate any notice of organized excellence excluding his share, and pay unanimous tribute to his gifts, the truest Bohemian of them all in the Bohemia he dreamed of, "where the player is King when the door is past."

The names of Misses Mary R. Kennavan, Mae Cody, Nellie C. Skelly, and Sallie Keenan are conspicuous in all Enterprise notices. To Miss Kennavan we have come to look for faithful portraiture and without fear of disappointment. In "The Banker's Daughter," as Lillian Westbrook, she is the winsome girl and the dignified matron to perfection; as Hazel Kirke, and also as Arte O'Neale, in the "Shaughraun," she is as fine as evidently fastidious, and her Olive Skinner has been quoted as proof of talent making a minor part prominent.

Miss Mae Cody, who played children's parts a very few years ago, and was then voted "pretty as a picture," has now come to be central figure in many performances. As Cissie, in "The Silver King," Maggie Brophy, in "My Geraldine," Eva Webster, in "The Private Secretary," Moya, in "The Shaughraun," and Dolly Dutton, in "Hazel Kirke," her sparkle and vivaciousness are irresistible, so that audiences and critics alike "go under," and Miss Cody's bright eyes never look in vain for welcome.

While we concede environment, an important factor in determining tastes and excellences, we must expect good work from Miss Skelly, whose name usually accompanies her brother's. She is oftenest described as sympathetic, which certainly best expresses the quality of her art and the nature of her chosen characters. She has played Olive Skinner and Nellie Denver, in "The Silver King," Fanny Power, in "Arrah-na-Pogue," Claire Ffolliott, in "The Shaughraun," Miss Ashford, in "The Private Secretary," and has been, perhaps, most admired, as Mary Carroll, in "My Geraldine."

Miss Sallie Keenan's rendering of Mercy Kirke, and of Mrs. O'Kelly in the "Shaughraun," has never left anything to be desired. To my mind her assumption of motherliness, as Mrs. Spaulding, in "The Private Secretary," where she "Mothers" very many small Spauldings, is quite enough to assure a reputation. In the same play her part of Mrs. Head, the motherly landlady, is perfection.

It is not difficult, to be sure, to imagine a landlady succumbing to the attractions of such a Douglas Cattermole as Mr. John F. Skelly, the inimitable comedian of the company. Mr. Skelly has not always given his attention to comedy; but somehow, it is so we think of him, as Pope described Garrick, so natural on the stage that we feel "it is only when he is off he is acting." He plays Conn in "The Shaughraun," where his well-trained voice helps the effect, also Shaun the Post, in "Arrah-na-Pogue," and yet is unusually successful in the serious roles of Count de Carojac, in "The Banker's Daughter," and Herbert Skinner.

With him, Mr. Robert J. McNally comes to mind as his breezy friend, Harry Marsland, in the "The Private Secretary," and the irrepressible George Washington Phipps of "The Banker's Daughter," in which part somebody once said, voicing the opinion of many, "He is simply Robert McNally and so simply perfect." With Mr. William J. McDevitt, whom hundreds of Philadelphians remember as Mr. Cattermole, the rich East Indian, of troublesome liver tendencies, Messrs. McNally and Skelly form a trio rarely equalled in their line.

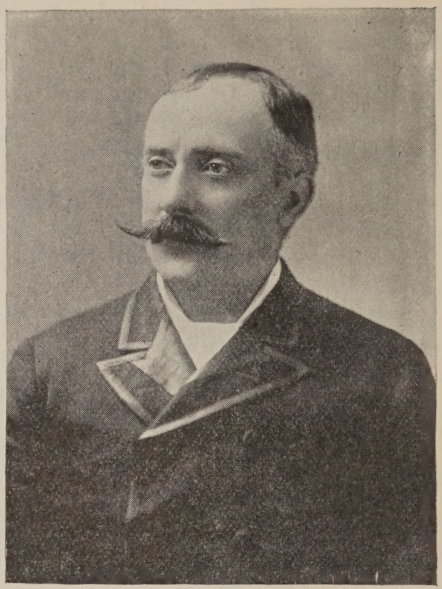
James A. Jourdan. Mary Roberta Bradley. Thomas J. Carrigan.

ANNUNCIATION CATHOLIC CLUB.

Miss Mary A. Henry of St. Paul's, whose appearances, while not numerous, have been always eminently satisfactory to colleagues and audiences, and Miss Mary Savage, the leading lady of St. Stephen's Thespians, have both won high consideration. Miss Savage's greatest success has been as the susceptible widow, Mrs. Priscilla Dodge, in "Hickory Farm." She has played Ileen O'Rourke, in "The Shamrock and Rose," and leading parts in other plays presented by the Club, as "Ben Bolt," Kathleen Mavourneen," and "The Robber of the Rhine."

St. Stephen's Club is coëxistent with the pastorate of the present pas-

tor, Rev. W. A. McLaughlin, to whom it owes its foundation, its culture, and acknowledged standing. Under his supervision was built the cosey hall, perfect in all details of scenery and dramatic appliances, where the comfort of the company has been as carefully considered in dressing rooms and fittings, as that of the audience who here enjoy folding opera chairs and all modern dramatic improvements. From the day of the Club's formation, ten years ago, Father McLaughlin has never relaxed his care for its well-being. He has selected plays, supervised rehearsals, and been in all matters of management one with the workers side by side. Mr. William Brückner, now leading man, ranks among the earliest members of the Thespians, and his present reputation proves the wisdom of his selection. Their Mr. Hogan is considered particularly good in Irish character sketches.



Thomas O'Reilly.
(Director of St. Paul's.)

The Annunciation Dramatic Club also owes its existence to the efforts of two of our younger priests, Fathers Turner and Nevin, who worked most enthusiastically for and with the Literary Association whereof the Dramatic is now a flourishing branch. Inasmuch as the Club has produced successfully "A Celebrated Case" at the Academy of Music, it may be already considered among the leaders. Miss Margaret M.

Miss Mary A. Henry,
St. Paul's.

Miss Florence Gleason.
St. Elizabeth's.

T. J. Desmond.
St. Elizabeth's.

Hoade, on this occasion as Madeline Renaud, was excellent, and Miss Mary R. Bradley very effective. These ladies have assumed various parts in the short pieces usually given at the monthly entertainments of the Club, as have also Messrs. T. J. Carrigan, the distinguished Jean Renaud of the Academy production, and J. D. McLaughlin, Florence Gleason, one of our popular young readers, and possessor of all the stage requisites of personnel and accomplishment; also Miss Alice Coburn, chosen to represent her class at a recent dinner of the Normal School Alumnæ, and Mr. T. J. Desmond, who is much in demand on stage and platform for his fine voice and happy gift

W. A. Brückner. D. H. Stroud. Miss Mary Savage.

ST. STEPHEN'S THESPIANS.

who, as Dennis O'Rourke, was such an acceptable sergeant.

The number of new organizations heard of is best proof of the appreciation accorded those long in the field. Many of the new have already done work worthy of extended notice, were such possible, and secured as members vocalists and elocutionists with reputations already established. Of these St. Joachim's Club of Frankford, organized, in 1892, under Mr. J. J. Skelly's tuition, is an example. St. Elizabeth's, also, may be mentioned as fortunate in its first enrolment. To this belongs Miss of brogue and mimicry, never carried beyond the limits of truthful reproduction and good taste.

"What I do not know about music would fill such a large book," quoth a humorous amateur recently, when harassed by repeated demands of a young audience for "more." So, in like manner, what I have not said of all that might be truly said in description and praise of Philadelphia's Catholic amateurs would make quite a large volume; but if enough has been said to convince readers that such a volume would be interesting, I am content.

SILENT TOM GORDON.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HORTON.

In that part of the great Lykens Valley red ash coal region, not many miles from Shamokin, lies the little town of Ashnut. If your Gazetteer slightingly alludes to it as a "mining town in Dauphin county, Penn., with one schoolhouse, one bank, one newspaper, and with a population of 300," you may confer a boon upon all mankind by hastily apprising the editor and compiler of the work, that he has unwittingly omitted the most important part of the town's history by ignoring the fact that in Ashnut, Dauphin county, are located the Turkey Buzzard Coal Mines, the property of the Summit Branch Coal Company, and that in Ashnut at one time lived "Red Dennis" Martin, the proprietor of the Old Stone Tavern, as brutal and cowardly a ruffian as ever disgraced the earth.

From an architectural standpoint the town was not beautiful to look upon; given a slate and pencil and the average schoolboy could produce a fac-simile off-hand; but the wealth of the mines, and the character and sway of Dennis, accounted for its notoriety.

The morning on which this story opens was a lovely one in May. Martin stood in the doorway of the tavern stretching and yawning, looking first up the street and then down. Finally, the sleep having been rubbed from his bloodshot eyes, his gaze was attracted to something white tacked to an oak tree across the way, and was fixed there. It appeared to be a notice of a "shut-down" from where he stood, and properly to fortify himself against a surprise of so disagreeable a nature, he gulped down a glass of liquor and strode across the street.

His Gaze was attracted to Something White tacked to an Oak Tree.

Now, the art of reading even printed matter was not one the red-haired giant had mastered, and when, to his disgust, he discovered fantastic scrolls and dots and curlicues, he swore roundly, and then looked about him for some one to throw light on the puzzling affair.

Down the street came a thick-set man, with a dark moustache, and walking with head bent down as if in deep meditation. It was Silent Tom Gordon, a man who shunned friendly advances, spoke only when his duty as

superintendent necessitated it, lived alone in his "bach" shanty on the bluff overlooking the mine; but who was, withal, thanks to his unobtrusive way of doing kindnesses and his aversion to strong drink, the most respected man thereabouts.

Presenting his Revolver at the Angry Mob.

Martin hated the man in his heart, and had often threatened to wreak vengeance on him for fancied slights, to which Gordon smiled grimly.

The latter was nearly up to Martin when that worthy called out:—

"Hi there, Tom Gordon! Come over yer an' read them words."

"Are you talking to me or to one of your dogs?" snapped Gordon angrily, a dangerous light in his eyes.

Martin started in amazement. Never before had a man dared to talk back to him. What further would have occurred it is difficult to conjecture; but as Gordon's eyes were focussed on the paper, his face paled and he ran quickly over. As he read aloud a gang of men on their way to the mines turned the corner and stopped to hear the news.

"A lecture will be delivered at the Red Schoolhouse on Saturday afternoon next, at four o'clock, on the Evils of Intemperance, by John Lawlor, Secretary Father Mathew T. A. S. of Pennsylvania. Come all."

When Gordon had finished reading the color came back to his face, and turning abruptly on his heel, he hastily walked away.

The individual known variously as "Dinnis," "Red," "Marty," and even as "Red-Handed Dinny," stood, surrounded by his fellows, almost beside himself with indignation.

"What!" he roared, spitting on his hands and uttering a frightful oath, "one o' them ban'box dandies a-comin' yer fer to attempt to break up an honest man's business! I give it out, an' I want you all to understand, boys, that I believe this yere's the doin's of Father Koch, who has been workin' agin me in a underhand way fer some time. Oh, he's goin' to lecture, is he? without so much as askin' me fer permission! Well, r-u-t-h-er! Come, come, the house 'll stand treat on that!"

"Lawlor," said Gordon, biting his lips perplexedly as he hastened his steps, "John Lawlor! Can it be that my brother John is coming over the mountains! And if he should publicly recognize me — "

The thought caused him to stop and stare about him for an instant as if some one were dogging his footsteps — an officer of the law for instance!

On the step leading to the barroom the crafty Martin paused and turned back. "Who knows but what that feller's playin' me?" he thought, his face aflame with anger. "Darn you all, who else among you kin read that accursed thing?" he suddenly roared at the top of his lungs.

"I can, dad," came a voice at his elbow; and in an instant the murderous look on the bully's face disappeared. It was only his son Tim who spoke, only Tim, a pale-faced youth of twenty or thereabouts, with soft brown eyes and curly hair, with a mild and gentle air about him, in strange contrast with those rough beings among whom his lot was cast.

But howsoever insignificant the youth might appear in other's eyes, Timothy Martin was the only person on earth who could cause Red Dennis to pause in any outrageous act.

"Tim," said Martin, "you read them there words, my lad. Sing 'em out clear an' strong, that we all kin hear 'em, an' there'll be no mistake when the time comes fer to act."

The young man obeyed, and then went whistling to the mine.

When bluff John Lawlor entered the schoolhouse a little before the appointed hour, he was surprised at two things — first, at the large number of those present, and, second, at the iciness of his reception. At the doorway groups of men were seen, mysteriously nodding one to the other, occasionally speaking in low tones and exchanging meaning glances. As Lawlor walked up the aisle, "Here he is," and "That's the feller," caught his quick ear. His jaws snapped together at signs of such hostility; but he was a man of iron nerves, and knew the class of men he had to deal with.

As he sat for a moment arranging his notes, loud, harsh voices were heard up the street, copiously punctuated with oaths and obscenity. "That's Dennis and the boys," said Peg Wilson, a powerfully built miner, starting up.

"My friends," said Lawlor calmly, "I desire to call your attention to two things. I am authorized by Father Koch to say that he himself will be here a week from now to follow up the subject of to-day's lecture. The other thing, to which I wish to call attention, is the necessity of perfect quietness during my remarks. I — "

The door at this juncture was thrown violently open, and Martin, with a score of drunken followers — a motley array of all nationalities — entered, shouting contemptuous and opprobrious epithets.

"Don't let the dandy go no further!" shouted Red Dennis, at the same time hurling an egg at the intrepid man. This was the signal for a general onslaught. Decayed vegetables and eggs were thrown, some of which took effect on the person of Lawlor, whose eyes flashed, but whose proud spirit would not permit thought of flight.

"Cowards!" he hissed; "is there a man among you so brutish as not to give fair play?"

"I'll larn you a thing or two, mister," came Red Dennis's drunken voice through the din. "You can't

play none o' yer games around yer. Take THAT as a hint." The missile the ruffian hurled was a stone, which he had carried for the purpose. Straight to the mark it sped, striking Lawlor a glancing blow on the head. He fell like a log.

"Now, boys, go in an' finish the job!" cried Dennis, crazed by liquor and laughing like a fiend.

At this juncture there arose a commotion at the door. "Stand aside there! What, you won't! Take that then." Men were going down like ninepins, as Dennis, still laughing, turned to leave the room.

"Out of the way, you!" ordered Martin, reaching for his knife, as the panting, wiry form of Gordon blocked his way. Before he could recover from the lunge he had made at Gordon, he received a blow on the point of the chin that lifted him clear from his feet and sent him sprawling.

Taking advantage of the stupefaction that ensued at the fall of their redoubtable leader, Silent Tom Gordon forced his way to where the brave Lawlor lay face downward on the floor.

"Stop!" thundered he, standing astride the senseless man and presenting his revolvers at the angry mob, now surging about him. "I will kill the next man that passes yonder desk! What has this man done, you miserable skunks, that you should kill him? Nothing! You know in your hearts that he is right in his endeavor to lead you away from the damning influence of liquor, and yet there's not a man among you who has moral courage enough to throw off Red Dennis Martin's yoke, and act like an honest man and a free citizen. For shame, men! Put that weapon away, Olsen, and you do the same thing, Dave Evans, or by heaven I'll let daylight through you."

For the first time in many years Silent Tom Gordon had spoken — and there was no mistaking his meaning. His commanding voice sounded clear and strong, cowing as if by magic, where the bullet and knife would only have incited those lawless beings to further acts of violence. "We ain't got no quarrel with you, Tom Gordon," said Dave Evans, hesitatingly, almost inaudibly; "but we don't want no bran'-new dandy a-comin' yer fer to larn us nothin'."

"Hooray for Tom Gordon!" came a distinctly Celtic voice from the rear of the room. "Let up on him, boys, an' come an' have a dhrop of the craythe r." That was more to the liking of a majority, who had received their wages, and were eager to spend their hard-earned dollars over the bar of the Old Stone Tavern. With a shout the suggestion was acted on, the gang departing carrying the still insensible rum-seller with them.

Alone, Gordon turned the body of Lawlor over, that he might discover the extent of the wound. "Brother Jack!" these were the words that escaped him. Tears were gushing from his eyes as he knelt beside the man and rubbed his hands, calling on him the while. "Have they killed you, Jack? have they killed you?" Lawlor at last looked about him, his gaze becoming riveted on Gordon. "Can it be?" he murmured in a weak, puzzled voice, "can it be that I at last see dear old Terence, my brother?"

The man we know as Gordon started up in alarm. "Sh!" said he thrillingly; "not that name, Jack! Would you have them on my trail again?" . . .

Tom Gordon's "bach" shanty was situated not far from the shaft of Turkey Buzzard Mine No. Three,

on a high bluff, and at considerable distance from other residences of the miners. Some time after these scenes described above, he and Lawlor sat discussing in low tones, frequently interrupted by Gordon rising and going to the window to see that no one was prowling around. It was early morning, the sun's rays just awakening to activity the feathered warblers on the hills beyond.

"I mention these things," Gordon was saying earnestly, "that at last you may know the facts in the case. I admit that I killed Templeton; but it was done while I was under the influence of that accursed agent of the devil, rum. Templeton used harsh and insulting language toward the lady whose name we have just mentioned, and I sprang at him, intending to choke the words in his throat but not to take his life. Unfortunately I underestimated my strength, and he died at my hands. Of course, knowing the full circumstances of the case, and being aware of the terrible scandal that would come to light, nothing was left but to listen quietly to the prosecution's effort, and finally to declare myself guilty."

"Well," said Lawlor, "there is satisfaction at least in the knowledge that you escaped so soon from prison. Your quiet, upright life here, beloved and revered by all, shows conclusively that you have atoned for your act. When Father Koch comes I will commend you to him, in the hope that you may see further light."

Gordon arose and went to the window for the twentieth time. "I have a feeling that my days of life are few, John," said he, solemnly. "God knows that I have suffered enough. My story, which is truth, I hope will be locked in your breast. I feel better, somehow, since I — Hello! who's this?"

A young woman, running as if life depended on it, came toward the house.

"Rose Cregan!" cried Gordon in surprise. "See, John! Here comes the girl Tim Martin will marry one of these days. What a comely girl she is too! What can be wrong?"

"Gordon, Mr. Gordon," called the young woman when near the shanty; "a word with you."

Gordon quickly unbolted the door and looked suspiciously about him. "What is your mission?" he asked gently. The girl was breathing heavily, and seemed ready to fall in a swoon.

"There, down to the shaft. They're down there. Tim and his father. Dennis has gone mad from drink, has escaped from dear Tim, and has fled to the bottom of the shaft. He is bent on taking your life, and has gone down to lie in wait for you. Tim went in after him ten minutes ago, after telling me to deliver his message. Tim says please, please, not to venture out until his father is taken."

The girl trembled violently. Gordon took her tenderly by the arm and walked slowly down the path leading to the shaft with her. "It is my duty," he said; "I shall go into the mine. But be not alarmed; I have decided to whip all the badness out of Dennis the next time we meet. Such action will be salutary, and in line with a plan Mr. Lawlor and I have adopted looking to the better government of this village. I am glad the opportunity is near at hand to begin with Dennis." The words were not those of a swaggering bully; they were spoken in so quiet a manner that Rose Cregan was thrilled, and more alarmed than

ever for the safety of one or both of them, knowing Red Dennis's skill with knife and pistol, and his treacherous nature.

"We are in luck, John," said Gordon on his return, and explained the cause of the girl's visit. Lawlor's face blanched. "I shall go with you, Ter — Gordon," he said, correcting himself; "it will require the efforts of both of us to subdue the mad creature." Gordon shook him by the hand. "Always my generous brother and true Irishman," he said exultantly. "Now let's to breakfast."

As the men fell to, there came seven loud whistles from the mine, the last, long drawn out. "Bless us," said Gordon hurriedly, "how quickly the time flies when in good company." The two men ran hastily out, and joined other belated employes on their way to the shaft.

Within a short distance of it there arose a mighty cry, supplemented by that most terrible of all sounds, the alarm whistle, notifying those for miles around that an accident had occurred. As to the sailor in southern waters the fearful temblor makes him to forget his very God, so to the miner comes that thrilling, ominous, paralyzing sound, leaving him stupid, speechless, his heart dead within him!

"Fire! The mine's a-fire!"

One man hoarsely uttered the words.

The cry was taken up by others.

Then as if by magic the whole village was aroused, men, women with infants in their arms, and children by their side, running madly to the entrance of the shaft, all fearful for the safety of their dear ones.

Gordon was the first to recover his senses. He, followed by Lawlor, ran to the head of the shaft. "Where is the fire?" he demanded

Gordon took her tenderly by the Arm.

of the engineer. Telephone word came at that instant from the bottom of the shaft that it was in No. Three Level. "Has any one gone down?" "Yes, I've run ten accommodations." "Do you recollect any one getting off at No. Three?' "My God!" suddenly exclaimed the engineer, "Red Dinnis Martin got off there half an hour ago, and his son Tim went down only ten minutes since. Only them two, boss."

"Quick, men!" Gordon's voice rang out loud above the confused noises. "We can yet rescue them. Get the wagon on the knuckle." A score of men crowded into the wagon and descended through a thick volume of smoke.

Arrived at No. Three Level, Gordon led the way for some 200 yards,

cheered on by Lawlor and other brave men. Here, confronted with what appeared to be certain death, even the most courageous refused to go further.

"It's sure death fer to go in," said Peg Wilson, speaking sullenly. "If you escape a 'squeeze' in them breasts, you'll go under from the fire and gas. No, no, boys; Dinnis is done fer. He warn't no good nohow."

Gordon turned upon him furiously. "There are known to be human lives at stake," he thundered. "Who knows what a few more minutes will do? Come, be men in action as well as name! This is no time to pass on the character of Dennis! What five of you will follow me in?" John Lawlor took his place beside him ere he had finished the sentence. "Four more," called Gordon. The men shook their heads. "We have dear ones at home," said one; "you are asking too much, Tom."

Gordon saw that it was useless further to harangue the men. With instructions to start up the fans, he grasped a safety lamp and sprang forward through the gas and smoke along the gangway, Lawlor close beside him. "Come back!" came a rough voice beseechingly, and other voices joined; but the cries fell on heedless ears.

Some distance from the starting point Gordon paused, cold sweat standing on him and his limbs shaking. "To go on means death to one or both of us, John, as those fellows truthfully say. You have everything to live for; I nothing! Go back, my brother, to all you hold dear, and should my real name become known hereabouts, let the attempt I make this day at rescue atone for the one great crime."

"I have come of my own accord," said Lawlor doggedly, an indescribable feeling coming over him as he spoke. "Further talk is useless. Onward, before strength leaves us."

Blinded, coughing, reeling as though drunk, the men stumbled along, falling now and then, and regaining their feet with great difficulty.

A hundred feet further on and Gordon suddenly uttered a loud cry as his foot struck a human form. It was that of Tim Martin, lying face downward in the mud formed by the trickling water from the top of the gangway. Quickly raising the youth he flashed the rays of his lamp in his eyes. A groan escaped the sufferer, proving that there was hope in his case at least. "Your father — Dennis — where is he?" said Gordon in a weak voice. Tim opened his eyes as water was dashed in his face, and looked wonderingly about him. "Father's lost his reason," he said; "he's stark, raving mad. I followed him here in hopes of capturing him before he did mischief. He went in there with a naked lamp and — I — Rose, Rose —" The limp form fell from Gordon's arms.

The brave man darted off in the direction indicated. The body of Dennis Martin lay, horribly blackened and burned, directly off the platform, whither it had been blown by the force of the explosion.

It took but a glance to convince Gordon that the ruffian was past all help, then he tottered back to where Lawlor was madly endeavoring to drag away the unconscious Tim. Together they lifted him and retraced their steps along the gangway. Perhaps fifty yards were traversed thus, when, with a pathetic cry, Lawlor fell forward. "Help!" shouted Gordon, "help!" The light of insanity shone in his eyes; the horror of the situation had un-

balanced his mind. He made a final effort to lift one, then the other, but stumbled to a sitting posture; and when the voices of a rescuing party came through the cruel smoke, he was laughing like a child at play, the flames from the pine pillars and

with Red Dinnis's pizen whisky an' the rheumatics, so it won't much matter one way or t'other; but what I say is, dear ones or no dear ones, I for one refuse to stand yer an' see them fellers go to their death without makin' an effort to save 'em. I'm

The Flames from the Pine Pillars and other Supports illumining the Bulging Eyes and Ghastly Visage of a Madman.

other supports illumining the bulging eyes and ghastly visage of a madman!

In after years, around the bar-room stove, to Ned Maguire was given the credit for organizing a party to go to the rescue in that memorable fire. "I see Ned now," said a grizzled old man, reflectively pulling at his pipe. "As we stands there undecided and shamefaced like, after Peg Wilson had spoken and Gordon had showed us how to be men by going into sartain death, old Ned Maguire breaks the spell by singing out after a while: 'Well, boys,' says he, 'my working days is about done, what

off — dare any of you mealy-mouthed and velvet-palmed sons-o'-guns follow me?' The sharp criticism aroused the men. There was but one response to the old toper's sarcastic words — a shout that seemed to lift the earth several inches.

"After we had set the fans a-blowin' and taken all necessary precautions, we made a rush for it, knowin' that the thing had to be done quick. Well, we came across them soon enough, heaven knows. First there lay Tim, fair an' squar on his face, the flames jes' about reachin' him. Then there was Lawlor a-layin' t'other way. Last of all,

Gordon sot there, as crazy as a loon, with one hand gripping his own throat, an' the other outstretched, his bleeding eyes fixed on it as if it had been the agent of taking a life instead of giving one back. Fact! Tried to stop and wash the hand, too, in so critical a time as that, as if it had been dirty or bloody or hurt him in some way, and he was a-fixin' up fer to see his best girl! Well, I got a-hold of him an' yanked him out o' there in double-quick time, you may depend.

"Wildfire Jack Chester was the engineer in them days. It's his boast that he never made faster time in his life than he did when the gong struck to hoist away on that memorable morning. 'Cause you see we had 'em. An' what cheerin' there was when we got to the top! Why, for one I thought the Cregan girl would never stop a-kissin' an' a-huggin' of Tim — an' Gordon too, lookin' on him as Tim's preserver — makin' many of us wish that we was young agin.

"But there was a strange silence after that outburst of applause, when it was found that John Lawlor, the temperance sharp, was dead. Yes, he breathed his last with pretty much the same crowd around him that hed given him such a warm reception at the old red schoolhouse; only instead of curses and gibes, there were tears now rollin' down their cheeks. It was gol darned shame that set them weepin'."

"And what became of Tim Martin and Silent Tom?" asked a stranger, who had listened breathlessly to the old man.

"Stranger, I like yer looks. But call him Superintendent Tim Martin, if you please, an' when you git so as to know him, you'll larn to love him as we all do. As fer Silent Tom Gordon, though — see yer!"

The narrator jumped to his feet and went to the door. "That's what we put over him," said he in a low voice.

In the moonlight on the side of the hill, in the direction he pointed, stood a marble shaft. "And so the brave fellow died after all?"

"Aye, left us as peacefully as an infant would go to sleep. It was in the morning when the turn fer the worse come. All night long he had been muttering funny things, my quick ears catching among others the name of Rose, an' jes' as the birds was a-stretchin' their wings back there on the hills, an' the wind was a-sighin' down the valley, he opened his eyes an' seemed to recognize us all for an instant only. Rose Cregan, now Tim's wife, an' good old Father Koch was a-standin' near. 'John,' said he, closing his eyes dreamily, 'go back, man, go back, before it's too late. John! why don't you answer? Leave me to carry the youth out, for death shall not rob Rose Cregan of her young lover.'

"Them was the words of the noble feller, stranger," said the garrulous old man solemnly, and so low that others could not hear it. "I happened to be near the head of the bed when he spoke them. Then, throwing back his head, a sort of moan escaped him.

"'Rose! Rose! you little know how I love you, girl!'

"Sh! Keep that a secret, stranger, fer you an' me are the only ones that know that that strange being loved the gal whose youthful lover's life he saved by giving up his own. That's all."

Beginning the Day's Work.

The Seamstress's Friends.

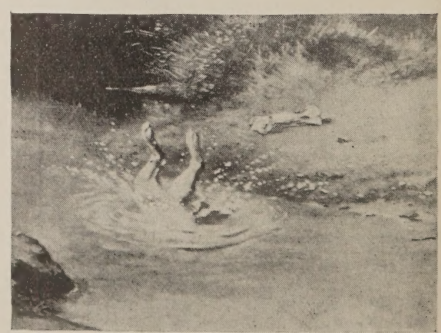
Watching the Wheels go Around.

Solitude.

Going!

Going!

Beatrice.



Gone!

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S NATIONAL UNION.

BY JOHN J. CANTWELL.

"GOD and our neighbor" is the motto of the Union. Its branches extend from Halifax to the end of the south of the Florida peninsula, and from Plymouth Rock in the east, to Montana. It was inaugurated in January, 1875, under the auspices of the young Catholic men of Newark, N. J. Its first president was the Very Rev. R. G. Doane, Vicar-general of that see.

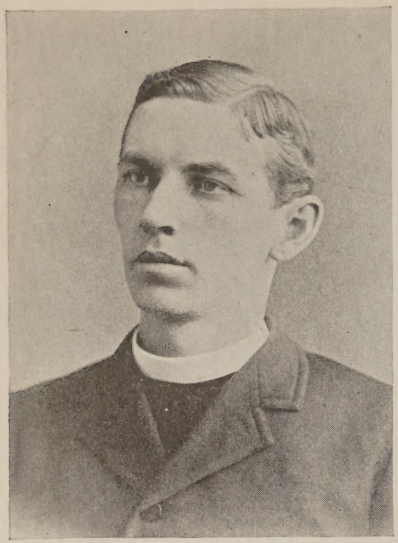
The Catholic Union has been the guiding star to all the young men of Catholic sentiment in the states. It has banded them together in one vast organization for mental culture, their mutual improvement in manners, and for their innocent amusement. Many a young man among its members owes his success in life, in the various professions or business occupations, to the potent influence of the greater men in the Union.

The four leading officers of this organization are elective annually. Besides these, the president nominates his executive committee as sort of cabinet to the four executive officers, president, two vice-presidents, and secretary-treasurer. There is also a national committee of one, from each state or diocese in the Union, whose duty it is to advance the interests of the society, each in his own district. The executive committee of '93 and '94 is composed of the Rev. D. I. McDermott, D. D., of Philadelphia, Penn., James F. O'Connor, of Chicago, and Edward J. Hussey, of Albany.

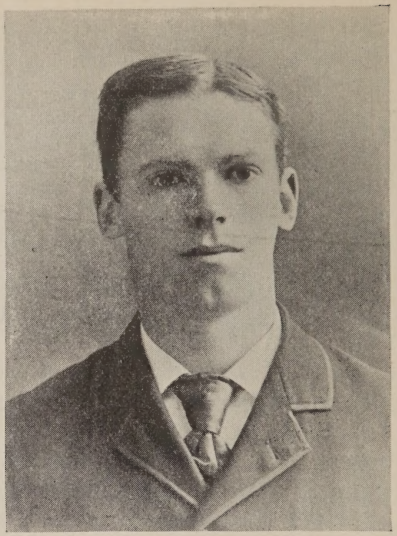
The Catholic Union encourages a spirit of fraternity among its

Rev. Francis J. Maguire, of Albany, N. Y.
President.

members, as well as a noble disposition of providing for the poorer members of the fold. It has been the parent of great movements for charity, doled out through secret channels, of which many of its members know absolutely nothing. It finally elevates the tone, and improves the efficiency of its children. Through the interchange of personal experiences, and the friction of many minds, new ideas take birth constantly, which are of the greatest advantage to the minds of all its



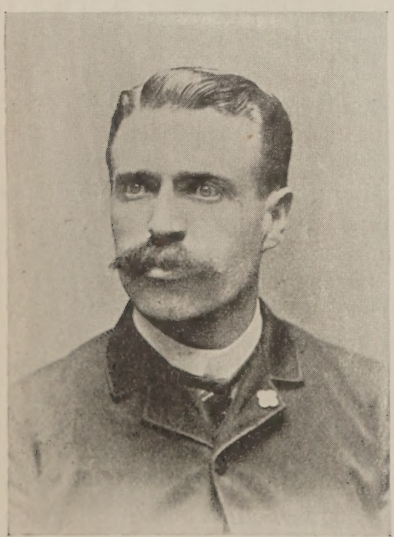
Rev. James T. Coffey, of St. Louis, Mo.
First Vice-President.



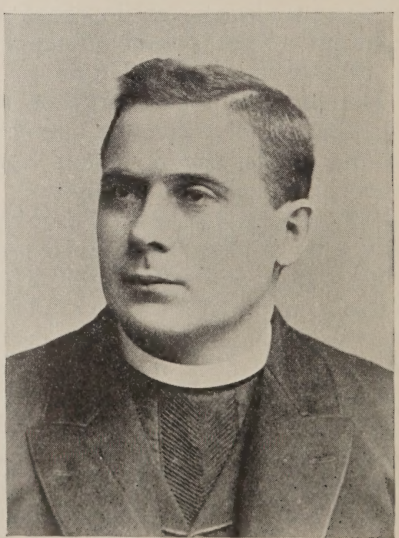
John J. Cantwell, of Brookline, Mass.
Second Vice-President.

members, expanding and developing the powers of their intellects, and creating in them an ever-growing range of knowledge of the life all around them.

The National Union, in 1878, started a memorial fund to Dr. Brownson, the greatest, perhaps, of the American Catholic writers of the past generation, when Catholic writers in this country could be counted on the fingers of one hand. It was at the suggestion of Dr. Faust, of Washington, D. C. The



Charles A. Webber, of Brooklyn, N. Y.
Secretary and Treasurer.

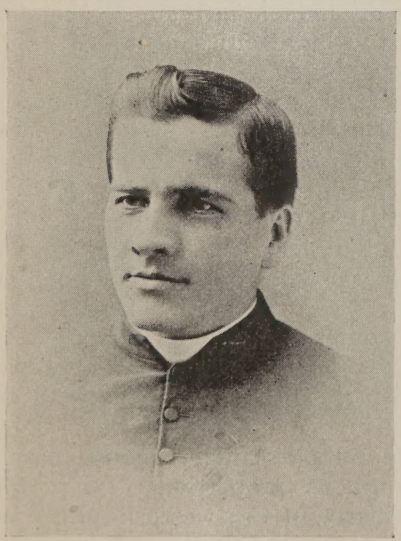


Rev. Walter P. Gough, of Philadelphia.

result of his appeal amounted to $3,400. Dr. Brownson, as an essayist and historian, was a very painstaking writer; even mere trifles should, in his estimation, be accurate. He would hunt through encyclopædias and volumes of names, facts, and dates, to find out the Christian name of some one to whom he made reference in his volumes, when another less painstaking writer would substitute "Mr." The result of this careful preparation was that Dr. Brownson has been judged by even hostile critics to be the most correct of all American authors. Every assertion which he made in his writings, he confirmed by quotations from the most reliable sources, and he was never known to have made one single mistake — a very rare virtue among literary men.

The next movement, started by the Catholic Union, was to organize Catholic boys' societies which were affiliated to the mother organization. Catholic books were placed in the hands of these juveniles. They had

James F. O'Connor, of Chicago, Ill.



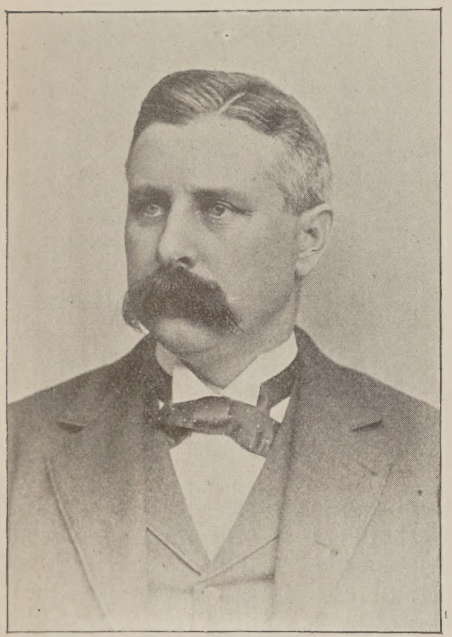
Rev. John H. Lennon, of Pawtucket, R. I.

their own reading rooms, where the Catholic press only was patronized. Among the Catholic novels and juvenile literature, supplied in the libraries of those reading rooms, were the standard novels of such estimable and orthodox Catholic authors as Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Egan, of Notre Dame University, and Mrs. Sadlier, of New York. This chaste and pure literature, which included the poems of John Boyle O'Reilly, Katherine E. Conway, James Jeffrey Roche, Eleanor Cecilia Donnelly, Eliza Allan Starr, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake, Louise Imogen Guiney, and others, must have had a good and virtuous effect on the minds of these youngsters, and must have added, in a large measure, to their sound education.

One of the greatest works of the National Union has been the Army and Navy Literature committee, which in the past year has sent 8,281 newspapers, 6,615 magazines, 202

new books, and 59 pamphlets, to the soldiers and sailors of the different U. S. Posts, especially in the West.

Another object of the Union is the furtherance of Catholic unity, as well



Hon. John B. Riley, U. S. Consul at Ottawa, Canada.

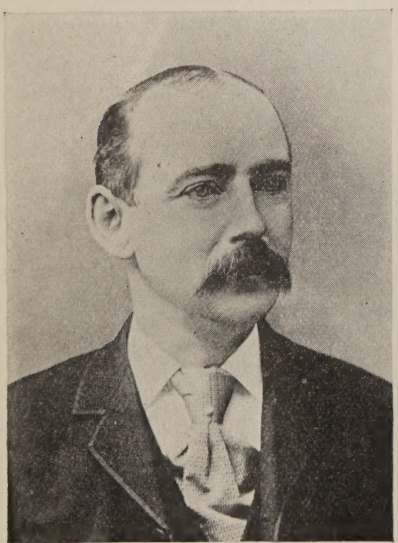
as of intellectual advancement among its members. The method adopted to attain this object is the circulation of standard authors only, whose pages can be read with the most perfect safety. Everything having a suspicion of impurity is scrupulously and rigidly excluded.

Among the leading members of the Catholic Union may be found the most learned and scholarly ecclesiastics, the most eloquent of orators, a few sweetly singing lyrists, and a score or two of profound philosophers.

The component associations affiliated to the Union are partly as follow: The Alumni Association of St. Mary's College, Baltimore, Md., with its 1,200 members, Manhattan College, N. Y., the Carroll Institute of Washington, D. C., whose new building cost $50,000, the Young Men's Catholic Associations of Boston College and of Newark, N. J., and the St. Francis Society of Cincinnati, O., all of which tip the balance over a thousand members, and which are most influential and highly respected, in these various cities. The New York Xavier's Club, of athletic fame, with its 2,200 pupils, the Philopatrian Literary Institute of Philadelphia, with a library of 5,000 volumes, and property valued at $100,000, St. Joseph's Union of Brooklyn, N. Y., the Catholic Union of Albany, N. Y., whose magnificent edifice was the scene of the convention of 1892, and many others equally notable, are the leading landmarks of the Catholic Union all over this Continent. Yet it is not, mayhap, the large associations which are the most powerful. No matter how small the society is in the small towns or hamlets throughout this land, they are more locally influential than the big ones in the large cities, as the Rev. Dr. Loughlin so wisely observed on one occasion. The Catholic Union is still in the heyday of its exuberant and enthusiastic youth; but still there are old and sturdy branches affiliated to it, too, one of which, the Baltimore Association, dates all the way back to 1821, almost two thirds of a century ago!

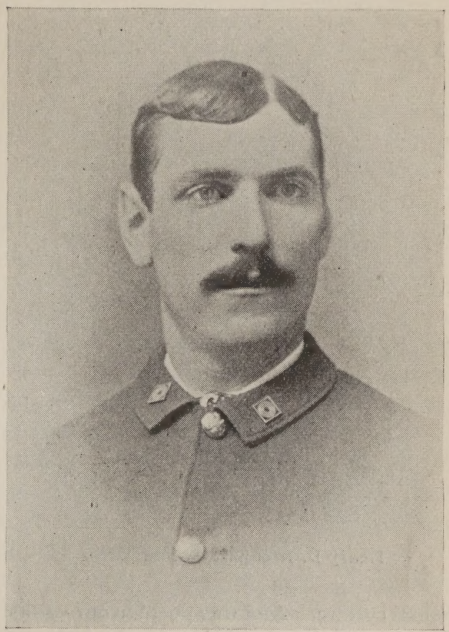
Under the active, talented, and statesmanlike presidency of Bishop Keane, Director of the Catholic University of Washington, D. C., the Catholic Union began to assume enormous proportions — more particularly in the western cities and towns, situated amid the prairies of virgin soil, where the good seed was

sown in many a young heart, only to blossom in good deeds, and in charity to-day. Under the regime of the worthy bishop, it was decided by him and his executive committee that the Catholic Union should include colored Catholics in its ranks. This innovation aroused some little opposition, of course, in the branches situated in the southern states; but the bishop assured the members of these societies "that the Catholic Church admitted no difference or distinction between people of any color — be it white, creole, red-Indian, Chinese, or black, and that it embraced all human beings, who had souls." "A colored man," he added, "had a soul as precious in the sight of God as a white man's soul." The states have emancipated the Afro-American socially and politically at the risk of a possible disruption of the American Union, and



Hon. John B. McGoldrick, of New York.

immense oceans of American blood have been shed to make those slaves freemen; but it is the Catholic Church alone that has proclaimed their spiritual equality with that of their white brothers, thus showing



D. F. Gallagher, of Ft. Monroe, Va.

its wonderful liberty-loving, liberal, and humanitarian spirit, which prompts it to include all humanity, rich and poor, the king as well as the beggar in its fold.

Bishop Keane presided over the conventions of the Catholic Union in Baltimore, Md., in 1884, in Newark, N. J., 1885, and in Philadelphia, Penn., in 1886. It was during his term of office that the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, composed of the hierarchy of the United States, in its pastoral solemnly and affectionately poured its benedictions on the National Union, and commended its aims and endeavors as follows:—

We, likewise, consider worthy of particular encouragement associations for the promotion of healthful, social intercourse among Catholics, and especially those whose aim

is the guard of Catholic young men from dangerous influences, and to supply them with the means of innocent amusement and

Henry E. Needham, of New York.

mental culture. And we appeal to our young men to put the teachings of the Catholic Church to good profit, to spend the best years of their lives by banding together, under the direction of their pastors, for mutual improvement and encouragement.

The Philadelphia convention of 1886 was held in the Academy of Music, and was the best attended and most enthusiastic of all others held up to that time. Mayor Smith welcomed the delegates to the Quaker city, while the enthusiasm, created on that occasion, was aroused by the burning strophes, and the wonderful eloquence of Archbishop Ryan's masterly speech.

Rewarded with the imprimatur of the benedictions of the cardinal, archbishops, and bishops of the United States, the Catholic Union will march forward under the banner of Christ and his Church, ever growing in influence, ever increasing in numbers, till, at the threshold of the twentieth century, it will be all potent in this country, and will have reached a membership of half a million.

The Confirmed Bachelor.

IN DEFENCE OF LAZINESS.

BY HENRY LATCHFORD.

MUCH has been said and written in praise of energy and the hustler, from the time of Homer down to the last poem of Browning, but who hath ever "builded the lofty rhyme" to celebrate the lazy man? This influential factor in civilization would have been permitted to live and die, unwept, unhonored, and unsung, save for the gentle tributes of Izaak Walton and Charles Lamb, or the more imperative demand for acknowledgment made by Walt Whitman. And yet leisure is the necessary condition of thought, which is the preliminary of action. In the course of time the eight-hour movement will grow into a four-hour agitation, and ultimately the worker will not be satisfied to work more than two hours a day, when he finds that the product of his labor for two hours more than suffices for the supply of his material needs. But, then, the wise economists must by that time have arrived at another method for distributing the wealth of the world.

Without wishing to be extravagant, or to appear in the light of pernicious partisans, we would venture to say, without fear of successful contradiction, that the peculiar merit of lazy people is that they are the salt of the earth. They have no time to do anything, and as they are logical they refuse to be disconcerted even by an earthquake. Like Homer's heroes they "ever with an equal temper take the thunder and the sunshine."

Some years ago there lived in Mauch Chunk, Penn., a good citizen and pillar of his church who took life easily. He may be living now, and there seems no reason why he should not live forever, as he has nothing else to do. One Monday morning, after breakfast, he was diligently studying his newspaper. For three hours he read on with delight. During that time his wife had told him over and over again that the poles, upon which the clothes "had ought to be a-drying," were prostrate on the ground, blown down by the storm. "Mary," said the student, as he looked at his better half over his spectacles, "don't be uneasy. The good Lord, in his own good pleasure, blew down them poles, an' when it suits his convenience he'll blow 'em up again."

Job was a patient person, as that fine quality was known in olden time, but he was far from the lofty summit gained in Mauch Chunk by the good man, who, while his companions worked, "was loafing upward to the height." We cannot all obtain that proud eminence, but we can at least take it easily during the day, for the night cometh, both to the just and the unjust — when all must go to sleep, and when it is not the least credit to be at rest. If all men would only act with the scrupulous fidelity to principle manifested by this Pennsylvanian, how easily the great problems of society might be settled. No plague would then take the hindmost, and if it should seize upon him, he would accept the position as inseparable from his destiny.

I ask profound consideration for those good people who have kept the faith, and never bowed the knee to the idol of the hustlers.

THE CONFERENCE.

From a painting by Marie Bashkirtseff.

IS POPULAR GOVERNMENT TO FAIL IN AMERICA?

III.

"You may not know," a chance acquaintance remarked to us, "the interest your discussions of universal suffrage and educated men is creating among young men here in Boston. I have read them aloud to two groups of people, and was more than pleased to see the hearty reception given them."

This service, which is one of the functions of a magazine, is apparent also from the running comments we have noticed in the public press. In the course of an extended editorial on this issue, the Springfield Republican says:

> Once admitting the claims of President Low and others that universal suffrage is the greatest uplifting and educating force ever set at work among men,—and we shall have to admit it very generally,—the case is closed against the few who mistrust and regret the ballot in the hands of the masses. If that be the effect of general suffrage, then even the rights of the few had better be trenched upon now and then, in the blindness of popular action, than that so powerful a force for good among the people be cast out. This is the great end of all the moral and educational work of a Christian civilization—the moral and intellectual uplifting of the ignorant and poor and downtrodden among mankind, the victims of the evil passions of men through generations of misgovernment and oppression. If that is not the case, then we had better tear down our churches and schools, and go back to the philosophy of the pagan utilitarian as it found practical expression in the days of the Roman Empire.

If democratic institutions, as the Republican must admit, have demonstrated anything, it is that the rights of the few are safe enough in the hands of the people. The anomaly of the present situation, as we have pointed out in previous articles, is that the first word of skepticism as to popular institutions should come from these very favored few. The secret of the educating and uplifting force of universal suffrage is well put in President Lowe's letter originally printed by us. "Universal suffrage puts into the body politic the element that feels as well as the element that thinks. A man who is all intellect is not always wise in action; and our American communities, as I have observed, not infrequently make decisions contrary to the judgment of the few, which ultimately are justified by the outcome."

The hope of democratic institutions rests on the great heart of the people, as an Englishman has said. If the morals of a people are sound, they will not go far astray in public affairs. As to the extraordinary lapse of judgment on the part of many public men, Rev. Philip S. Moxom, late of Boston and now of Springfield, prompted by the discussion started by this magazine, appeals in a public letter to our educated men to take a more active part in public affairs. "Let us seek," he says, "not fewer voters, but more and better voters by removing factitious restrictions, pressing more vigorously the education of all the people in the principles and functions of citizenship, and summoning the educated, who now are often, through their inaction in political matters, the dangerous class, to a clearer recognition and a more faithful discharge of their civic duties." Mr. Moxom clearly indicates the nature of this education, when he points out the reasons for the loss of faith in the people among educated men: "The doubt of the wisdom and beneficence of universal suffrage springs, it seems to me, from a want of faith in human nature, which is perilously near to a want of faith in God."

We confess possibly that little good can be expected from appeals to college professors and editors to cast away their skeptical views. The real virtue of our contention at this time is that

it tends to rouse the public in general to a fuller sense of their public duties. The men that feel and the men that think are to be found in the home and in the common walks of life. They have been the founders and defenders of the nation; they will be its protectors. The people now, as in the past, must work out their own political salvation.

TALKS TO THE TYPEWRITER.

From the altar, where they have been invested with the authority and dignity of the priesthood, go forth, this month, the young and devoted bearers of the standard of Jesus Christ. Called to the service of God, and filled with a holy enthusiasm to be worthy of their high privilege, they have now received the divine commission, and, with the blessings of Mother Church upon them, enter upon the discharge of their sacred duties. There is no more beautiful and inspiring picture than that of these devoted young men, as, prostrate before the altar, they pledge their lives to the service of their Creator. It is a lesson of self-sacrifice and devotion that redeems these materialistic times of ours of much of their cold commercialism. These are the teachers who are to carry forward the lesson of eternity, and prove by precept and example the integrity of their commission to preach and to be heard.

"Homestead and its Perilous Trades" is the caption under which Hamlin Garland, in McClure's Magazine, describes a visit to the great Carnegie steel and iron works, which have become so famous under the Frick management. The body of the illustrations, picturing a workingman's existence in these mills, is shaded in sepulchral black, standing in hideous contrast with the lurid outlines of human figures thrown up, as now and then the door of a crucible of molten iron is thrown open. In viewing these dismal Plutonic scenes, the mind instinctively calls up the pictures usually accompanying the descriptions of Dante's Inferno.

In these mills, on sweltering summer days, when most men find it difficult to keep comfortable in woodland shade, or on breezy uplands, men are consigned to work 12 hours a day, tugging at molten iron in the process of puddling, or swinging it on heavy cranes to the moulding beds. The perspiration that does not pass off in steam, under the scorching heat from the furnaces, rolls down in streams into their boots, a man ordinarily drinking two large buckets of water a day. Prostrations from the heat are of daily occurrence, numberless eyes and limbs have been injured or sacrificed by the splatterings and spillings of molten iron, and fatal accidents are not infrequent. Wages in these perilous haunts average from $2.50 a day down to not over a dollar for some classes of able-bodied men, and far less for inferior help. The mortality figures from various causes in these abodes of grime, sweat, and toil are startling to read.

The stories of life in the coal-min-

ing districts have frequently furnished similar pictures. Some branches of chemical manufacture and of mining bring working people into direct contact with deadly poisons, and notably in tobacco factories, the blood of thousands of young girls becomes saturated with poisonous nicotine. The life of the wage toiler, is, to a large extent, an endless tragedy, with inevitable consequences, mental, moral, and physical, that appeal to the religion and humanity of the race. And over and above the situation rests the crushing factor of labor saving machinery, that of Massachusetts alone representing the manual labor of more than 100,000,000 men, or about one-half of all the male workmen on the globe. It is quite natural, then, that if the humanities and the voice of religion are not to attend upon the situation, wages, under the cold, unfeeling iron law of competition, will decline, in a morally stifling atmosphere of greed, to the point of cruelty and degradation to the masses.

Are these things altogether necessary? It would, indeed, be a libel on divine benevolence and upon God's holy religion to concede such a thing. That there are remedies, both social and legislative, will become evident to those who look for them. In a recent compilation of modern efforts at profit-sharing, by Nicolas Paine Gilman, one may read of hundreds of most successful experiments in all countries, in the solution of the problem of eliminating the so-called "iron law of wages," and substituting an equitable system of profit-sharing between employer and employee. Starting with Leclaire, the father of profit-sharing, we have Joubert, De Courcy Godin, Chaix, and Billon in France, Biggs, Fox, Blundell, and scores of others in England, the Hazards, Dolges, Cheneys, and many more in the United States; and so throughout the civilized world hundreds of great industrial plants stand for equitable partnerships between employers and employees, while beautiful homes, splendid libraries, sick and benevolent societies, and withal, widely distributed bank accounts, are frequent accompaniments.

Along with this magnificent exhibit of profit-sharing in all countries, one would do well to read the Eighth Annual Report of the National Commissioner of Labor, Carroll D. Wright, covering over 700 large, closely-written pages of facts and statistics, showing the progress of Industrial Education in the United States, and in all the great countries of the world. The rapidity with which labor is being transformed from a mere servile, helpless, automatic pack-servant to an intelligent producer, capable of utilizing his powers to the best advantage, while, at the same time, making himself a more and more independent factor, is truly astonishing.

Yet with all these grand evidences of progress, labor still chafes under injustice, and strikes do not seem to diminish. Though strikers settle nothing fundamentally, they serve to announce to all good, true, thinking men that each should do his part to solve the problem of existing maladjustments. The words of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, to the Roman propaganda, defining the purpose and aims of the Knights of Labor, dated Feb. 10, 1887, were a noble tribute to the "poor toilers" of our country. He says: "It is a fact, well known, that the poor toilers have no inclination to resist or break the laws of the land,

but simply to obtain equitable legislation by constitutional and legitimate means."

The Catholic Church has always been the friend of labor. Whether the poor man of toil and sorrow seek a way out through social theories, provided they do not conflict with sound morals, or through coöperative experiments, like profit-sharing enterprises, or through legislative pressure, as seen in the purposes of the labor organizations, the Church is ever at his side — a guide, a friend, and an instructor. And it is the purpose of this magazine, speaking largely as it does to her faithful children, to be hospitable to every remedial scheme that does not invade sound morality, or teach disloyalty to Church, State, or to the sacred obligations of the home. In carrying out this purpose it will invite its readers to search all things industrial and economic in a truly Catholic spirit, holding fast to that which is good.

The alienation of the sympathies of the employing classes through vituperation and invective, which assumes that capital is the natural enemy of labor, is a mistaken policy, which fosters hatred and vindictiveness instead of coöperation, under the guidance of reason and the moral sense. Acrimonious lines of procedure, in attempting to find a solution of the industrial problem, have often cost labor what might have been its most powerful ally in the search after equitable settlements.

Nor is it to be assumed that we in the United States know all there is to be known, either in theoretical equity or in experimental devices for furthering the cause of industrial education. It will be found that every civilized nation incorporates some original feature into its industrial system that is worth studying and imitating. Information carries within itself the seeds of reformation, and therefore, from time to time, we shall scatter these seeds, regardless of the fact of whatsoever country they may have come from. Arrogant theorizing offers little promise of enlightenment. We propose rather to pursue the altruistic spirit in the work of light-spreading, trusting implicitly in love, reason, and conscience for results, and cordially inviting our readers to follow us.

The Law and the Word.
Institution and Incentive.
Motor and Motive.
Politics and Principles.

Let us not mistake. In these days, when politics has become a trade, and the institution is liable to overshadow the spiritual life, that is ever its creator and inspirer, let us not hitch the cart before the horse, nor concede to institutions priority over the Eternal Mind that evolves them.

Meeting a lawyer the other day, a friend of ours propounded a statement of what he conceived to be natural justice, touching the social and industrial equities.

"Ah, but you never could get the supreme court to make such a ruling," was the prompt reply.

"But what has the supreme court to do with integral, natural justice?" our friend answered.

The man learned in the law was astonished. The institution that had once ruled in this country that the chattel slave's body was the property of another, had evidently long sat upon his intellect.

"Property is a creation of law," said the politician, Henry Clay; "that is property which the law makes property." And yet it is proved by history, beyond all cavil, that property was distinctly defined,

recognized, and respected by many communities long before they had established any settled political institutions. Here was politics utterly ignoring integral principles.

All honor to the institution, as the servant of economic and political growth; but let not the creation usurp the place of its creator. Forget not that the legislature does not lead, but is led. Put not congress before conscience and the individual moral sense.

Helper in the great cause of justice to labor and humanity, it is not congress and legislature that makes you : it is you that make them.

These remarks are intended for the would-be worker for justice, who despairs of ever getting this or that before the legislature, and assumes that progress is measured by act of congress. Progress is prior to congresses. "Laws," said Erskine, one of the world's greatest legal lights, "are but the opinions of fallible men, stamped into commands." Change the opinions of your lawmakers, by doing your part in circulating great truths of equity in relation to land, labor, wages, and the just distribution of wealth, and you will have better laws. You are the real lawmakers, not they.

In this country to-day there is one American family whose private fortunes amount to $274,000,000, or considerably more than one-half the valuation of the great state of Iowa. There are five citizens whose fortunes average $60,000,000 each; 50 with $10,000,000; 100 with $5,000,000, 200 with $3,000,000, and there are millionaires almost without number. Less than 2,000 persons own twice as much as all the money in the country, to say nothing of the many millions more that they control. Two thousand capitalists already own more than all the rest of our 65,000,000 of population.

With these figures on one side of them, and a million idle men looking for work on the other, what has congress been doing? It has been dickering and trading over a mere question of taxation, in the midst of a scramble of selfish men for the loaves and fishes.

So much for the great question of equitable distribution. Now let us look at the land question. Mr. Vanderbilt "owns" 2,000,000 acres of land. Mr. Disston, of Pennsylvania, boasts of his 4,000,000 broad acres. The Schenley estate owns 2,000 acres within the cities of Pittsburg and Allegheny. The California millionaire Murphy owns an area of land bigger than the whole state of Massachusetts. Foreign noblemen, who owe no allegiance to this country, are permanently absentee landlords, and spend all their money abroad, own 21,000,000 acres of land in this country, or more than the entire area of Ireland. Lord Scully, of Ireland, owns 90,000 acres of farming land in Illinois, which he rents out in small parcels to tenant farmers, and pockets his annual $200,000 in rents to spend abroad.

Now, while over one-half the people of this country are landless, what has Congress ever done with the land question? Since 1861 it has given 181,000,000 acres of the people's land to railroads, of which the Illinois Central alone got a subsidy of 2,500,000 acres, a good part of which has been put into house lots, whereby to extort rent and profits from the landless and houseless.

So we might continue with the other great branches of social and industrial equity that are deeply concerning all good men, and upon the settlement of which will ultimately hinge the perpetuity of this republic. Shall we, then, who take economic and social unrighteousness deeply to heart, hesitate to declare the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man, until supreme courts have ruled favorably? Shall we doubt that the land belongs to the people, because the proposition has never been endorsed by act of congress?

Here are the facts that confront us: Land is rapidly concentrating into a few hands. The producer has lost control of his product. Causes are plainly operative which will soon find the republic owned by less than 50,000 men. The current ethics of trade are an abomination, and politics have become mainly a scramble for the spoils.

Confronting this drift are three extreme phases of protest: Individualism, seeking the neutralization of injustice through the free operation of mutual selfishness; Communism seeking to eliminate individual initiative, and Anarchism, which means despair of the ballot — political atheism. In none of these is the true solution.

Somewhere between the extremes lies the field for a genuine Christian economic system. The supreme court can never locate it. Congress and the local legislatures even refuse to look for it, and still less do their laws incarnate it. It is we, who make courts and legislatures, who must find it. Give the saving thought wings, and do not fancy that it is lost because it does not roost on the dome of the capitol the same night.

When the practical politician is aroused by some new demand for equity, he runs to the latest political almanac to see how many votes were cast for it at the last elections, and the lawyer goes for his law reports to see if the courts have ever ruled that way. The partisan newspapers soon slur at the few ballots cast for the idea, and faint-hearted men, who see the cart hitched where the horse should be, lose courage.

Christianity assumes that its disciple has an abiding faith in the potency of justice, whatever courts may rule or legislatures do or leave undone. He is sure that justice will crystallize into law as soon as the social atmosphere is sufficiently charged with divine truth. He is, therefore, always at work for justice.

Men of this stamp are multiplying. They respect and obey the law, but give the Word priority. They do not permit the institution to overshadow the spirit. With them, principles count above politics, and truth is ever on the throne.

Out of such material, politics is to be redeemed from its present low estate, and a truly Christian justice evolved.

In the present period of industrial depression, when irrational minds are mislead into measures that but further embarrass those who adopt them, and by which nothing is served save the giving of an added and melancholy emphasis to the wide-spread distress of the time, the restraining influence of Faith is a great safeguard and blessing of the masses. How potent that influence is, needs no words to bear testimony to its power and presence. The unfortunate situation, with its bitter experiences as the portion of the great mass of the people, might well provoke an outburst that would shake the Republic to its very foundations; but the blessing of Faith is too widely diffused to permit of such a catastrophe, and, being an immortal inheritance, it is not to be disturbed by the transient shadows of present hardship. In the troublous times of adversity, Faith is the lighthouse whose hopeful radiance lights the way to a happier time.

The Catholics of the world will rejoice in the appointment of Abbé Hogan to the chair of Christian Apologetics at the Catholic University of America. Dr. Hogan is an Irishman, born in 1829. He studied philosophy and theology at Bordeaux and Paris, and was always a brilliant scholar. At an early age he joined the fathers of St. Sulpice and for 30 years he taught

among them, at first as a professor of dogmatic theology, but for the greater part of his life as professor of morals. Dr. Hogan was the first rector of the Boston Ecclesiastical Seminary, and when the Washington University was opened, he was appointed President of the Divinity School. While discharging the position of disciplinary director he gave lectures on ascetic theology which were most thought-provoking. He is a broad, deep, original thinker; a writer of great vigor, whose magazine articles compel the attention of all classes and creeds, and in devotion to the Church and holiness of life, a true son of the Ven. Jean Jacques Olier. In Dr. Hogan are combined, in a remarkable degree, scholarship and sanctity, and we look forward to the most lasting and golden results from this popular and fitting appointment.

Castles in the air are seldom furnished.

You are undoubtedly a superior man; but do you practise it?

Wisdom, my dear youth, is that intelligence which you possessed before you began to learn.

If good advice were legal tender it would not be given so freely.

Be not afraid to be a leader, but care not whether there be others in the army.

If a bull may be permitted: There are many beautiful things in life that we never see until they are out of sight.

If some people were wiser other people wouldn't make so good a living.

Some philanthropists take more pride in lifting a man from the gutter than in helping him across it.

LEO'S POLITICAL TESTAMENT.

Leo XIII., in love with great things, is putting the last mark of the lion's paw upon his testament, says Innominato in the New York Sun. This will be the central act of his reign, his apotheosis, and his Bible. There is in the present Pope something of Innocent III. and of Sextus V. He has been to their school, and he is endeavoring to make them live again under the form of this new world. He has borrowed from the first his legislation, and from the second his methods and his mise en scène. Like Sextus V., he wishes to leave the Papacy in the enjoyment of a Pontifical treasure, for the days of persecution or of exile. Like him, he believes that force and money are the sovereign masters of affairs. Like Innocent III., he loves the acts which are both the syntheses and the charts of the future. Hence his indifference in regard to men and his passion for the ideal. His political testament, which he will address to the universe under the form of an encyclical of thanks and gratitude to Christianity for the feasts of his jubilee, will resemble the magnificent exposés of Sextus V. when, after his bold and successful negotiations with the powers, he rendered an account of them to the Cardinals assembled in the Consistory at the time when Consistories were still the deliberative assemblies of the Holy See. But in our days of overflowing democracy the audience of the Pope will not be the Sacred College alone; it will be the cosmopolitan public, the human race. He will call all thinking men to bear witness to his meditative, active, and militant life. He knows that he carries in his symphonic brain "the new land and the new heavens." Like all statesmen in love with their own ideas and their own power, he has no fears of the full light of day or of the merciless tribunal of the world.

This is the first time in history that a leading statesman, and especially a Pontiff, the holder of a power irresponsible, except before God, appeals to the opinions of millions of heads in regard to his projects, his intentions, and, perhaps, his dreams. Leo XIII. is eminently a representative man in Emerson's sense of the term. He feels himself in communion of aspirations and hopes

with the new world, that terrible world, tumultuous and confused, which is destined to rule the twentieth century. Hence his boldness and his incomparable grandeur. It is only an impeccable man, or one believing himself impeccable, that can display such candor and give such surprises. Twenty-fold optimist, he believes that it is necessary to govern men by imagination and the passion for the great. There is nothing in him of the morose moralist. He believes in the future, and he thinks that from the ignorant and busy crowd he can extract goodness, just as the sculptor hews from the rude block an imperishable masterpiece. Chateaubriand, on the threshold of death, left to his friends his "Memoires d'Outre Tombe," that exquisite work of genius and pride. It was a surprise which the artists admired and criticised. But what shall we say from this point of view of the initiative of the Pope surrendering himself to criticism and passion on the very day when his work, the monument of his mind and of his abnegation, is still the object of bitter recriminations and concerted attacks? Here we have a wager, almost a challenge, but a challenge which the commanding and well-balanced mind of the Pontiff will transform into good tidings and a message of peace. It is something more than a novel act: it is a magnificent forecast. Before communicating it to the public, Leo XIII. submitted it, when scarcely edited, to an assembly of Cardinals to get their verdict. What confidence! Is it not known that some Cardinals are in opposition to his ideal of government? Are not his adversaries counting upon his successor to break the pedestal of his work, and to throw to the winds his chart of the future? Are not courts and political parties working for revenge in secret with a view of bringing out an antagonist of the next Conclave?

But Leo XIII., who, since 1888, has been calculating the chances of the Conclave, and is working to mould it with his strong and free hand, wants to appear on that day, not as a disputed man, but as a master whom it is necessary to follow. In former days some Popes aimed at pointing out their successors; but as the laws of the Papacy forbid this practice, the ambitious design was never realized. But Leo XIII. wants the vote of the Conclave to be favorable to his policy. He wants his successor to come out, not from a nominal designation, but from the fruitful centre of his work; he wants him to be of his blood, of his marrow, and of his brain. The fact that he wishes to gain the approbation of the Sacred College beforehand, indicates in Leo. XIII. the invincible conviction, the robust optimism, that his reign is not the end of a policy, not a parenthetic or personal work, but the portals of the future, the first peal of the bell of a new civilization. To hold fast to the Bible and to immutable tradition, but, at the same time, to apply these treasures of truth and justice to the contingencies and to the needs of the century; to take from the modern currents, which will be the political and social forms of the future, all that they have that is just, grand, and useful; to infuse into the veins of the body of humanity a generous sap of faith and of hope—such has been his lot among men. He believes himself in intimate correspondence both with tradition and the ardent desires of a new generation. He hopes, with that fervor, which makes men great, that he is working for eternity, and that his work will not constitute an isolated act, but rather that it will be the first link of a long and glorious chain of acts, policies, and constitutions.

Therefore his consultation with the public and his future judges constitutes a coup d'état. Like all those initiatives that appeal to the best portion of humanity, it is bound to succeed. Resistance, opposition, passions, criticisms, and jealousies never yield to flattery or condescension: they entomb themselves in their own winding sheets by the effort which they make to gnaw the marble of an immortal masterpiece.

This political testament of Leo XIII. will consequently be the résumé of all his conceptions and of all his acts. He will travel, so to speak, through the countries which he has created or sketched. He will give the proper name to each detour and to each corner, and invite the whole world to follow him and reconnoitre the ground. The United States will occupy a prominent place on this singular geographical chart. Was it not from great Americans that he borrowed his democratic ideal? Was it not in your school that he was inspired? Like all the superior minds of the old continent, has he not admired your energetic life and your strength, and does he not wish to draw from them the sap which is destined to replenish the Old World, bent down with years like a decrepit and toothless old dowager? Does he not want to save the old Western civilization, tottering under its vices, by infusing into it a rich blood with reinvigorating globules?

The Pope is still young, notwithstanding his eighty-four years. He possesses the elasticity and vitality of those souls which have never made any compromises with the body.

But when this political testament shall have appeared, Leo XIII. will be able to say, "I have finished my day's work."

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this new department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith and God's Church that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the 8th of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington street, Boston, Mass."]

"ARE pilgrimages of ancient practice with Catholics," asks a Boston inquirer, alluding to the fact that one to Lourdes is to be made from this country the present summer?

Yes, the custom of paying visits to holy places and shrines is a very ancient Catholic one; and even before the Christian era the Jewish people were wont to make pious pilgrimages. The first Christians undoubtedly paid visits to the spots which were hallowed by Christ, during His residence upon this earth. In all Catholic lands there are famous sanctuaries whose renown attracts devout people to them; and our own country is not without such places of pilgrimage; though we have none that enjoys such high repute as attaches to Lourdes, to which visitors journey now from all parts of Christendom. A year or so ago there were some statistics published which showed that about 150 different bodies of pilgrims, numbering about 120,000 souls in their aggregate, had visited Lourdes in the course of twelve months; and among these pious personages were cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, and prelates of minor rank, representing almost every section of the world. And the fame of this French sanctuary being constantly on the increase, the number of people who go to it multiplies each year.

The nature and history of the pious association known as "The Apostleship of Prayer," are asked for by a correspondent from Baltimore.

The Apostleship of Prayer is a league of fervent souls who pledge themselves to offer whatever good works they may do each day for pious intentions, such as the conversion of nations to the true faith, the triumph of the Church, the decrease in the world of sin, etc. It was established by Pius IX. in 1866, in aid of the propagation of the faith, and it has been described as "a new aid to the Church, a new help to souls perishing on earth and suffering in purgatory." Its organ is the publication known as the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, which is issued in different languages, according to the country wherein it is circulated. In this country the place of publication is Philadelphia, though there is a German Messenger published elsewhere.

"What is the earliest evidence to be found in ecclesiastical literature," asks a Montreal correspondent, "of the primacy of the Roman see?"

The primacy of St. Peter, the first Bishop of Rome, was established by Christ himself, when He appointed that apostle the Head and foundation of the Church. It was recognized by the other apostles, who, at their meetings, whenever anything of importance was to be considered, admitted St. Peter's right to act first in the matter. The evangelists, in naming the apostles, always mention Peter first, and the Supremacy of the Roman see has been acknowledged by all councils and ecclesiastical writers. No general council was ever held at which the Pope or some duly accredited representative of Rome did not preside; and it may be said, in conclusion, that the primacy of Peter's See was never denied until

heresy gained control of certain countries, and inspired its denial.

A correspondent from Pittsfield, Mass., wishes the Question Box to state the correct way of making the sign of the cross.

This simple ceremony, which is of such frequent usage with Catholics, is very often incorrectly performed, probably for the reason that in olden times different nations had peculiar customs of their own regarding the manner of making the sign in question; and some of those customs have been perpetuated even to the present day. The proper way of signing oneself with the cross is to touch the forehead first, saying while so doing, "In the name of the Father"; then to touch the breast, repeating "and of the Son;" next the left shoulder, and while passing the hand to the right shoulder, to utter the words, "and of the Holy Ghost, amen." This is the manner pronounced correct by that liturgical authority, the Rev. John O'Brien, in his "History of the Mass," in which he adds that "in the Christian church in early times the custom of making the sign of the cross on the forehead only was very common. . . . Customs varied in different places. Anxious, however, to retain vestiges of all these ancient and pious practices, the Church still retains them in some part of her sacred offices. The three may be seen united in one ceremony at the reading of the Gospel, where the priest signs himself on the forehead, mouth, and breast, as he pronounces the initial words." The present discipline, or manner of making the sign of the cross, became general in the sixteenth century.

An answer to the question, "What is meant by the term 'ex-cathedra,' employed in speaking of Papal utterances," is requested by a parochial school pupil of Providence.

The term in question means the exercise by the Sovereign Pontiff of his august office as head of the whole Church, in declaring the true teaching of the Church on a matter of faith and morals. It is only when he speaks in such manner that his words are to be considered infallible. At all other times, as a matter of course, Papal utterances are to be received by Catholics with all respect and veneration; but it is only when the Pope speaks ex-cathedra to the whole Church regarding an article of faith and morals that he is to be regarded as an infallible teacher. The dogma of Papal Infallibility, it may, furthermore, be stated here for the benefit of our young friends, though it was not defined as an article of Catholic faith until the Vatican Council of 1870, was universally believed from the beginning of the Church's institution. That fact is plainly shown by the appeals that were always taken to Rome, and by the universal acceptance of the Papal decisions on all matters of faith and morals as final and conclusive. In proclaiming the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, the fathers of the Vatican Council introduced no new doctrine consequently, but simply declared one which was of general belief from the beginning of Christianity.

A Memphis correspondent asks if Jerome Bonaparte, after his desertion of his first wife, married again; whether the Church sanctioned such a marriage if it took place; were there any children born from it, and, if so, what was their standing: and finally, if Charles J. Bonaparte be a descendant of Bonaparte's first wife.

After Pius VII. had refused to declare null the marriage which Jerome Bonaparte contracted at Baltimore with Miss Patterson, the French emperor ordered the council of state to annul it. Such annulment, of course, counted for nothing with the church, and hence when Jerome Bonaparte, in 1807, married the Princess Catharine, of Wurtemberg, that alliance was neither sanctioned nor recognized by Rome; so that the three children who were born of it, though legitimate in the eyes of the French empire, were not regarded as such by the Church. Charles J. Bonaparte, concerning whom our correspondent inquires, is a grandson of Jerome Bonaparte's first wife.

For Women by Women.

WHAT SHALL I DO TO SUCCEED?

"Stay at home, be a good daughter, in time a loving wife, and later on a mother," writes a successful woman in a Round Robin letter to girls.

There is a great deal of pretty sentiment in this advice; but, unfortunately, the only land where it could be generally followed is — Utopia.

If all the good daughters in America remained at home until they became wives and mothers, the groans of encumbered fathers and brothers would ascend to the heavens, and famine speedily devastate the earth.

Nor is it well to place marriage before young girls as the end and aim of their existence. In the first place, as shown by the census, there is a convincing reason why all women may not marry; and then again life holds other duties almost as sacred as those assumed with matrimony and maternity.

The good daughter knows every need of the home, and this very knowledge often forces her into the world. It is her incentive to use her own young strength in lightening the family burdens. She doesn't selfishly look out for the first chance to escape the domestic turmoil and care, nor will she profane a sacrament to secure a living. The "good time" that involves the doing of an irreparable wrong to a trusting fellow-creature does not tempt her. She prefers a life of toil to comparative ease purchased at the price of another's happiness.

Long before her graduation essay marks the close of her school career, she is thinking and planning for the future, a time when every member of the family, from the father down to the baby, shall share the fruits of her loving efforts.

That she often succeeds could well be proved by many placed in high positions through the sacrificing spirit of the daughters in the home.

The time has come when women as well as men must obey the biblical injunction to earn their bread, and it is only the unwise parent or guardian who gives little heed to how this shall be done. In this age of changing fortunes it is an imperative duty to provide every girl and boy some means of earning a livelihood. It is their only safeguard against the exigencies of the future, and if developed along the line of special aptitude is the truest way of promoting human happiness.

There is something radically wrong in a system of education that yearly throws upon the world hundreds of human misfits, trained to no occupation or fitted for a higher education that lack of means may not make possible. It is as cruel as deserting a baby, or placing food just beyond the grasp of the starving. Every year closing exercises are made the occasions of beautiful speeches; the future is bedecked with flowers of language, and amid smiles and bows and congratulations the graduates pass out, — the children of wealth to do as they list, the great majority to engage as best they may in the battle of life. The girl, whose artist soul found expression in school, stifles her craving for art, and wears out her young life in a musty office, while her desk-mate whose father possesses a political "pull," makes herself ridiculous in a public position for

which she is hopelessly unfitted. The girl who should be a teacher, takes up the needle for her support, while her well-to-do friend "who hates children," secures a teacher's certificate. And so the misfits increase in number, until their cries of discontent are heard on every hand, and the inferior quality of their work testifies to their distaste for it.

Heart sickness is the most distressing of all disorders, and yet its germs are scattered broadcast to work incalculable evil.

This is not as it should be. The years spent in school should not go by in merely acquiring a smattering of general knowledge, but should develop and train special aptitude to a wage-earning point of usefulness. There is salvation in knowing how to do any one thing well, and to be happy while doing it; it is the true preventive of misery, vagrancy, and crime, too often the direct results of idleness or uncongenial work.

The state, claiming a parent's right to educate, is in duty bound to exercise parental forethought and wisdom in providing for the future of the children, and helping them through the trying period when the impatience of early youth makes almost any constant occupation irksome.

It may be urged that difficulties strengthen character, and historic figures may be set up to prove the truth of the claim. It must be remembered that these heroes and heroines were from infancy inured to hardship, and were not subjected to the test of hot-house training and then thrown mercilessly on the world.

We are all familiar with the Franklins, Washingtons, and Lincolns, who proved mightier than fate, but no record was kept of the countless thousands who fell by the way, weary and discouraged.

So it is to-day; we have, thank God, among our boys and girls, many brave, true souls, with faith and fortitude enough to carry them safely through life's vicissitudes; but the great majority need aid and encouragement to save them from a joyless, grinding life, or worse.

To extend this aid is the duty of every one interested in the welfare of youth, and now is the time to do it.

Just at this season hundreds of young graduates are asking the question, "What shall I do for a living?" and already a little of the weariness and heart-sickness of failure is numbing their energy and dimming hope.

To help our girl-readers to a happy decision on this most important question, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE will publish in its Women's Department a series of papers on occupations for women.

The writers are women of experience who know whereof they speak, and can give that thoroughly practical advice possible only from those who have known "the heat and burden of the day."

Shall I be a Journalist?

"To get on one of the papers and become a journalist" sounds so pretty and easy, and the women journalists met at Sunday evening receptions look so bright and prosperous and happy. Their workrooms and methods sound so attractive, as described on the women's pages, and they have such a pleasant, encouraging way of answering questions about newspaper work. They are the few. The many — well, listen.

A paper that employs six women is exceptional. Three is the average number, and as they are usually on salary, it is of course to the advantage of the paper to use their work as far as possible, and to buy as little outside as may be, and the girl who is trying to get a foothold in newspaper work may go from office to office for weeks, sending in her story to the managing editor and either getting it back immediately with polite regrets, or, after successive calls, have it unearthed from some pigeonhole where it has lain forgotten, till her courage is all gone.

Sometimes an effective, characteristic bit of writing catches the editor's quick

eye, and the story is accepted. It may not be printed for a month, perhaps longer, and in the meantime the blue pencil and the scissors have been at work, and the mangled remains of the story (every article is a story on a paper), with a title under which she scarcely recognizes it, appears off in the corner of some inside page, and brings her just half she expected. Of course if she has a name, matters are very different; her work is gladly read, sought for, indeed; but the name is not made in a day.

Sometimes, by way of helping her along, an editor lets a girl sit in the "city room" during the day, with a promise of the first "assignment" for which no regular reporter is available. She is fortunate if she gets two in a week, and still more so if they bring her in a dollar apiece, and then one of the men on the night desk will probably rewrite the article entire.

If she hangs around the office a month or so, looks bright and pleasant, does not try to fascinate the editor, and is always ready to do any tiny job, the chances are that she will gradually slip into a place on the paper, perhaps for Sunday specials, perhaps for daily work. She will be paid by the column, and will not love the man who "cuts" her three-dollar story down to fifty cents. He will do it very often, and then expect to be thanked for not throwing it out altogether.

The regular reporter on a morning paper in New York, (they don't call themselves journalists after the first week) reports to the city editor about one, perhaps rewrites matter from an afternoon paper for a couple of hours, or sits and plans her new hat, and just when she is beginning to think of dinner gets an assignment in the other direction that keeps her working till ten o'clock. If the afternoon is stormy or she has on shabby gloves, she can depend on being sent to write up a swell wedding or a meeting of Sorosis.

The girl "on space" (that is, paid by the amount of work she does) may make thirty-five dollars a week or may be thankful if she earns seven. On salary she may get from fifteen to thirty. I know one girl who made the woman's page, ran a special column three times a week, did city work every day, and was considered largely paid by twenty-eight dollars a week. Of course carfares and legitimate expenses are paid, both being however "cut" or disallowed by the city editor if he thinks them too high. I have known girls to become enthusiastically interested in a story, and work it out to the exclusion of the other papers, making what is called a "beat" or a "scoop," and then be reviled for spending a few dollars in the process.

Notwithstanding all these trials the life of a newspaper woman is, after the first troubles of gaining a foothold are past, a delightful one. The men with whom she comes in contact in the office are singularly free from any spirit of jealousy, nor do they regard her presence as an encroachment on their rights. They are always ready to help her in any and every way, and with a delicacy which, to our shame be it said, she would never find in an office full of women. The reporters from other papers, whom she meets on assignments, will treat her in the same way with a very charming good fellowship just tinged with gallantry. They will give her valuable points on many a puzzling question, and save her hours of work by a few words. They seem to understand better than any other class of men, the position of a woman earning her bread among men. Their tact makes it easy and at the same time does not let her feel herself under the necessity of help. While she thinks herself still creeping, she discovers that she is walking boldly.

It very seldom happens that a woman reporter has unpleasant experiences while interviewing. It is, of course, necessary at all times that she be absolutely business-like; coquetry is fatal. Her sex makes many things easy for her. A busy man will be less disgusted at an interruption by an attractive woman, than if the intruder were a man. Roughs will be as civil

as their nature permits, when they would hustle a man into the gutter. While as to getting to the front in crowds and that sort of thing, a woman will be able to manage it in half the time it would take a man.

Every day brings something new. There is no monotony in a reporter's life. The wide range of her experiences, the various types of people met, must be a constant education, must broaden her mind. The knowledge which she must inevitably gain of the seamy side of life, will only make her more pitiful and womanly, it will not harden her. The more she realizes the temptations, the more tender she will be to the tempted, and even if her work never commands more than space rates, and her personality never becomes the subject of laudatory articles, she may be a happy, honest bread-winner, and as womanly a woman as any home queen on earth.

JOSEPHINE BENEDICT.

Shall I be a Teacher?

THIS is not so much a paper as a personal talk between our girl readers who wish to be teachers, and one whose life has been chiefly spent in the school-room as pupil and teacher.

When the writer was a school-girl she shared the popular belief that teachers were much to be envied; their work was so light, their hours so short, their honors so overwhelming, and their salaries so fabulously large!

Ah well, years bring wisdom: looking back she is willing to admit that even these instructors had some difficulties to encounter; their hours were not all gladness, and the love and gratitude that might have brightened the way, were too often unexpressed.

Going to the office on pay day has an alluring charm that makes the uninitiated regardless of what is going on during the other 29 or 30, and draws into the profession many who would be more safely employed in any other field of labor.

I say "safely," because there isn't anything else in the animal kingdom, nearly as dangerous as an injudicious, unloving, or even stupid teacher, and I verily believe that the population of reform schools and houses of correction would be reduced fully one half if normal schools were subjected to more rigid inspection.

This may seem to be strong language, but when it is considered that teachers are not only instructors, but must also supplement the work of good parents, and supply the deficiencies of the bad and indifferent, it must be conceded that a brave heart and strong, true character are needed for the work.

How many candidates possess these requisites?

To deter incapables it may be well to present some of the difficulties to be overcome.

Granting that you successfully pass through the preparatory school, and are armed with a certificate bearing a seal as big as a dollar, what then?

The probabilities are that unless you have strong political influence, you will consider yourself fortunate to get a country school, or one in a mill village; if the latter, you will have an opportunity to atone for all the sins of your life. This ordeal is what professionals call "getting experience." The writer got hers with a vengeance, and therefore feels qualified to speak. I don't want to discourage you, my dear girls, but Daniel in the lions' den was comfortably situated, to what you will be if you chance on a similar school; you will realize what it means to be a potentate shorn of power, a ruler at the mercy of her subjects.

Well, granting that you survive even this ordeal, what next?

Armed with your experience, you apply for a position on the city staff, and if you have friends on the board, you may get one, or if sickness be prevalent among the regular teachers, you may be called to act as substitute; if you show marked ability, and the principal is a conscientious man, he may recommend you, for the first vacancy,

which you will fill on probation and the lowest salary. Now, having secured a regular position, let us glance at your duties. Suppose you are a primary teacher; do you realize what you must put into your work if you wish to succeed? You must be teacher, mother, and nurse to your little charges; you must work with them during hours, and for them after school; you must be ready to catch an idea anywhere, and adapt it to the needs of a particular pupil who may be dull, indifferent, or disheartened, or even all three, poor little chap! You must be untiring in your vigilance over their morals, and set them always a good example in manners by being courteous, even if they break your umbrella or spill ink all over your best gown; if you are a boy's teacher, you must be ready at any moment to dress a cut, pick out a splinter, arbitrate in a fight, or give a decision on the merits of racers, or the ownership of marbles, fish-hooks, and malodorous bottles of bait; if you can't meet these emergencies, the average small boy will hold you in contempt; if you want to win his love, you must know something about the construction of kites, be interested in the "oneriest-lookin'" dog that ever invaded a school-room, and not be too finicky about when he washed his hands last if a pupil should offer you candy.

If you can do all these things, and laugh about them afterward, you will probably stand high in favor.

But there is a more serious consideration: you must also have his respect, and this is not always so easily or pleasantly won.

Great stress has been laid upon the efficacy of moral suasion, but there are times when hnman perversity rises to such a pitch that the most persuasive tongue is powerless to enforce obedience to your will; you may be obliged to pick up a shrieking, fighting scrap of humanity and put him back repeatedly where you wish him to stay, till, worn out from the struggle, he succumbs and likes you all the better for having conquered him; there's nothing mean about the small boy.

Of course there are cases where this heroic treatment would be disastrous, and you must have tact enough to discriminate, and love enough to aid you, in unravelling the mysteries of a child's mind and heart; there are times when, to take his troublesome head gently between your hands, and smile your pleasantest upon him, or even to give a friendly touch to the set of his collar, will scatter a rising storm of temper, or break up a stubborn whim. You must be patience itself in the actual work of teaching; watchful of every gleam of intelligence and wary in developing it, lest it may be overtaxed and lost. Do you realize how much hard, constant work on your part all this involves?

You must see everything going on under your eyes, and yet have sense enough to be silent about many things.

If your dignity is rather an obtrusive possession, you will hardly be happy in a school-room; a small boy wrestling with a thought is much more likely to ask you to "hold on" than to "oblige me by waiting." No, top-heavy dignity is no help to a teacher; even children soon awaken to its absurdity.

And then there are the minor discouragements: undeserved reproof, or unspoken praise, when you have put forth your best efforts, parental ingratitude, and occasional rebellion on the part of favorite pupils, and the countless other trifles that help to swell the sum of a teacher's discomforts.

You will have many of those miserable dark days when everything goes wrong, when close air and suppressed activity make life intolerable, and when the school committee elect to call just because their presence is least desirable.

If you are ambitious to place your school in the front rank you must work incessantly; no other occupation depends on so many different elements to achieve success; every pupil has it in his power to add to or take from the character of your work.

Are you brave enough to combat all these difficulties, and cheery enough to come out of the strife still tranquil and

happy? If you are your vocation is teaching.

And now let us glance at the compensation. Personally I never knew a rich teacher, that is, rich in this world's goods. I remember at a teachers' institute a gentleman was pointed out as the possessor of some property, and we women looked at him in wonder, not unmixed with suspicion. You must always dress neatly, and there are always incidental expenses to be met, and if your discipline be weak enough to admit of bribery, you will find yourself investing now and again in reins, tops, and balls for the benefit of certain pupils; all these things take money, and even a respectable salary is considerably lessened by such claims, and when the home needs are supplied there isn't much left to save. If you grow old in the service you have no pension to expect, that is a right accorded only to policemen and other fragile public officers; improvident teachers are thrown on the charity of friends, or, failing that, by right of settlement are accorded the hospitality of the town. When their failing powers destroy their usefulness, they are rarely brutally discharged, but are removed from place to place, each one less desirable than the last, and are finally incapacitated by complete physical collapse.

This isn't a pleasing picture, but, unfortunately, in many places it is frequently presented. However, there are other compensations. The best of all is knowing that you are a power for good; that you are moulding lives into worthy images of their Maker, and this is the true teacher's most coveted recompense; when your work begins to show in the formation of character, when you see your charges grow strong, true, and self-reliant, you have much of a mother's happiness in the moral worth of her children.

Then, again, there are many little things that daily smoothe your way; it is pleasant to think that you are essential to the happiness of half a hundred little mortals, and very pleasant to be the recipient of the quick, bright smile with which children greet any one they love.

If you were really teachers, I should make a special plea for one class of pupils often found in the primaries, but rarely in the upper grades, — the neglected little waifs and strays who drift into school in their helpless years, and drop out when a premature wage-earning age is reached. You may be called to train such children; if so, get inside of their lives, bring the best within you to bear upon their needs, and make their time, long or short, an influence for good in after years.

There is often wonderful loyalty and truth stored up ready to expand in a purer moral atmosphere. I remember one boy whose everyday life was more potent than a course of sermons on fortitude. When I think of his fine mind and beautiful soul struggling against the environment of a poor, distorted body, I am thankful even yet for the privilege of having known and taught him.

There is another point I should like to emphasize. Don't be deceived into the belief that teaching will advance you socially; a great deal of nonsensical stuff has been spoken and printed on the dignity of the profession; it has been likened to the ministry, and this is true to a certain extent, — the scope of your duties and their proper discharge, but your certificate will never admit you to the charmed circle made up of the votaries of fashion and wealth; nor will you seek to enter them if you possess that simple self-respect so essential to the working woman; bear in mind you will be that and nothing more.

And now, dear girls, if you feel that you have it in you to be teachers in the truest sense of the word, why, begin and prosper, there is no broader field for the exercise of philanthropy. But if you can't give mind and heart and soul to the work, for the love of God and humanity don't engage in it — the salary you covet would be the wages of sin.

MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

Have our Sons Sufficient Liberty?

THE potency of this question has been impressed upon me by the conflict of opinion roused through the widespread controversy on the rights of daughters.

Personally my girls are no trouble to me. I have trained them to defer to their brothers, and to expect no privileges that would seem an infringement on masculine prerogatives. There is no record in the archives of history that on the creation of man Adam was presented with a latch-key, and Eve considered unworthy of such a trust; but usage has established the fact that man possesses the sesame to closed doors, while woman sits on the step or hangs round and waits.

In recognition of this, when my boys began to walk, I presented them with latch-keys, and placed no restriction on their use. It was their first lesson in masculine liberty, and they showed remarkable aptitude in handling the keys, either in mixing mud pies, or gouging the eyes out of their playmates. It was infantile practice, of course, but it taught the art of manipulation.

I understand that this is one of the rights now claimed by daughters, a mooted question as to whether they may, with propriety, be allowed to come and go at will. The danger of this greater freedom, if granted, is not to be dreaded for our girls, but for the complex difficulties it places in the path of our already hampered boys. Will it not impose upon them further conventional rules, and make necessary additions to the pervailing code of etiquette? For instance, what form of apology must be made in event of the young man and woman of the future bumping heads in a laborious effort to insert two keys in one key-hole? Will the maiden step back, lift her hat, and express regret, while the youth with a vivid blush mantling his cheek passes through the portals? or will she slam the door, turn the ponderous family key, and leave him on the cold doorstep to bewail the cruelty born of woman's greater liberty? Perish the thought! Imagine man in so ignoble a position, the sport of woman's caprice.

But this is merely a side issue: let us review the scope of our sons' present privileges, and consider prayerfully how they are menaced by feminine audacity. The American boy is a born autocrat; his first breath is a proclamation of independence, his last an inaugural address to the great majority on the other side. His infancy is a reign of terror, his school career a more or less lengthy period of glorious strife, and his married life an undisputed absolute monarchy.

Some days ago, a man, a woman, and a six-year-old boy entered a car; there was only one vacant seat, and that the extreme youth calmly appropriated. His mamma expressed a wish to occupy it. His papa issued an edict that it be given to the lady in the case; but the autocrat retained possession, and there he sat while his elders stood with an unacountably silly expression on their flushed faces. Other passengers were unreasonable enough to frown upon Young America, and some laid down their platform for dealing with such a case. The writer felt grateful to him for the entertainment provided, and also for furnishing a text for a future discourse.

Another glimpse of the coming man was provided later on by the entrance of some school-boys, upper grade evidently, as their conversation ran upon mighty subjects, and all agreed that their progress was impeded by one of the teachers being "a freak," and in danger of being "kicked out" if she roused their wrath to the point of action. Their conversation was disrespectful enough to convince any one that modern education is not crushing individuality out of our boys.

Here were two snap-shots at embryo man in public, and fortune favoring the observant, gave an opportunity of seeing him in the home; he was rampant, carrying all ahead of him, and strewing destruction in his path. His mother timidly exhorted him to control his

wrath and prepare for school, but he assured her "that a fellow of fourteen was too old to be run by his mother;" he was "going on a time," and he went, greatly to the relief of all. His mother picked up his discarded clothes, his little sister emerged from under the table, the cat ventured back into the room, and the visitor departed. And yet there are people who would like to see so haughty a spirit subdued and broken.

Will these privileges so freely accorded in childhood and youth prepare our boys for the dangers of going unattended on the streets, meeting wicked, wily girls, who return a smile for a wink? Is not the presence of a chaperon the only safeguard for the young man, who might otherwise commit the imprudence of treating the maiden to an ice, or even be led astray to the extent of investing in matinee tickets for two?

The feminine side of the question has been exhausted, all the pros and cons have been duly considered, and the popular verdict made public; but no one has, until now, seen the dark clouds of danger gathering over the devoted head of the unsophisticated young man who having reigned in the home, foolishly stands in the position of the famous frog, —

"Who would a-wooing go,
Whether his mother wished or no."

For a Penniless Lass.

THE problem of the penniless girl of good family is settled for her by the crown in Germany. She may not take in her hand what talent she possesses and with it earn her living. That would never be permitted, whether she be an orphan or one of a family richer in daughters than dollars. She betakes herself to an institution called a "Stift," founded for the special benefit of such as can show on their armorial bearings the requisite number of quarterings. At the head of each house is a stiftsmusterin appointed by the crown, and as the position carries with it great consideration at court it is eagerly sought after.

In those houses, many of which are to be found in Silesia and Saxony, an almost conventional quietness of life is maintained, the amusements and outside interests being of the fewest. The creature comforts are well looked after, and some of the houses are palatial. Marble halls, magnificent staircases, and frescoed salons are common.

The ladies have two rooms each which they furnish themselves. Maids and carriages are provided for them, and should they marry a dowry is forthcoming. The latter, however, does not often occur, as there is absolutely no opportunity of meeting men, save, during the infrequent visits home, made by those who have parents. A committee decides on the admissions; but a black balling is of most unusual occurrence, as no woman but one entitled by birth to the privileges of the Stift would dream of presenting herself as candidate.

How to Feed the Baby.

"THE weight and size, not the age of the baby, should determine its food." This is the opinion of Dr. A. Siebert, of the New York Polyclinic Children's Hospital, and ever so many more places where the small people are the chief object. It is the most sensible and practical of all the theories of infant feeding. It puts the whole matter in a nutshell, and enables the mother to do justice to every pound her baby gains, to encourage every ounce of flesh without running to the doctor for advice.

It stands to reason that a baby of fifteen pounds' weight must need stronger nourishment than one of ten, even though they are of one age. The ten-pound baby, for instance, should receive, every two hours, a mixture of one and one-half ounces or three tablespoonfuls of sterilized milk, and two and one-half ounces or five tablespoonfuls of well-strained oatmeal gruel or distilled water with one-half teaspoonful of sugar. Eight bottles of this

mixture should be prepared each day, six to be administered between six A. M. and six P. M., and the remaining two during the night. The 15-pound baby should have three and one-half ounces or seven tablespoonfuls of sterilized milk and two and one-half ounces or five tablespoonfuls of water with three-quarters of a teaspoonful of sugar every two and one-half hours, or five bottles during the day and two at night. As the baby increases in weight the proportion of gruel or water should be lessened, till on attaining the weight of 20 pounds all milk can be used, and eight ounces sweetened with one teaspoonful of sugar can be given every three hours. This simple table will be found of great use, and is the one followed so successfully by Dr. Siebert in all his practice.

Weight in lbs.	Size of bottle.	Milk.	Water or gruel.	Sugar.	How often.	Day.	Night.
6.78	3 oz.	1 oz.	2 oz.	½ teaspoon	every 2 hours	6 bottles	2 bottles
9.10	4 oz.	1½ oz.	2½ oz.	½ teaspoon	every 2 hours	6 bottles	2 bottles
11 to 14	5 oz.	2½ oz.	2½ oz.	¾ teaspoon	every 2½ hours	5 bottles	2 bottles
15.16	6 oz.	3½ oz.	2½ oz.	¾ teaspoon	every 2½ hours	5 bottles	2 bottles
17.18	7 oz.	5 oz.	2 oz.	1 teaspoon	every 3 hours	5 bottles	1 bottle
19.20	8 oz.	all	milk.	1 teaspoon	every 3 hours	5 bottles	1 bottle

It should be remembered that an ounce is two tablespoonfuls.

Never use a larger bottle than that indicated by the child's weight, for all of the contents left over from a meal must be thrown away, and the bottle scalded and put to sweeten in the air. Nipples should be thrown into salt and water at once and only used for a few days, as the slightest taint is dangerous to a baby. Long tubes should never be used, as it is impossible to keep them clean.

The more closely the regular times for feeding are observed the better for the baby, but it should not be allowed to cry or lie awake when the bottle would soothe it. A baby has nerves and moods as well as grown people, and they should be considered. Think how often a sandwich or a cup of tea seems a boon to us, and do not deny the bottle out of time.

JOSEPHINE BENEDICT.

Keep Up with the Times,

don't cling to the imperfect things. Do you use cereal foods on your breakfast table? Then you need cream. Bordon's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream is decidedly superior in richness and flavor to ordinary milk or cream.

WHY all women are not beautiful and all men not strong may be hard to explain; but it is not so hard to say why more men are not strong and more women not beautiful. It is because they need to have their blood purified and invigorated by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—that good old medicine which not only has stood the test of half a century, but was alone considered worthy of exhibition, by the World's Fair Commissioners, out of all the preparations purporting to be blood-purifiers and nerve-tonics. It is a fact, well known to medical men and testified to by thousands, that the effect of using this medicine is to impart strength to the muscles, vigor to the mind, brightness to the eyes, brilliance to the skin, and bloom to the cheek. What more can be desired? Ayer's Sarsaparilla does this for others, it will do so for you. It does this by driving out of the veins and arteries every particle of diseased blood and filling them with a pure and vigorous circulation. This is the secret both of beauty and of health.

As if the record—which has proven to thousands that Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures—was not enough, the World's Fair Committee bestowed upon this most excellent blood purifier the distinguished honor of being the only preparation of the kind not belonging to the class entitled patent medicines, secret nostrums, and experiments. Ayer's was the only Sarsaparilla admitted at the Fair.

HIX. "Lamartine says, 'revolutions are not made with rose water.'"

DIX. "He's right, too. Firewater is the stuff."

Hope of Our Homes.

An Incomplete Story.

Our young people will please supply the missing words in this very incomplete story. They are geographical names selected from the lists sent in by bright contributors, whose interest in the success of their department never flags. We expect prompt answers from all the girls and boys who corrected "The Story Strangely Spelled," and also from all the new members. Fill in the blanks as quickly as possible, and mail the copy to Children's Department, Donahoe's Magazine.

The first correct answer received will be given the place of honor in the August number.

Four children walking over a road were talking about their school picnic.

"I that we shall have rain," said little looking anxiously at the

"When the is red there is of a fine day," said jolly as he bit deeply into an

"I want so much to wear my dress, and gather some flowers," confessed quiet

"I shall of my window the first thing in the morning," laughed impatient

"And as I'm not a to dress, I shall just wear a strong gingham, and compete in a way with the boys in the half mile ."

"And ride round in a ," suggested "and help dinner in the woods."

"You're the right kind of a girl to go to a picnic, not trigged out in your best duds and necklace."

Little looked angry and pouted her lips, but didn't say anything, so jolly felt ashamed, and tried a little to make his with her.

"You look so in your frock you should at the head of the procession."

Little smiled brightly, and said, "I will help you get for bait, and keep your tackle of snarls."

"We'll wade the brook to the where it falls in a ," planned , who could cut lovely boats out of pieces of

"That will be ," agreed jolly , "and the girls can willow rods to make a cage for that lame we found in the field.

"I don't like his feathers," said little . "I prefer a yellow bird like my ."

"If I had my choice of a pet," said jolly , "I'd choose a young and teach it to dance."

"I saw a tiger in the circus," said merry , "and several ; one very fierce one shook his and roared with ."

"Those wild animals make me tremble with ," confessed little . I'd rather watch the monkeys, and feed a to those lovely gentle in the park."

"L er L ll caught a out on the cape," said the boy who made boats, and knew just where to look for . "I hope it will be my good to hook one."

"I we won't have an accident, said merry . "The last picnic L er L ll ran a hook through his finger, his of pain were pitiful."

"Why, here we are at home;" cried little

"That road never seemed so short."

"And the of coffee never as good," laughed jolly , "it makes a fellow just to think of all the good things we'll have to-morrow. Don't forget a ," he shouted after the other two children who lived on the upper ; "we must make noise enough to be heard to the .

A FEAST OF ALL NATIONS.

Mikey Maguire.

A FEAST, I have read,
There was recently spread,
Where this novel arrangement existed:
Each fortunate guest,
When his choice he expressed,
To his favorite dish was assisted.

Said Mikey Maguire,
As he sat by the fire,
"Faith, thin, but it's warmin', the hate is!
An' shure, for a parrty
Av appetoite hearrty,
"There's nothin' quite ayqual to praties!"

Fritz.

"Ach! Donner und Blitz!"
Cried fat little Fritz,
Regarding his neighbor so bony,
"Dot poy vas so droll!
I vould gif der whole bowl
For von leedle bite of Bologny!"

Oumi San.

The fair Oumi San
Waved her beautiful fan,
As she smiled his enjoyment to see.
She would taste of no dish
Save an entrée of fish,
But she never once stopped drinking tea!

Chung Se.

"Me velly honglee!"
Said the guileless Chung Se,
With an evident yearning for rice,
He smiled and he sighed,
And his chopsticks applied,
And was ready for more in a trice.

Maria.

"Carissima mia!"
Cried little Maria,
"Nothing-a zo lofely as dese!"
And she fondly surveyed,
On the table displayed,
Her beloved macaroni and cheese.

Jamie MacNeil.

"Aweel an' aweel,"
Said Jamie MacNeil,
"O'whimseys an' freaks there's a mony!
But naethin' I know
Like the oatmeal I lo'e
To make a braw lad an' a bonny!"

Johnny Bull.

Quoth brave Johnny Bull,
With his mouth rather full,
And his waist with a napkin begirt,
"Of danties the chief,
Is the noble roast beef,
With plum-pudding, of course, for desert!"

"O non!" cried Hélène,
With a shrug of disdain,
"I wish but a morceau petit.
Nothing hot, s'il vous plaît,
But some water sucrée,
And a bonbon, je vous remercie!"

Hélène.

Hans.

In a serious mood
Hans, the Eskimo, chewed
Some strips of what might have been rubber;
But when they inquired
Whether aught he desired,
He said he wished nothing but blubber.

Mustapha, the bland,
With a wave of his hand,
Declined to partake of the feast,
Till the coffee was served;
When he visibly swerved,
And drank twenty cups, at the least.

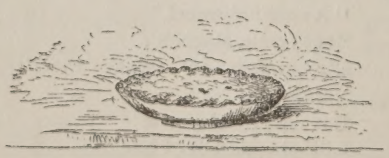
Mustapha.

"Jes' hab yo' own way,"
Said George Washington Clay,
"An' go 'long wid dose fibs yo's a-tellun'!
Dar's nuffin' lak dis!'
And chuckling with bliss,
He extinguished himself in a melon!

George Washington Clay.

"Wal, mebbe you're right,"
Observed Jonathan Bright,
With a wink of his merry young eye:
"But for all you're so knowin',
The dish ain't agoin'
Can come up, I reckon, to pie!"

Jonathan Bright.



MARGARET JOHNSON.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Primitive Church and the See of Peter. By Luke Rivington. (London: Longmans, Green & Co.) The Papacy is the most striking fact in the world's history. As far back as we can go in the annals of Christianity, we find the Bishop of Rome claiming and exercising supremacy over the other churches. The first recorded utterance of a Christian bishop, in uninspired literature, speaks in the name of his Church with the voice of infallibility, and that Church is the Church of Rome. Non-Catholics consider the claim as a blasphemous usurpation, and it is the great stumbling-block in the conversion of Episcopalians. This volume is a historic and patristic vindication of the Catholic doctrine of the supremacy of the Holy See. Every exercise of universal authority by a pope, all the celebrated controversies in which appeals were made to Rome, the attitude of St. Cyprian on the baptism of heretics, the various councils in their relation to the papacy are here marshalled together, and compel every honest inquirer to conclude that the Bishop of Rome has always been the recognized visible head of the universal church. After reading this book it is impossible to imagine how the Anglican theory of the lawful independence of national churches can be maintained by any student of church history. The author writes with the grace, strength, and erudition of a Newman or a Manning. There is no exaggeration in his statements, and no abuse of his adversaries. As a historic study of the Primitive Church and the See of St. Peter, it will become as standard work in our libraries, and it gives its author an abiding place among the greatest Catholic writers of this century. It is superfluous to say that the publishers have done their work well. Longmans & Co. never print a book which is not a delight to the eye of the reader.

The Rebels; or, The Irish Insurgents of 1803. By Rev. B. M. O'Boylan. (Newark, O.) This is a noble drama in five acts. The events are clustered around the magnificent personage of Robert Emmet. It is written with a view of putting a true and clean picture of Irish life on the stage. The author remarks that he has always held in abhorrence the stage Irishman, and confidently expects that this play will be received with applause by those who offer no excuse for, but rejoice in their Irish ancestry. The play reads well, and we commend it to our Catholic associations.

An Explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Edited and revised by Rt. Rev. M. F. Howley, D. D. (Boston Doyle & Whipple.) This dainty little volume is most welcome. The mass is an inexhaustible source of joy and wonder to every Catholic, and the laity will be pleased with this book which will help them to a better understanding of the great central act of Catholic worship. It will also be an excellent manual to place in the hands of non-Catholics. The volume has the imprimatur of Archbishop Williams.

The Children of Charles I., of England. Mrs. C. S. H. Clark. (Baltimore: Jno. Murphy & Co.) This little sketch of the children of the unfortunate Charles I. will be a welcome book as a Sunday school premium. It is well written, tastefully bound, and contains many beautiful illustrations.

Doreen. By Edna Lydall. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.) This novel will be read with interest by every lover of Ireland. It is a powerful presentation of the tenant and landlord relations. The story of Doreen is fascinating from the first to the last chapter, and sustains the splendid reputation of the authoress.

The Bicycle in Relation to Health. (Boston: Pope Manufacturing Com-

pany.) The belief has of late been spreading that the bicycle is an enemy to health. Albert A. Pope, who has done so much to bring this modern vehicle into its present almost universal use, annihilates in this pamphlet this unfounded objection. He has gathered together the opinions of many eminent physicians, and their unanimous testimony is that bicycle riding is a means of preventing and curing disease.

We are glad to announce that a volume of occasional sermons and lectures by John M. Kiely of Brooklyn will soon be published. They are now in thepress of Appleton's, and are culled from the long list of discourses which he has delivered during the twenty-five years. Father Kiely is a keen reasone, a good historian, and a man of affairs. He has a cultivated literary taste, which always made his utterances delightful to his hearers, and this remains after the grace and charm of his delivery are no longer perceived. Those who are acquainted with his oratorical and literary efforts look forward with pleasure to their appearance in the market, and those who are not may be promised a treat well worthy of interest and examination. There all the subjects are treated in a lucid and masterly manner. We direct special attention to his rendition of the following: "The Bible," "European Shrines," "St. Teresa," "A 'Dark Ages' Retrospect," "A Transalantic Holiday," "Loyola, The Jesuits," "European Cemeteries," "The Cross and the Crescent," and "The Church and the Fine Arts."

There were three boys of Glendale
Who modeled a yacht that could sail.
She would start on a tack
Come about like a smack
With the water along her lee rail.
FRANK RUSSELL GREEN

DAYS OF ANXIETY RETURN FOR PARENTS.

Approaching summer casts its shadow on many a mother's heart.

Every summer safely passed is a golden milestone in baby's life.

But think of the countless little lives that in July and August are to swell the list of infant deaths under five years.

How many a mother would like to hide her precious baby in her bosom till the danger is passed. But she must know that only intelligent, thoughtful care can keep the baby well.

High temperature, with improper feeding, now brings dread cholera infantum, diarrhœa, and convulsions.

With the use of proper food, and there is nothing so absolutely good as lactated food, these dangers may be avoided.

Reports from homes all over the country, and especially from the large institutions where the great number of infants gives ample data for accurate judgment, show that babies thrive best upon lactated food.

The supreme importance of pure, nutritious nourishment, and the long study by many of the most prominent physicians in the country of infant disorders from mistakes in diet, led to the preparation of lactated food. Next to pure mother's milk, it is the most nourishing, strengthening, readily digested, and most palatable food that can be given a baby.

It more closely resembles mother's milk than any other food known. Its basis is sugar of milk, which is the basis of mother's milk. With this is combined the nutritive elements of wheat, barley, and oats in such proportion as best meets the requirements of the rapidly growing child.

Baby must eat well to keep up strength and resist disease.

When teething is added to the fretfulness due to hot weather many babies refuse all other nourishment except lactated food, which they take with a decided relish.

In the preparation of lactated food not only has absolute purity and freedom from possibility of contagion, as well as a remarkable nourishing power been secured, but also a pleasant taste that induces babies, especially when being weaned, to take food when nothing else will tempt them.

It is when the strength is not kept up and the child is allowed to grow nervous, thin, and fretful that a slight increase in heat brings on the exhausting diarrhœa or fatal cholera infantum. No household where there are children should be a day without lactated food, especially in June and July.

With lactated food and a reasonable care in keeping the baby's dishes carefully scalded, parents may watch baby with delight as it grows every day stronger and healthier.

The prettiest babies are the healthy, chubby, rosy ones. Lactated food gives babies solid flesh and bones, and saves their lives when threatened with wasting diseases. It is to be had at any drug store, and is so inexpensive that no mother need be without it.

WATCH BABY'S FOOD.

Mrs. L. L. Bartlett, 568 West Sanborn street, Winona, Minn., writes: "I nursed our baby until he was four months old, and my health was in such a terrible state that it threw him into inflammation of the bowels, of a severe type. His life was despaired of. I had heard about lactated food, and by the advice of the attending physician, we purchased some. The baby liked it from the first and it agreed with him. He got well and began to grow fat at once. At six months of age he weighed 25 pounds. He never had the slightest trouble with teething, his teeth coming without our knowledge until we could see them. On the whole he is one of the happiest, sweetest babies one would care to see."

No family should be without lactated food from this time on.

The Man In Motley

BY WILLIAM DOUGLAS WILLES.

Being His Introduction.

Jacques — A Fool, a Fool! I met a Fool i' th' forest.
A motley Fool. . . .
A worthy Fool! Motley's the only wear.
"AS YOU LIKE IT."

BEHIND the patent pessimism of his words, I like, sometimes, to think that Shakespeare's gruff but charming sylvan cynic had hidden a deeper meaning. That the Folly met in Arden's wood was but the same, beneath his motley coat, as

he, at whom we laugh to-day — the same whose jests have taught the wisdom of distraction; whose head, beneath its peaked cap, time may not touch, and the jingle of whose bells adown the "ringing grooves of change" marks only his immunity.

Standing aloof from mortal moil and toil, gay monarch of the Court of Motley, I love to picture him ruling as sceptred lord, while burly, great lunged Laughs, with spears of sharpened wit, serve men-at-arms, and Smiles as courtiers wait upon his whim, or that of his fair mistress, Mirth. His the realm where routed elf and sprite hide from the dread dragon of Reality, and his fealty only such as fairies yield when, in the quickening hours

"ayout the teval," Queen Fancy summons her familiars to people the wondrous panorama of the Land of Dreams.

Then it is the merry music of his jingling bells within the silent room will often herald his approach to the true believer. Clinging in the flowing beard of Wisdom, he sweeps across the printed page, and turns resentment for the vandal into mirth at his victory. Irrepressible as Memory, he drags to light the great chest

of the Bygone, and, rummaging, like a child in some old trunk within the garret, brings forth the long-forgotten fragments, odds and ends and remnants. the which he bends and warps into such strange,

fantastic shapes, as makes the desecration nothing, and only wakes the sleeping tear to change it at his sceptre's touch into a smile.

Rollicking, as when in earlier childish days he romped across the nursery page, or later martialled his hobgoblin horde of fay and sprite, giant and genii, he now lurks between the lines in truer tomes, and peeping forth from odd interstices throughout the printed thought, treads tinkling to the poet's measures, smiles from the fathomless eyes of Knowledge, or mock heroic marches with the legions in the history of war.

Again, changing his form and mood, in mischief, Brownie fashion, he seats himself upon the hot bowl of my pipe, and prates into the outpoured smoke such

grimacing absurds as, pictured on the rising cloud, must give the smile to nonsense. Or, still again, and this time not alone he comes and brings a following — Bachelors of the Fellowship of Song and Story, Anecdote, and Jest. Men with jolly and infectious laughs, who puff great clouds from huge, deep-colored pipes, and in the shadow of the cap and bells hold carnival until the waning morning star heralds again the advent of reality and daylight.

All these and many other forms beside his comings take; to tell which is to tell the unexpected. Holding the glass to life atwist, he still sees much, and in his visits gives of "his observation," even if "in mangled forms," such thoughts as his interpreter may tell but poorly for THE MAN IN MOTLEY.

The Texan's Status.

A GENTLEMAN who visited Washington last winter as the guest of a certain Massachusetts member of the lower House, is just now telling a good story of his host. The gentleman in question, whom we will call Congressman X., while well known to be of nimble wit, would scarcely be classed as a wag, owing to a certain characteristic dignity of deportment. He is, withal, a rather prominent member, and one of a good deal of promise for the future.

As is the custom with visiting friends, the Congressman, at an early day, took his friend up to the Capitol, and the House not being in session, accompanied him on the floor, pointing out the various celebrities among the arriving law-makers. One of the late comers was a tall, military-looking man, of commanding appearance, who represented a Texas constituency, and is noted chiefly for his powers as an objector, on the floor, and a master of vocal pyrotechnics in the seclusion of the cloak room.

Attracted by his appearance, the visitor inquired his name.

"That gentleman," replied his guide, "is Colonel Z——, of Texas, a well-known member of whom you have probably heard."

"Ah, yes," replied the visitor, slyly, "he is one of those 'atrocious culminators' of whom the papers are talking so much, is he not?"

"Well," said Congressman X., who is suspected of culmination views himself, and who had at once perceived his danger, "well, he is-er-an 'atrocious fulminator' certainly, but I don't know him very well." And as the Speaker climbed up to the chair to call the House to order, two figures, one of whom bore a close resemblance to the Massachusetts member, were seen proceeding in the direction of the restaurant.

The Poet's Apologia.

WHEN men are young, and Bohemia's rose, hanging in the ante-chamber of Success, has not yet become withered and smoke-dried, adversity has not the terrors which invest it in later years. The incident which is here related may fairly serve to illustrate this, and young A——, the actor therein, will stand easily for the Bohemian type in question. A scribbler, poetaster, and artist, he was as charming as he was talented and careless. A Dives to-day and a Lazarus to-morrow, incon-

gruities of financial position were the last things to worry him.

This being so, it was not remarkable that coming one day rather suddenly into the possession of a considerable bank account, A—— determined to move his Lares and Penates from the modest little room in an obscure street, and chose a handsome apartment on the very apex of Beacon Hill. For these new quarters, which he covenanted with his landlady, a Mrs. Jones, to retain for six months, he paid a weekly renttal of $10. This, a trifling amount at the outset, speedily became a sum of cumulating magnitude as the weeks rolled by and the exchequer became depleted.

It finally became apparent that something must be done, but what that something should be, A—— did not know. A personal interview with Mrs. Jones to explain the situation was too distasteful to be considered, and ignominious flight would certainly mean the loss of his effects.

Matters were at this stage when late one evening I called at A——'s rooms, and found him with his trunk all packed, sitting at his writing table and scribbling industriously. He soon finished his work, and rising, drew a crisp new ten-dollar bill from his pocket, which he laid carefully on the table, and then turning to me suggested a stroll. As we reached the outer air, he drew a long breath of relief, and turning to me, asked:—

"What do you suppose I was writing?"

"Verses," was my laconic and perhaps somewhat contemptuous reply. He paused a moment and then said:—

"Only partly right,— it was what our Athenian friends would have called an 'apologia'. Here's a copy of it," and he handed me the following:—

"Dear Mrs. Jones:
Here find ten 'bones'
With which to pay the rent.
Would like to stay
But cannot pay—
In fact, have not a cent!"

"Brief and to the point," he remarked easily. "You've no objection, I suppose, to my staying with you to-night?"

I had not; and as A——'s trunk was delivered safely to the expressman when he called a few days later, it is a fair assumption that Mrs. Jones was likewise appreciative of the situation.

Writing That Pays.

If the late Charles Dickens, in his life and manners, failed of that charm which his writings so undeniably possess, there is one person at least who bears him no ill will, despite the snub he once administered. This person is an elderly, prosperous gentleman, English, but for the last score of years a prominent figure in the mercantile world of New York. The story he relates is a personal experience, and has heretofore evaded the fixative of printers' ink.

Premising his tale, it is not without a blush that this man of bills and balances admits that in his early days he had a decided leaning for the life known as "literary." Indeed he rebelled flatly against the parental mandate that he should enter an office, and boldly announced his intention of earning his subsistence by his pen. This an ample allowance fortunately rendered unnecessary, and so the young author saw his MSS. regularly return without knowing the soul-breaking anguish of him whose only food is hope.

It so happened that among his acquaintance was one house which Charles Dickens occasionally honored by his presence at dinner. Here by the exercise of the greatest diplomacy, the young man succeeded in securing a dinner invitation for a night when Dickens was also to be present. The mere thought of meeting the genius of English fiction was sufficient to throw the poor fellow into a shiver of trepidation, and when finally, the ladies having retired and the cloth being drawn, he secured an opportunity to speak to Dickens, his wits were scarcely of the most collected.

Despite the plainly manifested indifference of the novelist during the introduction, the aspiring young litterateur began cheerfully enough: "Mr. Dickens, I have the honor of being a tyro in the same profession as yourself."

A cold stare and a "Humph! Certainly never heard of you," was the not over gracious response. In great confusion the young man hastened to add: "A mere tyro, you understand — er — one who has done little perhaps —"

A cold, unsympathetic silence continuing on the part of Dickens, the youthful gentleman with a desperate hope of mollifying this frigid greatness, exclaimed: "Now, Mr. Dickens, you as a great and

"Ah! Ah!"
Cried the house-wife,
The secret I know,
No DIRT can resist
SAPOLIO
Oh! Oh!
Cried the DIRT,
At length I must go,
I cannot withstand
SAPOLIO

famous writer of wide experience, what would be your advice to a young man who had determined to write for his living?"

"Post ledgers," was the swift and icy response, as, turning his back, Dickens left his crushed questioner mortified and miserable. His advice, however was taken, "and" adds the gentleman who tells the story, "my books, if not so interesting to the world at large, are read by myself, at least, with greater profit than I can get even from the works of the immortal Dickens himself."

On Winter Street.

Oh, woman! In this summer hour,
Bright deck'd in gay-hued gown,
Thou seem'st indeed like lovely flower
Amid the dull stones of the town.

But roses yet must have their thorn —
The figure well applies —
And parasols by fair maids borne
Play havoc with our eyes!

When Grasses Grow.

The shining summer skies again
Make bright the gladsome day,
And from her winter sleep, all smiles,
Comes Nature blithe and gay.

Upon the green with bat and ball
Or swimming in the pool,
At play the small boy spends his time,
Freed from restraints of school.

But boyish skies a cloud soon know,
And boyish hearts sink lower,
When father from the barn brings forth
And oils the dread lawn mower.

At the Zoo.

Bobby. "Oh, mama! Look there behind that great high fence!"

Mama. "Yes, Bobby; that is the giraffe."

Bobby. "And has he stretched his neck like that trying to reach over that high fence?"

Etherical.

Tom. "They say a carrier pigeon finds its way home by following a scent in the air?"

Jack. "That's too thin!"

Those Superfluous Questions.

Mrs. Flutter (as she comes down stairs and finds her husband not departed) "Dear me, John! Haven't you gone yet?"

John (with cheerful irony). "Oh yes, my dear! I'm half way down to the office now."

Compensatory Kindness.

Maud. "Nature has been very kind to that Miss Lakeside, of Chicago, after all."

Jack. "How so?"

Maud. "Why, she is so near sighted she can't see her own feet."

A Question of Allowance.

A. Lumnus. "I hear your son is one of the most popular men in his class at Harvard."

Old Gotrox. "Well, perhaps so; but I make due allowance for flattery in the matter."

Quericus. "That dolt, Saphedde, is claiming to be an author."

Cynicus. "Yes. He has written a novel."

Quericus. "But it hasn't been published, has it?"

Cynicus. "Certainly not, or he could not claim to be an author."

Tom. "What would you do to cure yourself of a hopeless passion for a girl?"

Jack. "Get the seat behind her at the theatre some night when there was a play on I really wanted to see."

Miss Beacon Hille. "Oh, Mr. Cutely, how do you pronounce, fin de siecle?"

Mr. Cutely (promptly). "End of the century."

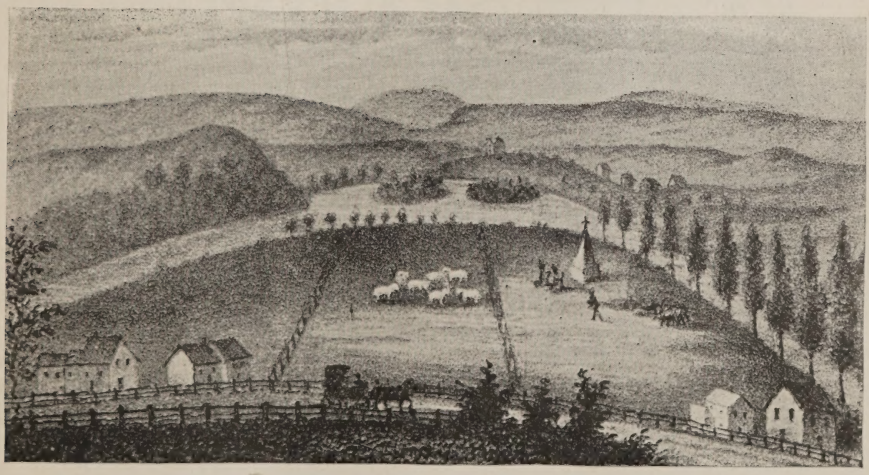
Quericus. "Are you going to put your yacht into commission this season?"

Upson Downes. "No; the auctioneer took the commission when he sold her a month ago."

Smith. "What a craze this cycling has become."

Brown. "Yes, everybody seems to be getting wheels."

THE JAMES KAVANAGH HOUSE.
Built in 1803.



OLD POINT ON THE KENNEBEC.
Site of the Abnaki mission, with the monument over the grave of Rev. Sebastian Rale, S. J.
[From an old print.]

The Birthplace of the Faith in New England. See page 142.

Positively no Greasy or Irritating Properties,

A Fair Skin

can always be ensured if, after exposure to the sun and rough winds, ladies will use

Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream.

This preparation has long been known for its surprising effect in softening, improving, and preserving the skin, and in rendering the complexion clear and beautiful.

It is recommended by ladies generally.

Best for { Sunburn, Rough, Hard, Irritated Skin, Chapped Hands, Face and Lips.

Best for { Pimples, Chafing, Itching, Scaly Eruptions, Eczema, etc.

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with a book descriptive and testimonials sent free by mentioning this magazine.

Price. 50 Cents

AT DRUGGISTS.

Sent post-paid, 60 cts. per bottle.

HINDS' HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

TRADE MARK.

A. S. HINDS, Portland, Maine.

DR. MARK R. WOODBURY'S DYSPEPSIA KILLERS, TAKE A D.K. AND BE O.K. OR HEADACHE LOZENGES.

Attention! Dyspeptics!

A trial will convince the most skeptical, and do all we claim.

WARRANTED TO CURE

HEARTBURN in 5 minutes.
SOUR STOMACH in 10 minutes
HEADACHE in 30 minutes.
COSTIVENESS in 3 days.
DYSPEPSIA in 5 days.

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AND HEAD NOISES

relieved by using

Wilson's Common-Sense Ear Drums,

THE DRUM IN POSITION.

A new scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. They assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are safe, comfortable and invisible, have no wire or string attachment. Write for Pamphlet.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO.

Mention this Magazine. LOUISVILLE, KY.

EVERY MAN'S DUTY is to adorn himself so as to appear as presentable as facilities of the present day will permit. You can

Polish Your Silk Hat,

and do it in the time it would take you to make a trip to your hatter.

FOR INDIVIDUAL USE.

THE ROTARY HAT POLISHER affords a ready means of keeping your hat in perfect order.

For sale by Knox, Yeoman, Youngs, Miller, J. B. Mast Co., etc.

EDWIN B. STIMPSON & SON, 31 Spruce St., N. Y.

We will send you one by mail, on receipt of $1.25.

THE COTTRILL HOUSE.
Built in 1800. Here Bishop (then priest) Cheverus said the first mass in Damariscotta, in 1803.

Grave of Brother Du Thet and ruins of St. Savior's; on the southeast side of Mt. Desert island; site of a mission founded in 1613 by Rev. Peter Biard and destroyed by Argall of Virginia.

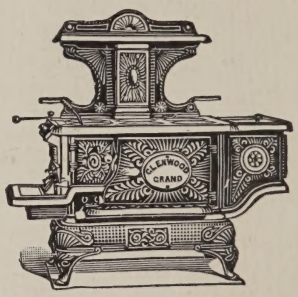
The Birthplace of the Faith in New England. See page 142.

The Highest Grade of Cooking Apparatus.

Made in all the desirable Styles and Sizes, and can be had for either Wood or Coal.

GLENWOOD

RANGES AND HEATERS



FINEST IN THE WORLD.

TWO GOLD MEDALS.

If your Dealer does not keep these ranges, send us his name on a postal card, and we will send you our handsome book that will tell you all about stoves.

WEIR STOVE CO., TAUNTON, MASS.

Did you ever taste of Codfish ?

Absurd as this question may seem it is extremely practical. **Tons** of other fish are being "prepared" and offered to the consumer as Pure Codfish. Look out for them, they lack the sweet, salty flavor, and are flat and tasteless. When you get

"SANS ARÊTES"

(Without Bones)

packed in **Three-Pound** boxes by Caswell, Livermore & Co., you can depend upon its being **Genuine French Cod,** free from bones. We are the only concern that offers this brand to the public. There is nothing on the market that equals this article for a dish of codfish in any style.

If your Grocer cannot supply you, send us his name on a postal.

CASWELL, LIVERMORE & CO.,

Boston, Mass.

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USED FOR 30 YEARS

STILL UNEXCELLED.

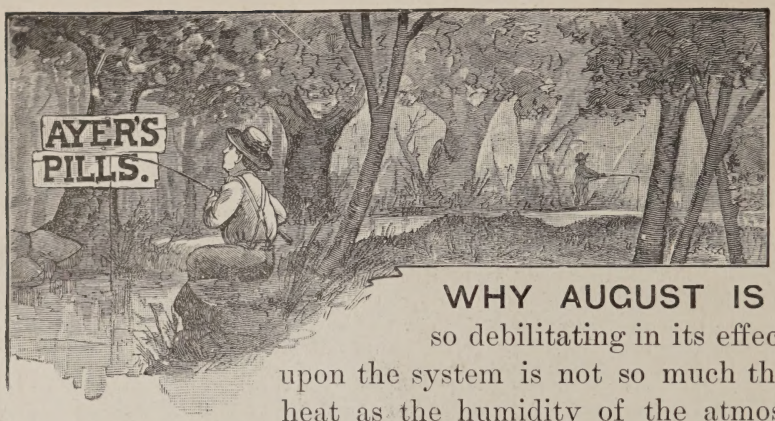
"Your Attention"

As the successful feeding of children is a matter that must or should interest every mother. **Ridge's Food** has been before the people for a generation, and its merits are known throughout the civilized world. Many new preparations have sprung up since its introduction; but to-day we claim, and we are supported in our claim, that **"Ridge's Food"** is the most reliable food on the market; **it is something to eat,** and as a leading London newspaper said, **"it will support life single handed."** What other baby-food will do this? Hundreds and thousands of children in the United States owe their lives to this King of Foods. Ask your Physician.

Woolrich Co. on Every Label.

Men ion Donahoe's "Ads" to Advertisers and Friends. They are guide-posts to good things

CHRISTIAN MARTYR.



WHY AUGUST IS so debilitating in its effect upon the system is not so much the heat as the humidity of the atmosphere. The life-sustaining gases seem to be diluted, and hence that languid, "all gone," exhausted feeling, so characteristic of this month. To vitalize the blood, sharpen the appetite, correct the liver and kidneys, expel scrofulous humors, and tone up the nerves, no other preparation equals **Ayer's** Sarsaparilla. It goes right to the spot, and is just the kind you need. Taken during your vacation, at the seaside or in the country, it will prevent malaria, and cause a more speedy restoration to sound and vigorous health.

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

AYER'S Cathartic Pills are better known and more generally used than any other cathartic. Sugar-coated, purely vegetable, and free from mercury or any other injurious drug, this is the ideal family medicine. Prompt and energetic in their action, the use of these Pills is attended with only the best results. Their effect is to strengthen and regulate the organic functions, being especially beneficial in the various derangements of the stomach, liver, and bowels.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

Admitted for Exhibition

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

The Struggle for the Flowers on Class Day at Harvard.

See page 127.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL.
Lord Chief Justice of England.

See page 140.

Donahoe's Magazine.

VOL. XXXII. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1894. No. 2

HARVARD'S STRANGE CLASS DAY FEATURE.

BY HENRY LATCHFORD.

ALL happy influences seemed to have conspired to make the Harvard Class Day of '94 a delightful occasion. It was an altogether lovely afternoon in June — the month consecrated to marriage and the roses. Thousands of fair women, representing much of what is best in human tradition, were assembled to enjoy the tree exercises. From reserved seats they looked down upon graduates and undergraduates, many of whom had conferred honor upon, as well as received it from, their alma mater. It was an impressive and inspiring scene, keeping easy step to the sound of music. Company after company marched to its appointed place, where the men settled down with the ease, nonchalance, and good order of friends who have ceased to be rivals.

High enthusiasm prevails, as volley after volley of lusty college cheering causes an acre of straw hats to wave like fields of golden grain, swayed to and fro by summer breezes. Suddenly a somewhat incongruous element is introduced. Here comes, with quick but solid and elephantine tread, a phalanx of young men, dressed in the most uncouth of football motley, with something like the lock-step which is associated with prison discipline,— each student having his right hand pressed upon the right shoulder of the man before him. This strange crowd enters the Square, and quickly twines itself around the sturdy tree in the middle of the grass plot.

Who are these young men who seem to be so much out of place on this particular occasion?

These are the Seniors who have come up out of great tribulation, and who constitute a considerable portion of the class of '94. They have just finished their undergraduate course, and are about to improve the time, while waiting for their sheepskins, by giving a final exhibition of physical prowess. They are evidently prepared to go anywhere, and do anything. Mr. Archibald Forbes and Mr. Kipling say that the British soldier in war times surpasses all other warriors in that he has no respect for sacred things,— "Thomas Atkins would willingly sack a church." These young Harvard men in football garb are not quite so irreverent; they have no intention of sacking a cathedral to-day. But what is the meaning of this "lock-step" and this ploughed-field costume in presence of the beauty, wealth, fashion, — not to mention culture, — of Boston and New England?

Visitor, look at the massive trunk of that ancient tree and you shall see what enterprises of great pith and moment are in the air. At nearly ten feet from the ground commences a great garland of flowers, about four feet in width, which girdles the tree. This triumph of the florist's skill contains the choicest roses and other flowers that gardeners

can produce, or that money can procure. The young men in mud-colored garments have assembled in battle array for the purpose of tearing that garland to pieces. It is the honored custom of Class Day — elaborated from very simple, charming, and innocent beginnings

The Class Day Tree.

— that the Senior class shall dress for the rough work of a football flying-wedge; scramble wildly for a foothold on the heads or shoulders of classmates, and carry the flowers by assault, or battery, or both.

At a signal from the first marshal, who is the dominant figure of the day, the compact body of athletes resolves itself into acrobatic fragments. In a twinkling, three or four of the most india-rubbery of the young men are struggling like demons to get at the roses. It is an unequal combat: the flowers, like Quakers and Count Tolstoi, are absolute non-resistants. Through scuffling, scrambling, jumping, shrieking, kicking, and tumbling — some men bolstering their champions, while others tear them down, head, neck, or heels — the firmly embedded flowers are torn ruthlessly from the tree. It is only fair to say that the onslaught is impartial. There is no discrimination; no solitary bud, blossom, or leaf can possibly escape the hand of the spoiler. The attacking forces struggle with the roses, as if these supreme expressions of nature's peace and beauty were Bengal tigers, surprised in ambush; or Pinkerton guards, mad with drink, armed with Winchester rifles, and dealing out wholesale murder at another Homestead.

After half an hour of such forlorn-hope defence, no rose or rose-leaf lingers on that tree. The grass is strewn with trampled buds and torn blossoms. The assailants, who have succeeded in this rape of the roses, have their football sweaters and various pockets stuffed with the mutilated trophies, to be distributed, I presume, as symbols of love and strife and courage, among friends who have witnessed the wanton desecration of innocence and beauty.

I said to a lady who intends that all her sons shall be educated at Harvard: "How does this strike you?" She replied: "I think it is positively brutal." To the same question a younger lady answered: "I like it, but I hope that none of my friends who were in the scuffle have had their ears or noses kicked off." A youth, who is the son of humane and intelligent parents — perhaps the truest philanthropists I have ever known — and who has just joined the university, told me that one of his ambitions is to live long enough to take part in the assault on the roses when he becomes a senior.

Now I do not claim that I possess any really finer feelings than the most athletic of the young men who took part in this remarkable entertainment. But I do claim that unless for persons who have been educated up to this method of utilizing flowers, such an exhibition affords a striking illustration of the barbarism latent in civilized man. The illustrious ploughman who

sang the glories of the daisy, tells us that "evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart." One is led to wonder what opinion Robert Burns would have entertained of the motives actuating a crowd of university men, who had just passed their final examination, and who were celebrating their success by a savage attack upon a garland of flowers.

I must confess, and I am as little of an æsthete as an athlete, that the principal "attraction" of Class Day produced upon me the effect of amazement at the utter vacuity and stupidity of the exercises. One could not help recalling the resolve of Mr. Ruskin: "I will not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, or destroy any beautiful thing; but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and protect all natural beauty upon the earth." The question arises how it can be possible that men, who are supposed to have received the best available intellectual training, should be so devoid of originality and ingenuity, not to speak of imagination and sympathy, as to be unable to see anything unworthy of educated men in this attitude towards flowers. A football is made to be kicked, while roses are made to be cherished — even by football players. Quick sympathy, and the power of imagination to place oneself at various points of view, are the essential qualities that differentiate the gentleman from the dunce or the clown, and there is a prevailing sentiment that it is one of the high functions of any true education to cultivate these qualities.

There can be no doubt that Harvard authorities have been striving, according to their lights, to devise such a plan of education as shall afford ample opportunity for developing in all directions the intellectual capacity of the nation. But great changes are not made without a certain loss or deterioration somewhere and now that specialized scientific training has largely superseded the old literary studies, or what used to be called the Humanities, there is a decided tendency to disparage whatever is not purely practical, including the knowledge that is not capable of being readily transformed into bread and butter. The rage for athletics, too, has reached such an extremity that the disease has passed the acute stage and bids fair to become chronic. Football and baseball have their place in the university, as in the general scheme of human nature, but it is a reductio ad absurdum of academic training, as of human life, when muscle usurps the place of mind and morals. It may be said of glorified athletics as Landor said of that other demoralizing cry, about Art for Art's sake: —

> These tiny pleasures occupy the place of glories and of duties, as the feet of fabled fairies, when the sun goes down, trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove by day.

There may have been defects in the old time-honored plan of education, but at least we all know and appreciate the type of average and good man produced by that system. We have not as yet

Ready for the Onslaught on the Roses.

gone far enough with the modern scientific teaching to judge by results, though there are indications that between per-

functory science and apotheosized football the coming man will "botanize upon his mother's grave," or kick the daisy from his path as an excrescence on the football field. I was once invited by a schoolboy friend to take him to Westminster Abbey. He was as learning to play cricket almost as well as a professional. This boy was a great player of football.

As I watched the picked men of Harvard for the year 1894 struggling furiously for the roses I thought of many things. Has scientific training,

Where Some of the Class Day "Spreads" are Given.

little impressed by the poets' corner as Sir Charles Grandison by Vesuvius. But he was mightily interested in the broken toes and noses of the royalties in marble. He told me in confidence that the principal thought suggested to him by the Abbey was that it would be an excellent place to keep his pigeons. This boy was not very big except as a utilitarian, and, though I have lost sight of him for many years, I feel confident that when he grew to years of discretion he regarded his university as the place to pick up a little practical chemistry while he was seriously employed in mania for football, or precocious intimacy with the ways of the world gone so far that during the critical period of a young man's life there is no culture of the sympathies, no wise, penetrating influence to arouse and stimulate among conventional gentlemen some of that love for innocence and simple native beauty that has been felt by the milkmaid and the ploughman, as well as by the wise and just and good of all the ages? Does all the knowledge of the encyclopedia, even when combined with football and the perfection of nil admirari, compensate for the loss of that

gentle, kindly, magnanimous feeling towards all the world which is the basis of that saving fact of life — the gentleman?

Such manifestations of wanton destruction as I had witnessed make one feel that if modern taste and training advance much further in this same direction, upon its present lines, we may expect a race composed partly of athletic know-nothings, and partly of "intellectual all-in-alls," as cruel and exquisite as Nero. It is only the hope that we are slowly though painfully working towards something better than we see in the modern teaching and activities of the world that prevents many people from interpreting in terms of fact the poet's advice: —

> Enough of Science and of Art;
> Close up these barren leaves.

If the present fashion continues — and the football spirit is so rampant and universal that any abomination may become fashionable — I see no reason why the bull-fight and the gladiatorial show should not be revived as links between the prize-fights in Boston's purlieus and the fierce onslaughts which learned students make on garlands of flowers.

And as I thought of these desecrated flowers, I thought also of the delicate, half-starved, over-worked women and children in the tenement districts of East Cambridge — as well as in the great city of boasted culture — who from year's end to year's end never hold in their hands a fresh rose. And then I multiplied Cambridge by all the cities of the United States having a population of more than 10,000 and roughly calculated the number of working women and children to whom the gift of a few fresh flowers would bring such joy and comfort as mortals associate with the visit of an angel. And then I thought again of the able-bodied young men so sated with the good things of the world that they could experience a new sensation only by destroying roses. And it seemed that flowers are not distributed according to the economic law of supply and demand, when college men have so many that they butcher them to make a college holiday. Nor was it a redeeming feature of the exhibition that well-born, cultivated, Christian women remained passive spectators, and made no protest against the ignoble scramble.

A Yard of Cats.

SUNSHINE.

IS MONOPOLY A BLESSING?

BY P. O'NEILL LARKIN.

THE eminent biologist, St. George Mivart, published a short time ago an article of remarkable power on the subject, "Happiness in Hell;" Mr. J. W. Clarke, the brilliant editor of the New York Recorder, discussed "The Ethics of Boxing" in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE last winter; Mr. Guernsey, the Mexican correspondent of the Boston Herald, has recently shown the moral aspect of bull-fighting in Mexico, and in the June number of DONAHOE'S, Rev. T. A. Hendrick points out "The Blessings of Monopoly" in the United States. These writers present their views with much skill, and withal with such infinite charity, that we may not be surprised to discover virtue in gambling, self-sacrifice in suicide, beneficence in usury, and a vein of patriotism in anarchism, provided we look from a certain standpoint, and have the proper disposition.

I wish to make a few comments on Father Hendrick's article. His definition of monopoly — exclusive control — is accurate. His assertion that it is the fashion for everybody to rail at monopoly is inaccurate. For example, the postal department of the United States is one of our greatest monopolies, yet very few, if any, rail at it. Its service is efficient; remuneration of employés fair; business is conducted at about cost; practically all the people seem well satisfied. Again, the city in which I write monopolizes the water supply; nobody finds fault with the service or cost, while a large number of citizens rail at a gigantic street railroad corporation which manages by some means or other to secure any privileges it desires from the board of aldermen and the legislature of the state. Where the public conducts business in the matter of canals, gas, water, electric light supply, and such like, nobody complains, while railing grows loud and deep against these and other monopolies where they are owned and operated by quasi-public corporations for private profit. Almost everybody denounces private monopolies, while almost everybody is quite content with public monopolies. It is well to bear this distinction in mind, so as to be able to understand the subject clearly.

Father Hendrick assumes that those who "clamor," as he terms it, against concentration of wealth in the hands of the few, at the present time, are ignorant of the most palpable fact on the page of history, viz.: that the tendency to such centralization of wealth has existed in every age. His assumption — let me put it mildly — is a mistake. I will venture to assert that the average student of the history of civilization, be he a "cheap reformer," or otherwise, socialist or individualist, has learned that not only has the tendency always existed, but that the

few in course of time in ancient, as well as in modern days, have actually absorbed the wealth, whether it consisted of land, money, slaves, serfs, or the product of wage earners above the mere point of subsistence.

The student of history has also learned the equally important fact that wealth in the hands of the few has been invariably accompanied by poverty and degradation among the many. The harvest produced by all was secured by the few ; the many were obliged to go hungry save when they fed on manna in the desert or on miraculous loaves and fishes by the Galilean lake. This remarkable coincidence and association of the extremes of wealth and poverty, produced as they are at the same stage of social development, has naturally inspired the theory that one stands to the other as cause to effect.

In the later days of the Roman republic, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus deplored the concentration of wealth and the hopeless poverty of the masses which followed it. The elder Pliny declared "latifundia perdidere Italiam ;" that monopoly has ruined Italy and the provinces of the Roman empire. Monopoly was recognized by philosopher and law-giver as well as by historian, and with the example of the monopolistic institutions of Persia and Egypt before their eyes, they failed to see its blessings, but all found in it the chief cause of the ruin of the state and degradation of the masses. In the Greek commonwealths centralized wealth operated in the same way, while the "Ages of Faith'," when the feudal system attained its greatest development, exhibit the same striking characteristics, although the Church at the latter time was still sufficiently powerful to curb, in a measure, the rapacity of the feudal powers ; to prevent the enactment of laws making poverty a crime ; and to shelter and feed under the monastic roof the homeless and hungry wayfarer.

The modern development of monopoly, though more purely commercial and industrial in its origin and character, is reproducing the evils of its historic prototypes, — Dives and Lazarus, a few millionaires and a host of tramps. Private monopoly has money-making for its sole object and purpose. In all lines of production where monopoly has not been established, products must be sold at or near the cost of production, and wages must be paid equal to that offered by competitors. A monopoly is only established after competitors have been destroyed, bought out, or taken into partnership. When all the natural resources, franchises or machinery, operated in some line of production have been appropriated, the price of the product is generally marked up, and inasmuch as supply must be limited in order to maintain prices, a portion of the producing plant must be shut down. When, as is usually the case, after a trust is firmly established, one third of the plant is shut down, a glut is produced in the labor market, there are three men for every two jobs, and the chance of still further widening the margin of profit is quickly seized, by cutting down wages.

The triumph of monopoly in America is exemplified in the present anomalous condition of a general glut in the labor market, with a level of famine prices for some of the commonest necessities of life, the products of the trustified industries. Beside the examples like the trusts in sugar and lead, which can realize profits of 40 per cent

upon the capital employed the profits of ordinary legitimate business look insignificant, and in the establishment of trusts and in the seeking of these unjust gains, every law, human and divine, has been violated. Agents employed by the Standard Oil monopoly have been convicted of setting fire to rival oil refineries. A former secretary of the Whiskey trust absconded while under indictment for burning competing distilleries. Not only have they conspired in violation of law to gain their ends, and to destroy their rivals, but they are corrupting the very sources of law.

The Sugar trust, as testified by its officers, contributes $100,000 to the democratic and republican parties at a single election "to protect its interest." It has been charged this spring with attempting a direct purchase of at least the votes of two senators of the United States. Other senators at the suggestion of the agent of the trust have taken sugar stock, in order to secure the profit that would surely be gained through their favorable action. Mr. Havemeyer president of the trust, justifies this conduct by stating to the investigating committee of the senate that all the monopolies in the country pursue a similar policy in the matter of political coutributions to protect their interests. Certainly Mr. Havemeyer knows what he is speaking about. Protection to the interests of private monopolies means protecting exclusive opportunity to fleece the public. In many instances, in order to retain their grip to accomplish this purpose they are obliged to buy off the cheap politicians, "boodlers" in legislatures and city governments who introduce measures in opposition to them which will be withdrawn for a sufficient bribe. Thus it is in every state and city of the Union. Everybody acquainted with practical politics is aware of it. Demoralization is widespread, and it is growing at an alarming rate. Private monopolies dominate congress, state legislatures, and city councils. They make the laws, not the people. They produce millionaires by the score by plundering the millions according to law.

And this is the industrial condition of society in which Father Hendrick asserts as strictest truth that the individual man has more power than ever before to assert his ability, "and to become what it is in him to be by genius, industry, and thrift." The late Jay Gould, James Fiske, Oakes Ames, and Ex-Senator Stanford, with the Vanderbilts, Rockefeller, Huntington, Pullman, etc., are shining examples doubtless of genius, industry, and thrift. They secured millions they never produced. Dollars don't grow spontaneously. They represent the fruits of somebody's labor. The gentlemen named simply appropriated the harvest produced by the many; legally of course. Mr. Abram S. Hewitt recently held that no man living, however great his genius and industry and thrift, could produce in a lifetime the wealth represented by $20,000,000. Can any man living produce the wealth represented by 1,000,000, might be asked. I will venture to assert that the man who has in him the ability to deceive others successfully, the genius to overreach his fellows, and the perseverance to continue on these lines, has a better opportunity than ever before to acquire the result of other people's labor. The chief cardinal virtue in the public mind to-day is wealth. The chief deadly sin is poverty. Our store keepers, for instance, are generally selling

their goods at less than cost; each is selling cheaper than the others in the same business, at least, so they allege in their advertisements, and their employés say so to their customers, and yet we are taught in church that "no reason or no motive can excuse a lie." Middle-aged people remember quite well when it was not so; but that was before the blessings of millionaires and monopolies came upon us.

There is a difference, however, which is worthy of note between a personal employer and a syndicate employer of labor. The former has a soul to be saved and a conscience to reckon with; the syndicate has neither. The latter has no God save gold — consequently no morality.

Father Hendrick undertakes a special defence of the Standard Oil Company against the demagogues who he declares denounce it by telling us that because of its exclusive control the price of oil has been lowered. He tells us not to overlook plain facts, lest we imitate the antics of sheep following the bell-wether over a fence. I propose to give a few plain facts on this cheapening of the price of oil. Has the Standard Oil Company cheapened the price of oil in a greater degree than it would be cheapened by private parties through free competition? We have some excellent data on that point. Here it is: From the year 1861 to 1872 under free competition the average annual decline in the cost of oil to the consumer was 10.43 per cent. The Standard Oil Company was formed and assumed control in 1873. From that year to 1881 the average annual decline in the price was exactly 7.38 per cent. From 1882 to 1887 the average annual decline under the trust was but 2.28 per cent. Father Hendrick, like Mr. Hume, the historian, may blame the facts for not supporting his theory respecting the "blessings" of the monopoly in lowering the price, but he cannot be permitted to ignore them.

Again, the Standard Oil Company to be properly understood, and its blessings thoroughly appreciated, should be viewed in its entirety. Its business is not confined solely to the production and distribution of oil; it extends to the maintenance of gas plants and other public necessaries in eastern and western cities and towns. I wish space permitted reference to some of the many atrocious outrages by this monopoly; but I must rest content with citing one which will serve as an illustration of those which have come to light. I refer to the memorable contest of the Standard Oil Company with the city of Toledo, O., in 1889, over the right of the city to furnish gas to its inhabitants. This flourishing city of nearly 85,000 inhabitants had voted by a majority of over 60 per cent of its citizens voting on the question as required by the enabling act of the legislature to issue $750,000 bonds with which to buy lands and lay mains for the purpose of furnishing gas for fuel and lighting. A branch of the Standard Oil Company which had been supplying the gas began a remarkable opposition which probably has few parallels in the sphere of audacity.

The Standard Oil monopoly sought for an injunction from the United States circuit court, on the ground not that any contract was violated, for no such charge was made, but on the high moral ground that it was not a proper function of a city government to supply fuel or illuminating gas to private consumers when this,

rather than the supply to the streets and public buildings, was the chief object of the city. At the trial in court one of the Standard Oil Company's lawyers declared to the judge that for the city to sell gas even at a price high enough to cover interest and all other expenses, as was intended, was rank "communism." He argued that such a business was carrying out the theory of Herr Most, and laid down the following proposition in behalf of his client, that "governments exist for the protection of life and property, but of the two property is the most important, for if you do not protect life you have anarchy, to be sure, but if you do not protect property you have something worse than anarchy."

Another of its attorneys, a gentleman who made millions in the wrecking of railroads, called upon no less a personage than St. Paul to sustain his argument in favor of continuing the blessings which the monopoly had lavished upon the people of Toledo. He urged with great vehemence that it injured man's energy and liberty to permit the community, the state, or city to provide fuel or light for his family at cost. Said he, "I have always tried to provide for my family, and St. Paul has well said that he who does not provide for his own family is worse than an infidel." The great apostle to the Gentiles must have smiled to hear himself called as a witness by the Standard Oil Company.

The circuit court judge, however, decided that notwithstanding the "blessings" which the oil monopoly wished to force upon the inhabitants of Toledo, the Ohio legislature possessed the constitutional right to grant such power to any community within its jurisdiction, and that it might, if it so wished, and if its own state constitution permitted, build a railroad across the state, and carry everybody to and fro upon it free of charge at the public expense.

But even then the Standard Oil Company did not cease its war on the people of the city. It asked for an injunction from the supreme court of the state to restrain the city from selling the bonds authorized by the legislature. This was a bogus proceeding intended as such to harass the city, not brought to be pressed to an issue. It was left pending.

Then the monopoly which scatters "blessings" abroad, according to Father Hendrick, had the duplicity to issue a circular to all the leading bond-brokers of the country, asserting that the bonds were in litigation and practically valueless, and that the credit of the city was bad. One of these circulars I personally saw in the hands of a broker in a large city on the Atlantic seaboard. These malignant misrepresentations had an injurious effect on the sale of the bonds, so much so, that Toledo was obliged to get one of its citizens to bring a bogus suit of his own, based on grounds similar to those alleged by the Standard Oil Company, to secure a judicial decision and determine the question which was decided favorably for the city, and this finally routed the monopoly after an annoying warfare of over two years, involving great expense and delay. As soon as the city, in the summer of 1891, was ready to supply natural gas for fuel, the price was fixed at eight cents per 1,000 cubic feet to the consumer which covered all costs, while the Standard Oil Company charged 12 cents per 1,000 cubic feet.

Another brief incident: The city of Columbus, O., had an agreement

running for a definite term of years with the Standard Oil Company to supply fuel gas to its citizens at 12 cents per 1,000 cubic feet; but the agreement was boldly violated in the winter of 1890–91, although it had yet some years to run; 25 cents per 1,000 cubic feet was demanded, and the supply was absolutely cut off, until the city government came to terms, and the people were obliged to pay the amount of tribute levied. It is said that Dick Turpin, Claude Duval, and even Captain Kidd had some good traits in their nature, and it is barely possible the Standard Oil monopoly may possess some, because the doctrine of total depravity is erroneous, but Father Hendrick has not disclosed them in this article.

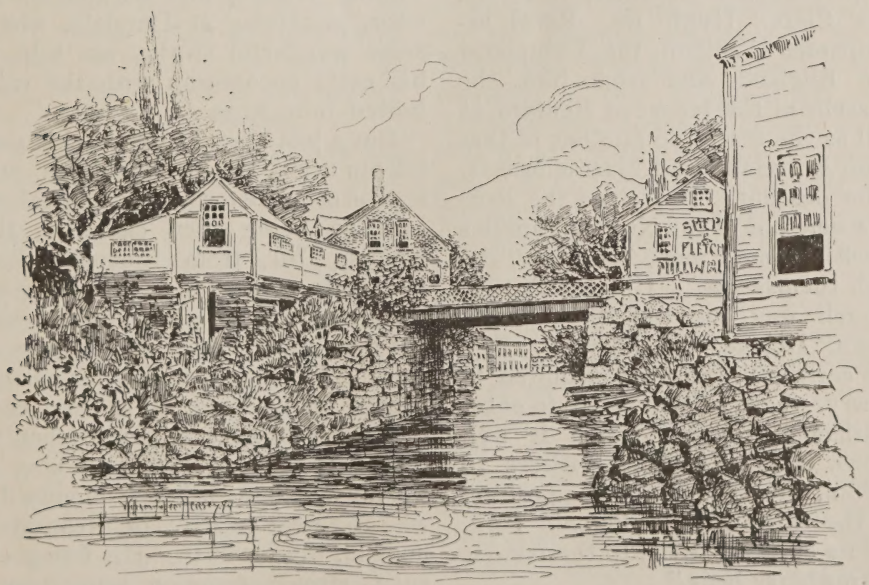
No one will question the fact, that the railway is the most important of all highways; that its function is of a public character; that we could not well get along without it, and this is the best of all reasons why the railway should be released from the grip of private monopoly. While the post office charges moderate and equal rates for its invaluable public service, the railroad monopoly carries a barrel of Standard Oil for 10 cents, while charging 35 cents for transporting the oil of other producers.

The worst examples of the destructive enterprise of these private monopolies, may be found in the thousands of instances in which mining, manufacturing, and other enterprises, involving heavy transportation, have been crushed out by the killing competition of rivals having the advantage of special rates, and the partnership and favor of railroad managers. Federal laws directed against these practices which only apply to inter-state, and not to local traffic, are flagrantly violated. In the case of Counselman and Peasley, recently before the United States Supreme Court, the parties,— one a large shipper, and the other a prominent railway official — refused to testify before a United States grand jury, on a plea that to do so might criminate themselves, Counselman having been given rates on corn, 5 cents less per hundredweight than any other shipper from Kansas and Nebraska points to Chicago. On the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad every mining concern was ruined and closed out, save one, the Rogers Coal Company, owned by the vice-president and manager of the railroad company, and which had the advantage of rates, only 40 per cent of the rate charged to the other mines. It is useless to multiply instances, for they are legion.

Monopoly in private hands has proved injurious politically, industrially, and ethically. The essential feature of despotism everywhere is power without responsibility to the people, whether it be found in the bureaucracy of the sovereign, as in Russia, or in the board of directors of the Standard Oil, gas, water, or railroad companies, uncontrolled by the public. Free competition in large undertakings has grown into the monopolistic trust, syndicate, or combine. This evolutionary development is logical, but it is also equally logical and in the proper order of things that the people alone should exercise exclusive control in all matters relating to the general interest in city, state, or nation. Every private monopoly must be transformed into a public one. Then the curses which flow in such abundance from private ownership will cease. The bitter waters of Marah will grow sweet. There is no middle course. The people must assume sovereignty industrially as well as politically. With Lincoln's emancipation procla-

mation political equality was established througout the land ; industrial equality, or equal opportunity for all, is yet to be secured. One is the complement of the other. One cannot long exist without the other. Such is the history of all past ages. There is no affinity between plutocracy and democracy. We must bring the republic into our industrial life. The people must trust themselves.

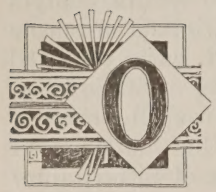
A final word : The epoch of competition and the wage system is dying ; coöperative effort, in some form or other, is pressing forward to supersede them, despite all opposition. Manifold signs of world-wide change are palpable on every hand ; a change in what Virgil calls "the order of the ages." Profound unrest permeates the entire civilized world. Men feel the presence of a new and mighty force heaving and swaying the ocean of humanity. Tories and Bourbons, as their prototypes of old, stand ready to resist any change which abridges their privileges, crying out that all is well with the world. They point to the blessings which their wealth confers on it, and preach patriotism in purple and fine linen, and with well fed stomachs. But the agitation increases among the working masses. They fail to see the blessings of monopoly. A sense of bitter injury has taken possession of them. The forces for a conflict at the ballot box or elsewhere are being rapidly mobilized. Men are taking sides. The exploiters and the exploited stand face to face.



SIR CHARLES RUSSELL,

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

BY M. J. JORDAN.



F the many Anglo-Norman families, whose descendants have become renowned on the continent of Europe, in the United Kingdom, and in America, I know of none which boasts a prouder lineage than that of Russell.

When Rollo the Northman invaded Normandy there was a certain squire in his train named Turstain, a descendant of Olak, the sharp-eyed king of Rerik, who claimed as the price of his allegiance the barony of Briquebeck and its castle of Rozel, near Clare. Hugh de Rozel accompanied William the Conqueror into England, and from him the Russells of the House of Bedford, as well as the scattered families of that name in Ireland and Massachusetts, claim descent. In Ireland the Russells were one of the Norman families which became "more Irish than the Irish themselves." Charles Arthur Russell was born in the county Down, Ireland, in the year 1833. His early education was acquired in Newry, where he was fitted to enter Castlenock College, which is well known to all American visitors to Dublin, from its picturesque position on the skirts of the Phœnix Park, and its close proximity to the famous "Strawberry beds."

After a short time Sir Charles Russell matriculated at Trinity College, Dublin, and did not obtain a degree, presumably because so few facilities were then accorded to Catholic students by the universities of the United Kingdom, where they were tolerated, but not recognized. It is of melancholy interest in the light of later events to notice that the first Catholic scholar, as well as the first Catholic Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, was Professor Thomas Maguire, whose life terminated so tragically on the eve of the famous Pigott exposures. Like Thurlow, who afterwards became Lord Chancellor of England, Sir Charles Russell first became a solicitor, practising at Dundalk, where some wonderful stories are told of his early encounters with the celebrated John Ross.

But a just appreciation of his own talents urged him to the higher profession of barrister, which he attained in 1859, being then called to the English bar, from Lincoln's Inn. His early struggles at the English bar are not surprising to any one who has ever spent a year in the inns of court. He supplemented his narrow income by what he drew from contributions to several newspapers, in this field of his labors having a worthy helpmate, it is said, in his wife, who is a near relative of Rosa Mulholland, the novelist. His fine presence, strong common sense, good nature and jollity, soon made him hosts of friends on the northern

circuit which he followed, and in a short time he had the satisfaction of finding his income amounting to the sum of two thousand guineas.

Thirteen years after his admission to the bar, Sir Charles Russell was made Queen's counsel. This is merely an honorary distinction conferred by the Lord Chancellor on barristers of a certain standing. Queen's counsel are distinguished from members of the junior bar by the silk gowns, which the rank entitles them to wear. This is what is known as "taking silk."

Few men, however, who have had the privilege of wearing silk, and sitting in the inner bar, have had such timely recognition of their superior talents as lawyer and advocate. As a lawyer, perhaps, Lord St. Leonards alone, and as an advocate, Erskine, received so early as Sir Charles Russell substantial acknowledgment of superiority in their profession. There is scarcely any case of importance tried before the English courts in the last quarter of a century in which the name of Russell is not found, as counsel for either of the litigant parties.

It is worth noticing that he now has successively filled the judicial positions then occupied by the two leading counsel in the Tichborne case, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and Lord Bowen, although the Claimant had not Sir Charles Russell opposed to him, nor did he avail himself of his well-known powers as an advocate. I have never heard that Sir Charles Russell was offered a retainer in this case, although several other leading lawyers of the time when offered briefs refused. Americans will doubtless remember O'Donnell's case, in which Sir Charles Russell was assisted by an eminent lawyer from this country, who though not qualified to plead as an advocate, was not debarred from offering suggestions on marking out the line of defence. O'Donnell was the man who shot Carey, the infamous informer on the Phœnix Park trials, and the concocter of the murders. Notwithstanding the most brilliant advocacy, and the greatest astuteness in the conduct of this case, Sir Charles' client was sentenced to death and hanged.

But cases of a far more world-wide renown, because of the rank of the parties, the grossness of the immorality alleged, the consequences involved, were the Crawford vs. Crawford, and Dilke and Campbell vs. Campbell. Sir Charles Russell was leading counsel in each of these cases, which revealed facts unsurpassed by the orgies of Claudia, the gallantries of the Restoration, or the imagination of Balzac. The last great case in which the life and death of his client was at stake, and in which Sir Charles Russell appeared for the defence, was that of Mrs. Maybrick. She is of American extraction, is the daughter of the Baroness von Roques, and was married to a cotton-merchant in Liverpool. If the case had been tried in this country, it is almost safe to say the accused would never have been found guilty. The charge was of arsenical poisoning. The deceased was found to be an arsenic eater; but because the accused had made use of an Americanism in a letter to her friend Brickley, that her husband "was sick unto death;" and because she admitted in a statement volunteered in Court, that she administered white powders to her husband, though ignorant of their nature, her guilt seemed to have been established, with the other circumstances of the case taken into

account. Sir Charles Russell is said to have been opposed to the accused making the statement on her own behalf. She was sentenced to death by Sir James Fitzjames Stephens, one of the ablest judges who then sat on the English bench. Her sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life.

In 1880 Sir Charles Russell was elected to the Imperial Parliament as member for Dundalk. It was about this time he was commissioned by the London Daily Telegraph to write up the causes of the distress in Ireland. The plain facts which he revealed, and the evident fairness of his opinions, together with the publicity afforded them by the Telegraph, helped in no small degree to prepare English public opinion for the Land Act of '82, and subsequent ameliorative legislation. I know no other account of the sufferings of the Irish peasantry, so feeling, so argumentative, and so true, as Sir Charles Russell's "New Views on Ireland." Few Irishmen will not endorse the quotation, which he makes the text of his articles: "In a climate soft as a mother's smile, in a soil fruitful as God's love, the Irish peasant mourns."

In '85 Mr. Russell became Attorney General, and was knighted. His income is said to have suffered to the amount of $50,000, his new promotion giving him the rank of leader of the bar, but cutting off other business to which the duties of his new office rendered him unable to attend.

The climax of Sir Charles Russell's legal career was reached in the famous Parnell Commission case. Everybody remembers his cross-examination of the spy, Le Caron, and the skilful manner in which he extorted the truth from the unfortunate Pigott. I shall not now enter into any further detail of that drama which began when Sir Charles addressed Pigot in his blandest tones, and asked him to write the word "hesitancy" which the forger spelled "hesitency." The last speech delivered by Sir Charles Russell in the House of Commons was on the Behring Sea Arbitration, in which it will be remembered he represented the English Government at Paris last year. When the death of Lord Bowen rendered vacant the seat of Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, Sir Charles Russell received the appointment, with a life peerage, which had this curious result: that of the four judges of Appeal in the last resort, not one was English, three were Irish, Lord McNaghten of Antrim, Lord Morris of Galway, Lord Russell of Down; two are Catholic, Lords Morris and Russell; Lord Watson is a Scotchman.

It is the unanimous opinion of the English press, of the bench and bar, that no more fitting selection could be made for the Chief Justiceship of England than Sir Charles Russell, an appointment he received on the death of Lord Coleridge in June last. The salary attached to this position is $50,000 a year.

As a lawyer Sir Charles Russell had no rival to share his honors as a cross examiner or advocate. Sir Henry Hawkins came nearest to him in the former branch of forensic skill, Erskine perhaps alone was his compeer in the latter. Sir Charles Russell is a snufftaker. His gold rimmed glasses, snuff box, and red handkerchief made him easily distinguishable in the Courts of Justice on the Strand. He is a whist player, fond of horses, was a frequenter of Homburg as a summer resort, where he may have tried his luck in the

Casino, although it is said he was not fortunate enough to break the bank at Monte Carlo. His country house is at Epsom, within a stone's throw of the famous Derby race-course, where he is a neighbor of Lord Rosebery, who lives in an old-fashioned house called the Durdans.

When the Times pays him the following tribute, we may be sure it is well deserved: "No other advocate of our time possessed that cumulation of faculties, an unerring instinct as to the vital point of the case, unwearied force not to be denied, a deep knowledge of human nature which enabled him to exercise an ascendency over judges and juries rarely if ever before known in the courts."

BLACKBERRYING.

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

WHEN I was but a weeshy boy,
My mother's pride, my father's joy,
My hands and mouth had full employ
When blackberries were ripe.
And oft my mammy she would squeeze
The thorns from out my arms and knees,
And my good dad, till I got ease,
Would quench his favorite pipe.

And even since I've become a man,
And dressed on quite a different plan,
I've still gone carrying the can
When blackberries grew sweet.
Yes, trampling through the bramble brakes,
I'd court the keenest pains and aches
For two or three fair colleens' sakes
Whose names I'll not repeat.

Till Norah of the amber hair,
That was my partner here and there,
Around, about, and everywhere,
As blackberries came in.
When I just tried with too much haste,
The richer, rarer fruit to taste,
That on her lips was goin' to waste,
She tosses up her chin.

And marches by me night and morn,
Her gray eyes only glancing scorn,
Regardless of the rankling thorn
She's rooted in my heart.
Yet maybe, though I much misdoubt,
Her eyes that flash, her lips that flout,
May yet turn kind and conjure out
That most distressful dart.

AN INTERNATIONAL LOVE AFFAIR.

BY BORRIS E. DRONE.

It might be interesting to consider what fateful power it is that seizes two individuals born at opposite ends of the earth, and hurries them along through varied scenes and vicissitudes, each ignorant of the other's existence, bringing them together, sometimes in love and friendship, sometimes in enmity and deadly hatred.

These philosophic thoughts were suggested a few days ago, as we doubled the northwest corner of a street in the great kaleidoscopic city of Chicago. On that northwest corner was a fruit stand. That fruit stand had withstood many a change in Chicago's governing powers. Boodle aldermanic bodies had succeeded each other, police chiefs had come and gone and were forgotten, mayor followed mayor; yet there it stood, serene amid the warring elements of municipal and state elections, and other such tempests in tea-kettles. One ear-ringed foreigner after another, braving the sun and storm, raked in the nickels, doled out the bananas, and returned to his native land, wealthy and independent. Truly it might be said of that apple stand: —

"It shall still stand in the undiminished splendor of its bananas when some traveller from St. Louis shall stand on a broken arch of Clark street Bridge to sketch the ruins of the 'County Building.'"

By that stand, presiding over its destinies, was a black-haired, black-eyed, black-eyebrowed, olive-complexioned daughter of Greece. By that stand, and gazing into those dangerous Greek optics, was a stalwart form with red hair, blue eyes, blue coat, brass buttons, silver star on breast, and a tassellated hickory under his arm. He looked good-natured and honest, and wore a well-educated blond mustache. There was one defect in his physique — he was so round-shouldered as to be almost humpbacked. His name was Michael O'Callaghan, or, as he himself put it, "Officer Michael O'Callaghan."

There they stand, the one for aught we know a lineal descendant of Leonidas, if that worthy had ventured into matrimony before he ventured into Thermopylæ; and the other — it goes with saying — a descendant of somebody equally ancient and illustrious. Yes, there they stand — from Ireland and from Greece — making love to each other on the curbstones of a busy street in Chicago. Oh, Love, they say you rule the court, the camp, the grove; you do indeed, and you rule the curbstones, the apple stands, and the police force of the city of Chicago.

How Mr. Michael O'Callaghan had ever succeeded in making love to the fair Zoe — for that was the name of this Pythoness of the apple stand — the boy Eros himself only can tell; for Zoe's vocabulary in English was limited to such trade terms as "two fo' fife," "three fo' fife," and Michael's knowledge of modern Greek was, if anything, more limited. Love laughs at locksmiths; but the little rascal in this case seemed equally to laugh at languages, and the Tower of Babel had no more penal consequences for him than if it never raised its defiant head to an offended Heaven.

The officer's "beat" embraced the locality on which stood the apple stand, and surely no policeman ever travelled his district so rapidly as he did. Ever and anon his bright star flashing corruscations of light, and his eyes, blue

as his native skies, when it is not raining there, flashing corruscations of love, would round the northwest corner and approach the apple stand.

"How much?" he would say, holding an apple which Zoe had burnished that morning with a greasy rag, while the Volapük language of love would say more truly than ever Byron said it—

"Zoe mou sas agapo,"

and Zoe would answer with a smile and a not unmusical voice:—

"Tu fo' fife."

Then they would rummage amid the fruit, their hands would meet, a little surreptitious squeeze of the fingers would follow, and then this stalwart suppressor of anarchists would march along, twirling his club, lowly whistling "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and dreaming dreams no "copper" ever dared to dream before. These day dreams generally took the shape of a flat on the west side, with Zoe its mistress, and a little Græco-Irish O'Callaghan crowing and kicking up its heels on the floor.

Several times each day that unspoken comedy of love was performed. Day after day Michael boldly gazed into those dark Grecian eyes, and Zoe stole bashful glances into the Irish blue ones, and the surreptitious finger-squeezing was perpetrated; but never a word was spoken save: "How much?" "Two fo' fife."

The time had now come when language was a necessity, and toward this desideratum our Lothario in blue, as he marched through the crowded streets, bent all the energies of his thinking powers. Many methods rapidly suggested themselves to his fervid imagination and were as rapidly rejected, and many a smile played over his broad face as he saw the "bull" in some of those suggestions.

One day, while immersed in deep thought, he was suddenly aroused by a commotion issuing from a crowd of small boys in an alleyway. It was only a fight between two street Arabs. The others had formed a ring, and various words of encouragement were offered by the young spectators to the champions in the ring. At another time Michael, who had only recently been a boy himself, would have passed this matter by; but now he felt that he was prospectively the heed of a family and that he would not tolerate such things. On tiptoe he approached the scene of the combat.

As Michael approached, he heard some one in the crowd scream: "Look out there, Jim; he's got a knife." The boys, ranging in every degree of dirty-facedness and tatteredness, were too intent on the struggle to notice the officer, who reached the outer edge of the crowd unseen. One of the boy combatants, with swarthy face, scowling brow, and a recently acquired black eye, stood at one side of the ring like a hunted animal at bay with his hand behind his back and concealed under his coat tail; while the other urchin, small and wiry-looking, with his little hands clinched and his eyes blazing, stood like an infantile gladiator ready to spring on his antagonist and dare the worst, knife and all. In a moment the policeman had each of them by the collar. In another instant he pulled the hand of the swarthy boy from underneath his coat tail, and wrenched from it a murderous-looking knife. At the officer's approach the crowd of boys broke and scampered like rats on the appearance of their feline enemy; and, while he was wresting the knife from the swarthy boy, his late antagonist took advantage of the opportunity to regain his liberty, so that officer and captive were left alone in the alleyway.

The distance to the station was not far, and the officer thought he would walk there instead of calling the patrol; little Arabs, late spectators of the combat, peeked from doorways and alleyways like rats at the mouth of their holes, and small knots of people followed them for a short distance and then dropped off.

"Who gave you the black eye?" said the officer, looking down from his six

feet on the diminutive little man walking by his side.

"He giver ter me," answered the child, with that scowl that belonged to more mature years.

"And you came near killing him, and then you'd be hung."

"I'll give it ter 'em yit," hissed the boy through his clinched teeth.

"You're Eyetalian, ain't ye? queried the officer.

"Noa, I wus borned in Greece."

"Ye're a Greek, are ye?" half soliloquized Mr. O'Callaghan, and immediately a secret sympathy sprang up in the mind of the captor for his captive.

Half a dozen thoughts now jostled each other through the officer's mind. His prospective paternity came upon him again, once more he saw the Græco-Irish scion of the O'Callaghan kicking his infantile heels in mid-air, and he softened toward Zoe's compatriot.

A thought came — he might be a brother of Zoe's, and this thought was voiced by the question, "What's yer name, my boy?"

"Petros; they calls me Pete for short."

"What's yer other name?"

"Zarouski."

That point was settled. Was not Zarouski Zoe's name? They had almost reached the station when the officer suddenly turned around, saying to the boy, "Come along," and, walking a few squares, led his captive to his own lodging. Here he locked the door, and, putting the poor little urchin, who thought he was going to be tortured to death, in a seat opposite him, opened the ball thus: "Pete, do ye know what they'll do to ye there?" jerking his thumb in the direction of the Police Court.

"Noa," replied the lad, his short bare legs hanging down from the chair and six inches from the floor, while dismay was written on the face staring at his interlocutor.

"They'll send ye to the Reform School, where you'll have to work every day — on the treadmill — get nothin' t eat, and be flogged every night."

The officer winced at his own want of veracity, while the poor little fellow dropped his head on his breast in despair.

"You ain't a bad kid, are ye, Pete?" asked the officer.

"I ain't when I's left 'lone: I's bad when I's maddened," added the boy, candidly.

"Pete, I've taken a likin' to ye, Pete," says the officer, "and if ye promise not to cut that boy that blacked yer eye, when ye meet 'im, I'll be yer friend, and ye won't have to go to the Reform School."

Pete didn't answer: it was not every day that people took a liking to him. He clutched his old rag of a hat tighter in his little swarthy hands and the tears stood in his eyes.

"Now will you promise not to cut that boy?" queried the officer, with an assumption of that tone he had seen the police justice assume toward culprits. Still the child — child-man, rather — did not speak. He was doing his best to control the rising tears. He was afraid he would blubber out, and that according to his code would be unmanly.

"Well," queried the officer, "do ye promise?" The boy nodded his head, with the mass of black, unkempt hair on it, as a sign in the affirmative, and with a quick movement of his hand across his eyes managed to intercept a tear that in spite of his efforts escaped his eyelids. The officer saw and was satisfied; then addressing himself to the child, as if he was a full-grown man, and cheerily rubbing his hands, he said: —

"Now, Pete, me boy, we'll have some dinner, you and me."

Very soon they were on the best of terms, and Pete would have gladly laid down his life for his new friend. He told O'Callaghan his little history.

But what interested the officer most was that Pete knew Zoe.

"Yes, I knows Zoe," said the little fellow swelling with delight. "Zoe's out on'y a little — mebbe two months; her old fadder, he bought that stan' off

a Italian feller, and Zoe she runs it all her own self, she does."

The officer had early in their acquaintance determined to make use of Pete in declaring his love for Zoe, so that his friendship had a selfish motive, and was not at all so disinterested as was Pete's for him; so he took the little fellow entirely into his confidence, and the latter was as delighted at being able to do his great friend a favor as was the little mouse in the fable when it was given an opportunity to gnaw the meshes of the net that held entangled its great benefactor the lion. Perhaps the simile is a bad one in this case, as Pete was helping to entangle his friend in the meshes of a net, rather than to disentangle him.

The officer well knew that in the course he had determined on there were many difficulties to be overcome; he recognized the fact (like another great man of recent times) that it was a condition, not a theory, that confronted him, and, taking a heroic resolve, determined to learn Greek; that is, he determined to learn enough Greek to pop the question in it, and Pete should be his teacher. It did not need many words, he soliloquized — one short sentence; and toward the production of this one great sentence our hero turned the full force of his great intellect; after covering, with a short stub of a pencil, quires of fool's-cap paper — why fool's-cap rather than any other kind of cap is not stated — he selected the following, more in despair of being able to do better than on account of its perfect fulness:

"Zoe, I love you. Do you love me in return?"

This was no slouch of a sentence, our love-sick hero thought, as he surveyed it with his head first on one side and then on the other; and the author of this veracious history is inclined to agree with him, and earnestly recommends it to young gentlemen in similar situations. Pete could put this gem of a sentence into pretty fair Greek, all but the words "in return;" what did that mean? he asked, and our hero replied, "Why, to love me in return means to love me back." Accordingly the sentence as Pete understood it read;

"Zoe, I love you; do you love me back?"

Now, Pete was a precocious child, and very bright in those things in which he had had experience; but a little knowledge of philology would have taught him there was such a thing as idiom in all languages, and that literal translation often gives a different and sometimes ludicrous meaning. But what he lacked in knowledge was made up in enthusiasm for his friend. He translated boldly, like the Reformation translators, and like them arrived at similar results. He knew no distinction between a noun and an adverb; so accordingly the adverb "back" he translated into the Greek noun (*tēn platēn*), which is a colloquial and somewhat slangy Greek word meaning a "crooked back." Pete, instead of the personal pronoun "me," used the possessive adjective "my;" so that the sentence religiously committed to memory by Michael, instead of being "Zoe, I love you; do you love me in return?" read: "Zoe, I love you; do you love my crooked back?"

At length the fateful sentence was learned; and one bright morning in May, Officer O'Callaghan, in his newest uniform, with two rows of brass buttons meandering down his broad breast, his tassellated hickory under his arm, and his helmet perched on one side of his head, boldly marched toward Zoe and the apple stand, with Pete closely following.

Zoe spoke to Pete in their own modern ungrammatical Greek, and to Michael in that language of the eyes where grammer cuts no figure. But this could not last always, and our lover, with his heart galloping all over his body, prepared for that terrible ordeal which it is said causes the bravest to tremble. Holding up in his hand a rosy apple so that passersby would think he was asking the price, he repeated with terrible precision the sentence as he had learned it.

Zoe did love him, and she said so in Greek so vehement and voluble that Pete, the would-be-interpreter, did not understand more than every second word. She went on to say that she did love, and that she did not mind his poor crooked back the least bit. The words flitted by Pete so rapidly that he succeeded only in understanding and retaining the last sentence.

Judge of our hero's astonishment when Pete translated this back to him: "She says she'll marry you, but she don't like your crooked back the least bit." Zoe stood by, listening to Pete's English, her eyes beaming over with love. Now, laughter is closely akin to love, and for the first time our hero, in those Grecian orbs, saw only laughter; he was wounded in his most sensitive point, and that by her he loved. When a schoolboy in Ireland, his schoolmates used to call him humpback Callaghan, and even his brother officers sometimes twitted him good-humoredly on his slight deformity; but now, unkindest cut of them all, his beloved Zoe told him that indeed she would marry him, but she did not like his humpback the least little bit. With one reproachful glance at Zoe, he turned and slowly walked away. Zoe saw the reproachful glance and felt, like the soldiers at Balaklava, that "some one had blundered." Perhaps, she thought, he was going away, as he often did, because the passersby were beginning to notice. Perhaps he would return.

Time rolled on calmly and inevitably as if nothing had ever happened to mar the happiness of two human beings. Time rolled on, and every morning Zoe burnished her apples with the same greasy rag, and always looked neat and trim, expecting him to return. She had learned enough English now for all practical purposes. But he never returned. He is still single, somewhat more silent than he used to be, but a brave and faithful officer; and Zoe, with the blue-black hair that Michael admired so much, streaked with gray, is still the Grecian maiden of the apple stand.

The moral of this true story is: Never propose in a language you do not understand, and never employ Petros Zarouski to interpret the reply.

LIMITATIONS.

BY CHARLES S. O'NEILL.

God made the lark for flights of song
  Ascending clear to cloudlands' edges;
The sparrow's note to float along
  Among the orchards and the hedges;
For poets, too, God sets the mark,
  Their sphere of song makes wide or narrow:
Some seek the sky as does the lark,
  Some cling to earth as clings the sparrow.

THE MONOPOLIST, THE PEOPLE.

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

YES OR NO?

Death of Father Sebastian Rale, S. J., killed at Norridgewock, Aug. 23, 1724.
[From an old print.]

THE CRADLE OF THE FAITH IN NEW ENGLAND.

CATHOLIC MAINE.

BY REV. THOMAS F. BUTLER.

MANY readers of this magazine doubtless have an imperfect notion of the state which has adopted as its motto the proud word "dirigo." If they ever read the motto at all, as used in connection with our state, I am quite prepared to believe that they read it with a smile. They regard its use as a playful assumption which may well be tolerated, since it does no harm to those outside the state limits, and yet may please the vanity of the children who dwell within the shade of its forests. For the common notion is, that Maine is in view when its favorite child of song chants: —

"This is the forest primeval,
The murmuring pines and the hemlock."

There are some considerations, however, that lead wise men to shake their heads at the smiling patronage offered our good state. These wise ones hold that Maine is a nursery of men; and that is the noblest product of a nation. They claim that every new state, and many of the older ones, have been enriched by the presence of sturdy sons of Maine.

In the field of politics, too, the influence of Maine has ever been potent. "The man from Maine" has long been a name to conjure by. And where her views have not held sway, they have, at least, provoked discussion which led to good results.

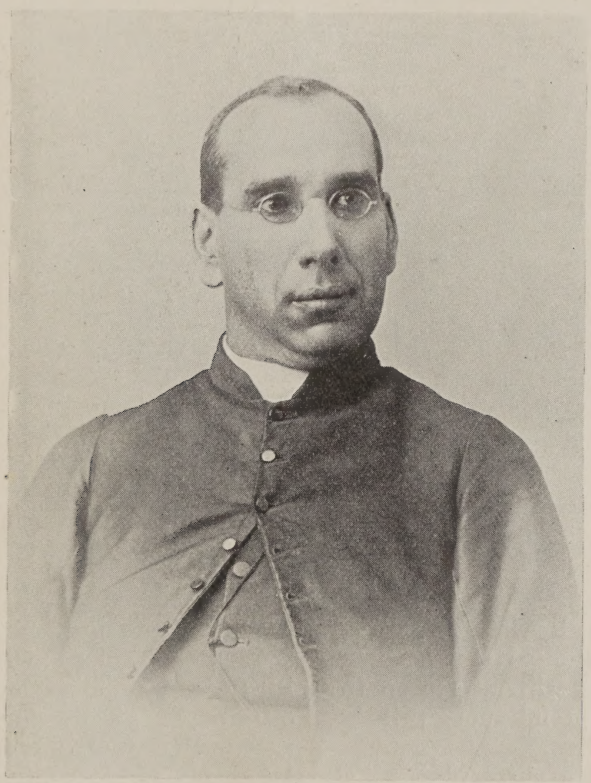
Another cause for rejoicing is in the scenic and climatic character of the state. It is at once a vast sanitarium and a studio where nature has gathered a choice collection of her noblest work. Much of the world in "our glorious coun-

try," fatigued by the artificial demands of society and the mad rush of business elsewhere, has discovered that we possess the true elixir of life. Here is found a life of frugality, temperance, and contentment, the result of which is "mens sana in corpore sano." Through the woods, over the lakes, on hill and dale, pour the hosts of our summer visitors. They seek health, they seek liberty, they seek joy, and each one finds in Maine a fairy godmother who loves to give of her abundance. Thus each year she has a grand reception, a sort of pastoral drama in real life. At the opening of spring her scenery is all arranged to delight the eye. The earth has its carpet newly laid. Then come the birds to give the opening chorus. All is ready, and the actors appear, each in his chosen part. The play ends happily — for the actors. But the audience, the native host, longs for the ringing of the curtain up again. All who depart bear with them the blessing of the angel guarding the state, "mens sana in corpore sano" (a sound mind in a sound body).

RT. REV. JAMES A. HEALY.
Bishop of Portland.

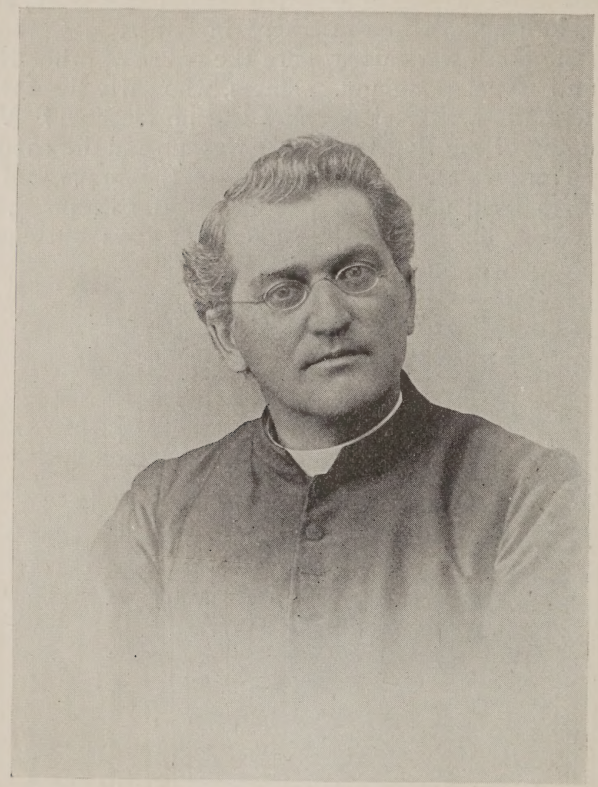
This question of blessing brings me to the most interesting part of my topic, the religious aspect of our claim to "dirigo." For of all the reasons I might advance to prove

the right of the state to that motto, I fancy none will prove more interesting to Catholic readers, if they are New Englanders, than its historic record considered from a Catholic point of view. Here we are in the land where first the cross was raised and adored in all New England. The mission where the writer lives antedates the landing of the Pilgrims by eight years. Here we are in the land where martyrs lived and died. The shades of Rale, of du Thet, and of Bapst, arise to fancy as I write, to support the claim of precedence to all New England. Here we are in the state where the children of the original possessors of the land still live, the Catholic Indians, whose peaceful lives prove to all that the Catholic policy is to preserve, not exterminate. Every Indian within the state, and they are here in tribes, is Catholic. Where are the tribes of other New England states, who early lived where Catholics had no foothold? Vanished are the wigwam and the camp-fire. Vanished are the brave and the squaw. Vanished and despised, even, is the rude set of laws and customs which was able to conquer, but could not win the red man to live in peace with a white brother "in the land which the Lord our God hath given." But the cross was raised to win, to soothe,



REV. NARCISSE CHARLAND, WATERVILLE,
who, with Very Rev. M. C. O'Brien, V. G., Rev. Alexis D. De Celles, Rev. Edward McSweeney, Rev. T. H. Wallace, and Very Rev. A. L. Mothon, O. P., is a member of the Bishop's council.

to protect. Round its base in Maine to-day are found the descendants of those white men who raised it and of those wild red men who were subdued and won by it. Thus they stand alone in all New England. Hence it is not without reason the motto stands, proud though it be, "dirigo."



REV. ALEXIS D. DE CELLES.
Westbrook.

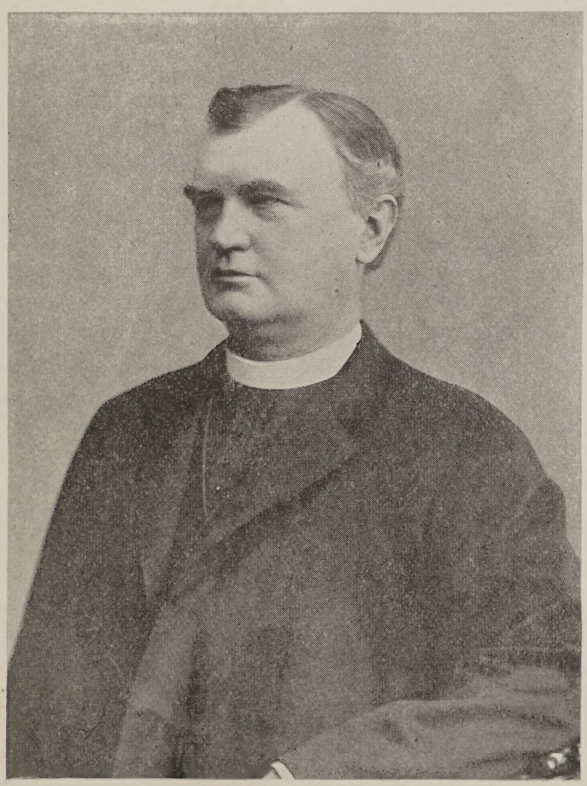
Let us take a cursory glance at the Catholic history of our state; we cannot go deeply into the matter, for space is limited to us.

The territory of the state, as is well known, was once within the dominion over which France claimed jurisdiction and held sway. And even to-day many traces of this early Catholic occupation may be easily observed in the names of rivers, districts, bays, towns, and families. When under French control, it was, for the larger part, within the section once known as Acadia. For, in 1604, by patent of Henry IV., of France, M. de Monts received title to all the territory lying between latitudes 40 and 46, under the general name of Acadia. The western boundary alone was undefined. This territory included the larger part of the present state of Maine. The limits of Acadia, however, became more restricted in time, shrinking first to the Kennebec, then to the Penobscot, and finally they were

confined to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, where the name lingers to-day as a historic memory, like the ghost of the past. The present name of the state is also of French, and therefore of Catholic, origin. For in the charter of Sir Fernando Georges, given by Charles I. of England, in 1639, it is named the "Province of Mayne," from the patrimony of the French princess who was consort to Charles.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

M. de Monts came to his dominion in 1604, bringing some Jesuit missionaries with him. His first settlement, on an island of the river St. Croix, now called Neutral Island, was soon abandoned, and we next find him establishing his fort at Port Royal, now Annapolis, in Nova Scotia. The severity of the first winter cost him the lives of twenty-five men. The zealous missionaries, however, were not satisfied with the building of forts and trading-stations, nor did they wish to confine themselves to a single spot. From the outset they remembered that they "should be about the work of the master." The red man learned to know "the black robe." Far in advance of the outposts of civilization were seen the men whose charter of dominion was from the King of kings. The limits



REV. C. J. O'CALLAGHAN.
Chancellor of the Diocese of Portland.

REV. M. C. McDONOUGH.
Rector of the Cathedral at Portland.

of their territory were indicated in the bond, "Go forth and teach all nations." The red man learned to obey "the black robe." Their only arms were trust in God and acts of virtue. Death to them was but an incident in life, often desirable; for it had been said, "The good shepherd giveth his life for his flock." The red man learned to love "the black robe." The active field of Catholicity in our new world, therefore, was not limited to the posts where political powers of the old world were entrenching themselves. Thus we next find the zealous light infantry of St. Ignatius Loyola leaving the field of the Micmacs and Souriquois of Nova Scotia, and seeking out the Abnaki, or Tarantens, who were a powerful branch of the Algonquin, and occupied a large part of Maine.

While skirting along the coast, seeking a favorable site for settlement, their vessel was enveloped in a thick fog. This caused them much anxiety, since the coast was known to be rocky and dangerous. The good missionaries prayed to the Lord to protect and deliver them. After some time of anxious suspense, their prayer was answered. The mist slowly rolled up as a curtain, and they found themselves in a small protected bay. Before them, and sloping to the bay, was a beautiful small plain, of grassy lawn, with a hill for a background, and framed in foliage, just like a natural stage prepared for its drama. It proved, indeed, a stage for a real tragedy; for here was to be enacted the first act of the Christian drama in the land of Maine. As Christianity began with a bloody sacrifice, and from the hands of those who should be its friends, so in Maine, the first sacrifice was of blood, and from those of kindred blood.

A landing was effected, and the cross planted. Holy mass was celebrated, and the new mission was dedicated to the Holy Saviour, to

REV. THOMAS H. WALLACE.
Lewiston.

him who had heard their prayer, and guided them to the charming spot. This we may regard as the first Christian settlement in Maine. It was founded in 1612, and its site is generally believed to be what is now known as Furnald's Point, at the mouth of Somes Sound, on the island of Mt. Desert. This was a time of peace, and these were messengers of peace. Nevertheless, a war-like man sought them out, and treated them to all the horrors of barbaric warfare. Early one morning a certain Captain Argal, hailing from Virginia in body, but in spirit from a warmer region, entered the harbor in an armed vessel, destroyed the infant colony, and butchered or lead captive all its inmates. There were twenty-five in all, of whom the principal were M. de la Saussaye, commander of the French vessel, with M. de la Motte second in command, and a small crew, the chief missionaries being Father Peter Biard, Father Enemond Masse, and Brother Gilbert du Thet. Brother Gilbert, who was mortally wounded at the first discharge of shot that surprised the colony, was buried at the foot of the cross, and with him were buried the hopes of the mission ; for it was not resumed till 1889.*

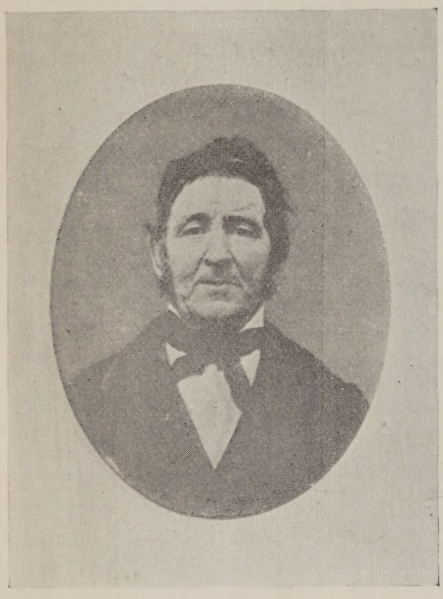
Nothing remained of that mission save the silent grave of a martyr beneath the mournful cross of the King of Martyrs ; and like grim watchers stood around a solemn phalanx of pine woods. The visitor to-day observes the scene as a typical place of sacrifice. A low-browed hillock in the background stands as altar, while the green sward sloping to the bay is the carpeted sanctuary. Beneath, the relics of the martyr; beyond, the chanting ocean ; around, the whispering pines. Above is nature's God ; below, adoring nature. (I often wonder some wealthy Catholic does not buy this plot of ground, and regard himself as favored janitor to this chapel of nature, so long since graced with supernatural charms. As for myself, " the spirit is willing," but the pocket is weak.)

THE LATE RT. REV. DAVID WILLIAM BACON, D. D.
First bishop of Portland.

After this event the Jesuits seem

* On the 14th of July, 1889, this portion of his mission was reëstablished by the present pastor of St. Sylvia's Church, Bar Harbor. His first mass for that purpose was celebrated that year on the feast of St. Bonaventure, in a little white school house at Northeast Harbor. This school building rests on an elevation looking towards the mouth of Somes Sound, the point where the Jesuits landed. (Monsignor Doane, of New Jersey, had said mass there a few years previously in a private dwelling.) Through the courtesy of the school committee of the village, this school house has since been used each summer for religious purposes by the Catholics who visit that section; but the pastor has continually striven to have a church erected there. He has now in his possession $500 collected for that purpose. Should the publishing of this item contribute toward the success of that plan the writer will be amply rewarded; $1,500 are still needed, but those Catholics who come there are mostly poor and are few in number.

to have disappeared from our scene for a time. But the Recollects, whose headquarters was at Quebec,



JAMES JACKSON KAVANAGH.

Son of James Kavanagh, first settler of Damariscotta Mills.

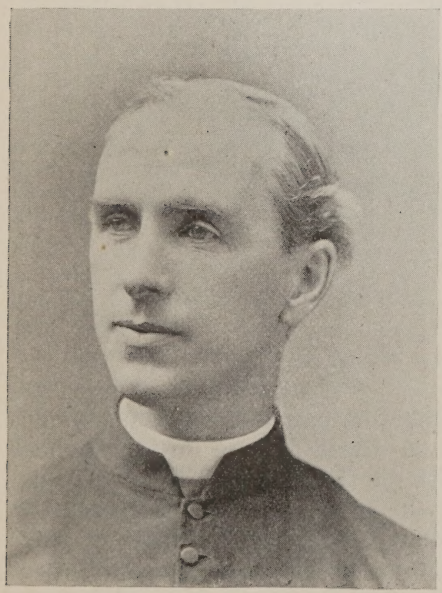
penetrated the forests in search of souls with gratifying success. Their efforts brought them to the Penobscot and the Kennebec, where they found the Capuchins had commenced foundations of their order, in the early half of the seventeenth century; a convent on the Penobscot, and a hospice on the Kennebec.

In 1642 it appears that God exposed the wonderful power of his grace by infusing the missionary spirit into the heart of one of the native children of the forest. An Algonquin Indian, Charles Meiaskwat, a noble neophyte of Sillery, by the exercise of charity and zeal, was the instrument of again spreading the knowledge of the faith among the Abnaki and of recalling the Jesuits to that part of the harvest. Having succeeded after much labor and peril in rescuing from the pagan Algonquin some captives who were Christian Abnaki, he then went with them to the Kennebec, visited Coussinoc (now Augusta), and other places, everywhere eloquently extolling the greatness of the Christian doctrine with its glorious promises. As a result some of the chiefs went to Sillery, embraced the faith, and invited "the black robes" to come to their wigwams. In answer to the request Father Druillettes began his mission on the Kennebec in 1646. The mission was named the Assumption, for the request came on the date of that feast. A simple chapel was constructed, and here the rude sons of the forests loved to listen to his instructions. The good priest required three things to be promised at the outset — to give up strong drink, to live in peace with all, and to abandon superstitious things and

MISS WINEFRIDE KAVANAGH.

Sister of Governor Kavanagh. She founded the Kavanagh School at Portland.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, DAMARISCOTTA MILLS.
As remodelled in 1891–93 under the pastorate of Rev. J. M. Harrington.

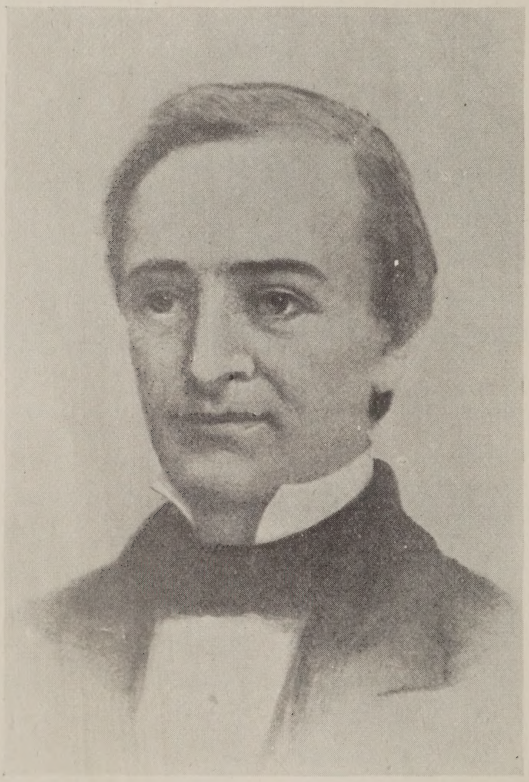


REV THOMAS F. BUTLER.
Ellsworth

FRANK M. KAVANAGH.

Youngest living male member of the Kavanagh family; grandson of James Kavanagh, the first settler.

customs. All agreed to these conditions. Here we have the first Maine liquor law; an effective one, too, because it was voluntarily accepted. The English at Coussinoc, two miles away, were charmed at the evident success of Father Druillettes in this mission. The good priest

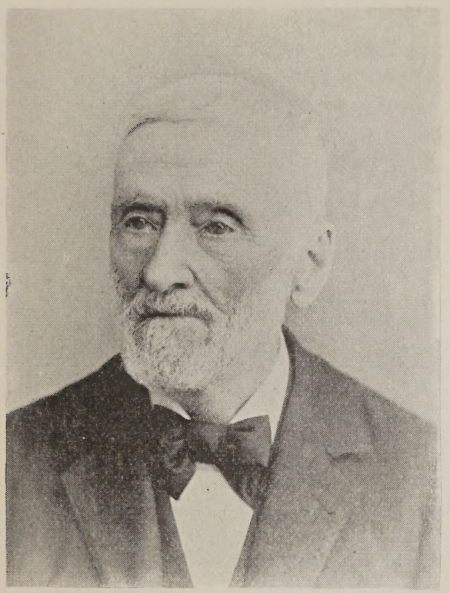


HON. EDWARD KAVANAGH.
Acting governor of Maine in 1843; son of James Kavanagh.

and his flock acquired a strong mutual attachment as the work progressed. But the demands of other missions forced him to leave them in the following spring: and the grief of pastor and flock was most affecting at the parting. In 1650 he returned, this time making Norridgewock, the chief of the Abnaki villages, as his headquarters. Great, indeed, was their joy at his return. The chief embraced him and thanked God in glowing words. A volley of firearms was given and a banquet was spread in every cabin: for he must visit all the wigwams and there be entertained. "We have thee at last," they cried. "Thou art our father, our patriarch, our countryman. Thou livest like us, thou dwellest with us; thou art an Abnaki like us. Thou bringest back joy to all the country. We had thought of leaving our land to seek thee, for many have died in thy absence. We were losing all hope of reaching heaven. Those whom thou didst instruct performed all they had learnt, but their

heart was weary, for it sought thee and could not find thee." (Shea, Hist. Cath. Mis.)

This worthy son of Loyola had also a political mission from the Gover-



WILLIAM S. BRANNAGAN.

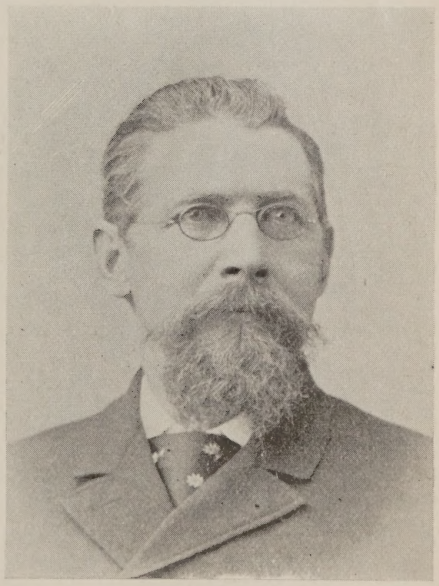
Born in county Meath, Ireland; came to this country when young and lived several years in Boston; went to Belfast, Me., over 50 years ago, to open a branch store for the Boston firm which he represented, and has since lived there. Mr. Brannagan was never married. He has endeared himself to the Catholics of Belfast by his handsome gift of a church, and his name is thus inseparably associated with the history of Catholicity in Maine.

nor of Canada, which took him to Boston, where he was well received by the sons of the Pilgrims, especially so at Roxbury by Elliott, who was also devoted to the cause of the Indians.

In 1688 Father Bigot resumed labors on the Kennebec : and Father Thury, celebrated for his learning and zeal, came also from Quebec; and under the protection of the Baron St. Castine did similar noble work on the Penobscot. At the same time Father Simon, a Recollect, had charge of a mission at Medoktek near the mouth of the St. John's river.

But disputes arose between the English and French in regard to the rights of domain. And the resulting wars made missionary work extremely hazardous as well as difficult. Still the work went bravely on, and with gratifying results.

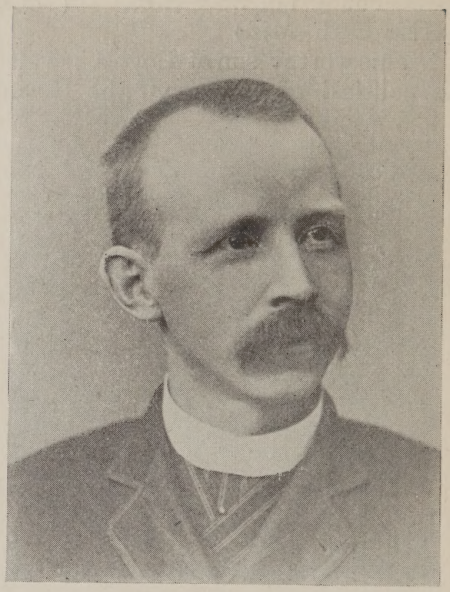
Famous among the missionaries of this period stands the name of Father Sebastian Rale. He was at Norridgewock in 1695. He accompanied the Indians in their various excursions, sharing their hardships, hunting, fishing, and the like. And a tent which formed their chapel was borne with them, like to the custom of the children of Israel of old. In 1703 a war arose between



JAMES CUNNINGHAM.

Born at Mannorhamilton, Co. Leitrim, Ireland; landed in Boston in 1863; his father was a mason and builder and he worked at the trade until 1870, since which time he has been in business for himself; built the Union Railway Station and very many of the finest buildings in Portland; has been a member of the city council seven years, and overseer of poor three years; belongs to every Irish-American and Catholic society in the city.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.
Before remodelling.
The oldest Catholic Church in New England; built in 1803.



THOMAS F. DONAHUE.

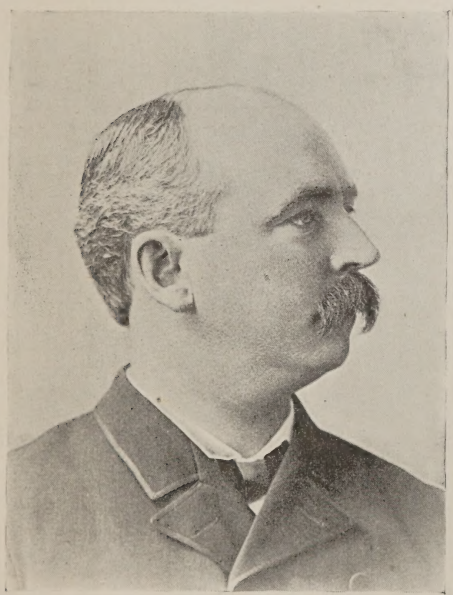
Thomas F. Donahue, one of the most prominent and successful clothing merchants in Maine; began life as a poor boy, being obliged to shift for himself; learned the clothing cutter's trade and rose to the position of foreman in a wholesale clothing house; began business on his own account in a modest way about 12 years ago, and is now the only clothing dealer in Portland who owns the building in which he is doing business; for four years he was trustee of the State Reform School.

COL. ALBERT W. BRADBURY.

United States district attorney for the district of Maine, is the son of the late Hon. Bion Bradbury; rendered distinguished services during the war of the rebellion, winning the brevet rank of colonel for gallantry; read law with his father and was admitted to practice in 1867; has been one of the democratic leaders of Maine since the war; was city solicitor of Portland; is a brilliant speaker and has won distinction as a criminal lawyer; his appointment as district attorney was asked for by members of the bar from every section of the state. Colonel Bradbury is a convert to the Catholic faith.

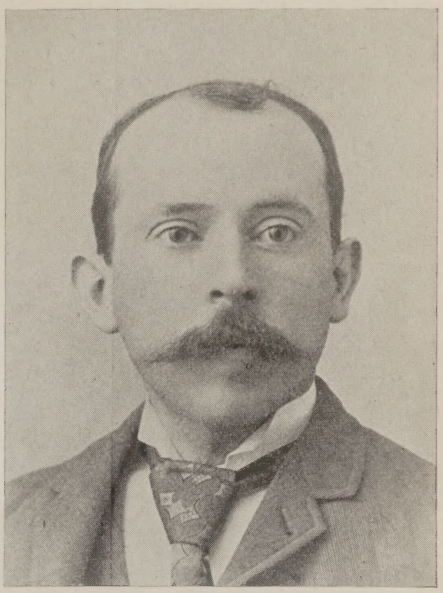
INTERIOR OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, NEWCASTLE.
Before remodelling.

England and France which involved the colonies and their allies. New England passed a law condemning Catholic missionaries to imprisonment for life; nevertheless this same New England sought to use the well-known influence of the missionaries with the Indians to induce the Abnaki to be neutral in the war. Naturally the French missionaries refused to weaken the cause of their countrymen and assist their avowed enemies. This caused the missionaries to be more especially an object of hatred to the English, and the blood of Father Rale, in particular, was determinedly sought. A reward was offered for his head; bribery of Indians was tried, and several expeditions of armed men surprised the village while the braves were absent; but all in vain; the priest whom they sought still lived. However, they did succeed in profaning, robbing, and burning his church. Among the stolen articles was Father Rale's Abnaki dictionary, a monument of many years' hard study and labor. This is now a valued possession of Harvard College, and is the most authoritative work of the kind in existence. It is the simplest and best



JOHN B. DONOVAN.

John B. Donovan was born at Leeds, Me., March 31, 1856; graduated from the State Normal School, Farmington, Me., 1876; read law with Hon. W. Gilbert of Bath; admitted to the Sagadahoc bar in 1879, and graduated from the Boston Law University in 1880; commenced the practice of law in Biddeford immediately after graduating, where he remained in practice until 1884, when he removed to Alfred, Me., his present residence. He was a member of the Maine Legislature from Biddeford, in 1882-83; during that time he served on the Legislative Commission, which revised the Maine statutes. In Alfred, Mr. Donovan has served on the school committee; was chairman of the Democratic state committee of Maine from 1890-94; appointed United States marshal for the district of Maine, Feb. 20, 1894, and resigned as chairman of the state committee, after assuming his duties as marshal; married, and has four children living.

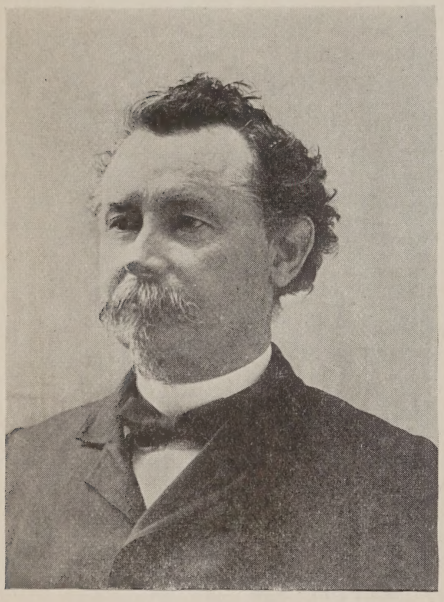


JOSEPH A. McGOWAN.

Born in Ireland July 21, 1859; youngest son of Patrick McGowan; educated in the public schools of Portland; is now chief clerk and cashier in the Portland office of the Grand Trunk Railway company; also chairman of the finance committee of the Falmouth Loan and Building Association; closely identified with the religious, social, literary, and political life of Portland; elected president of the Common Council in 1892; instrumental in establishing free evening school; elected alderman in 1893; married in 1891 to Miss Bertha H. Kohling of Portland; they have one daughter.

proof of the scholarly attainments of its author.

Even the Indians now urged the



D. O'C. O'DONOGHUE.

Born at Cahirciveen, county Kerry, Ireland; was commissioned civil assistant on the ordnance survey of Ireland at an early age; arrived in New York before the civil war; served two years with the army of the Potomac on engineer duty; in 1865 appointed chief clerk by the present chief of engineers in the United States engineer's office at Portland, charged with the construction of sea coast defences, and harbor and river improvements, holding that responsible position for 27 years; was a prominent leader in the Fenian movement; in 1869, elected member of the school board of Portland, believed to be the first Catholic chosen to that office in Maine; was instrumental in securing the appointment of the first Catholic woman teacher in the public schools of Portland, and also of the appointment of the first Catholic trustee of the Reform School; was division adjutant general on Governor Chamberlain's staff and later inspector of the division.

brave priest to forsake his post among them, and to fly to Canada, when they observed the persistence of the English in seeking to destroy him. But his reply to them shows the character of the man.

"My measures are taken," said he. "God has committed this flock to my care, and I will share its lot — too happy, if permitted to sacrifice my life for it." And he remained, for he was a true shepherd, not a hireling. "The good shepherd," we are told, "giveth his life for his flock. But the hireling fleeth, because he is a hireling."

By the peace of Utrect, 1713, Maine became English territory, and the Indians of Norridgewock sent a deputation to Boston to obtain workmen to rebuild their church, destroyed in one of the expeditions meant to capture their priest. The governor offered gratis all the assistance needed, provided they would dismiss Father Rale, and accept a

DOCTOR LOUIS J. MARTEL.

Born, Nov. 21, 1850, in St. Hyacinthe, province of Quebec; graduated from Victoria Medical college, Montreal; went to Lewiston in 1873; has taken great interest in the naturalization of his fellow-country men and has organized state and general conventions of the French-Canadians; is president of the French-Canadian alliance of the United States; established the Messager newspaper, in 1880; has been member of the legislature and president of the board of aldermen of Lewiston; was one of the founders of the hospital of the Sisters of Charity.

minister of his choosing. But the offer was indignantly refused and

the red men returned to find aid from Frenchmen at Quebec. Another expedition to capture Father Rale, even in time of peace, was organized by Colonel Westbrook in 1722. It numbered 230 men, and selected the hunting season. Yet they succeeded only in damaging and pillaging and burning. The priest remained, but his church was ashes. The good priest was now in danger of starvation till aid came from Quebec. The result of this case. On the 23d of August, 1724, a band of English and Mohawk Indians surprised and were about to destroy the village of the Abnaki. But Father Rale perceived the danger to his people. Knowing that his life was the object sought, he resolved to sacrifice himself that others might be spared. He hastened to the open square, as well as his infirmities would permit (for he had become lame by a fall in the pursuit of his duty). There he stood in plain view

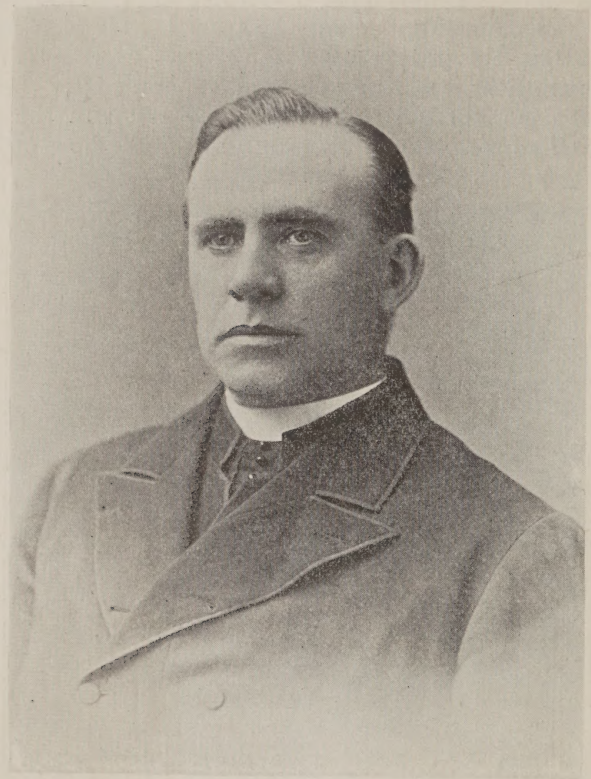
THE LATE VERY REV. JOHN W. MURPHY.

Late vicar general of the diocese; builder of St. Mary's Church, Bangor, and of St. Dominick's Church, Portland; was exceedingly popular everywhere; three of his brothers also priests, of whom one still lives, Rev. Daniel Murphy of Dover, N. H.

was another war, for the Indians were roused to desperation by the outrage. Perseverance generally accomplishes its object. So in this beneath the mission cross. And there the defenceless and lame old hero stood as a target for the whole attacking party. Seven chiefs, true

to the last, stood by him, and perished with him. They were his bodyguard, and went with him as a deputation from their tribe into the presence of the King of kings. The body of the priest was fairly riddled with bullets; the grouping pines in grim silence stood as a watching guard.

After the whites had departed the Indians who had escaped returned, and reverently buried the remains of their faithful pastor on the spot



VERY REV. M. C. O'BRIEN, V.G.
Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Bangor.

and even after death it was hacked, maltreated, and stripped of its clothing. Then began the same programme of profaning and robbing and burning. The church was entered, the altar rifled, the sacred Host and consecrated vessels profaned. Finally the church was burned, and the village, this time, destroyed; and thus once more, in the confines of Maine, the silent remains of a martyr rested at the foot of the silent cross of the King of martyrs, while where once stood the altar at which he had so often offered for them sacrifice and given them counsel.

The grave remained unmarked until Bishop Fenwick in after years raised a monument on the spot in his honor. This event took place on Aug. 29, 1833, 109 years after the death of the noble old man.

Wars and oppression did sad havoc among the missions, till the opening of the revolutionary war, yet the Indians of Maine, even though be-

reft [of pastors, had preserved the faith and teaching of Catholicity. On espousing the cause of the Federals, they implored that pastors might be sent them. The authorities at Boston would be glad to comply with the request but were unable. Thus by the designs of Providence, it came to pass that the very men who had persecuted the priests would now be glad to have them at their disposal, that they might satisfy the demands of the appealing red men.

However, in 1794, the Rev. John Cheverus, a priest then stationed at Boston, but since well known to fame as the first Bishop of Boston, and later Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, took note of the forlorn condition of the Indians, and gave his attention to the study of the Abnaki. Then he visited the tribes in Maine. As we may easily imagine, he was amazed and delighted to hear ringing through the woods the rich melody of Dumont's Royal Mass; to learn that the children had received instruction from their own parents in the wild woods; and to find, in a word, that his glorious religion was preserved in all its purity by these children of the forest, even though so many long and eventful years had elapsed since they had enjoyed the presence of a pastor. Truly "the Lord is wonderful in his works."

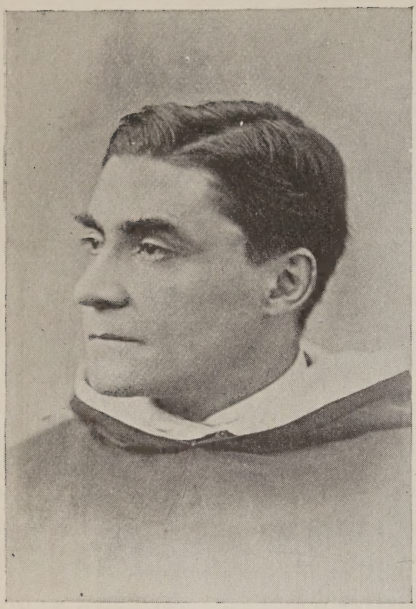
At intervals after this pastors were sent to them when possible. And to-day, owing to the generous efforts of successive bishops, they are in a condition to enjoy all the religious privileges possessed by their white brothers. They are now grouped on reservations at Indian Island, Oldtown, and at Pleasant Point, near Eastport. Their churches are substantial structures and are dedicated to St. Ann,

Interior of St. Patrick's Church, as remodelled by Rev. J. M. Harrington.

to whom the Indians are devoted. They are devout and docile Catholics. Rev. Father F. X. Trudel, of Oldtown, and Rev. John O'Dowd, of Eastport, are their zealous pastors, receiving from the government as their only salary for this work the trifling sum of $100 or $200. The good Sisters of Mercy dwell amongst them, and attend to the matter of their education. During the summer season these Indians hasten to Bar Harbor to engage in the sale of their curious wares, and they are not the least noticeable of our summer visitors at this delightful resort.

THE FRENCH.

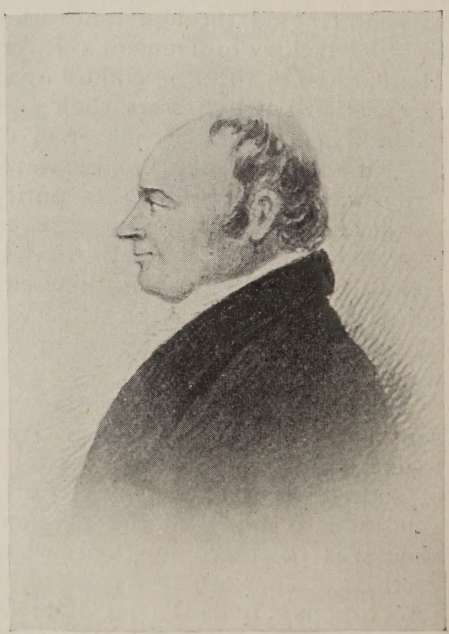
Leaving now the question of the Indian Missions, a most engaging topic from many points of view, we wish to say a word or two about our brethren of French extraction; but our limited space forces us to be brief.



VERY REV. A. L. MOTHON, O. P.
Prior and pastor of Dominicans SS. Peter and Paul's Church.

From the establishment of the Plymouth Company in 1620, to the fall of Quebec in 1759, there was almost continual wrangling between rival claimants for domain, frequently involving in war English, French, and Indians. The result was that the French settlers were, for the most part, driven from the territory of Maine, or were prevented from obtaining a foothold.

The inhabitants of Acadia (in its latter limits) were of French extraction; but as they were not particularly interested in the many wars, they took no active part in them, and they were recognized by both English and French treaties as neutral. They were, of course, Catholic; and owing to their freedom from wars, enjoyed all the prosperity and other advantages that go with a peaceful, pastoral life. Nevertheless the English determined to dislodge them. Hatred for their religion and desire to possess their land are the only reasons that may be advanced to explain; nothing can justify. In the spring of 1755 an expedition went to drive these Catholic inhabitants from their homes, for the sole cause that they were Catholic, and enjoying the blessings of peace and industry. Their homes were burned, villages destroyed, many slaughtered, and 2,000 sent into captivity along the coast settlements as far south as Florida. Those who escaped settled on the St. John's river till the opening of the Revolution. Having then espoused the cause of the Federals, they were again dislodged by the English, and they went to that part of Maine called Madawaska. Here they prospered, and, in time, were joined by their Canadian brothers who preferred a land of freedom to English rule. In after years, as

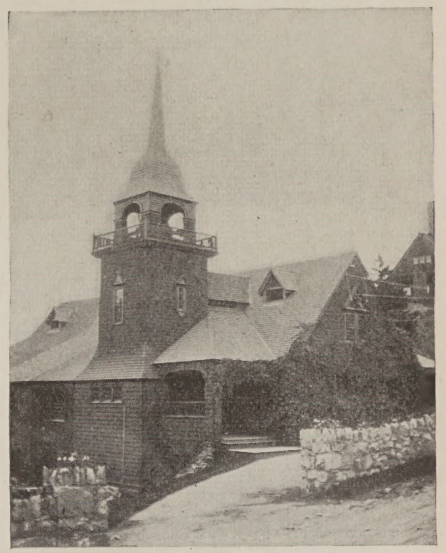


MATTHEW COTTRILL.
First Catholic settler in Damariscotta (then Nobleboro), Me.; born in 1764; died April 20, 1828.

manufacturing enterprises sprang up in the state, others came and located in every hive of industry. With them came their priests, their customs, and their language. To-day they number about 40,000, whose religious wants are attended to by about 40 priests and an army of sisters.

THE IRISH.

There remains still to be briefly treated a source of supply to the advance of the Catholic Church in Maine, which is well worthy of note. Previous to the war of the Revolution the Irish element in Maine was so small as scarcely to need mention. A settlement existed, indeed, at Damariscotta and Whitefield, where the earliest churches, attended by white Catholics alone, were built. Here the Kavanaghs, the Madigans, and a few others, formed the nucleus of our earliest congregation of this description. Even at that early date the families I have mentioned were distinguished for that clearness of



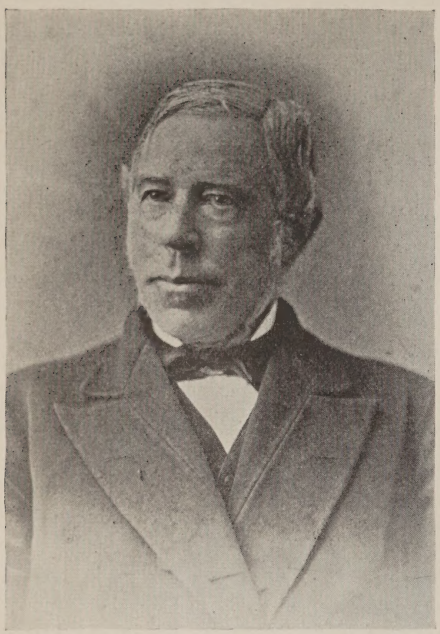
ST. SYLVIA'S CHURCH, BAR HARBOR, MT. DESERT.

mind, earnestness of purpose, and purity of motive, which God has ever since preserved to them, rendering them shining examples of what manly Catholics should be.

In the more prosperous states many children of the Gael were found, and were present as sponsors at the bloody baptism of the infant nation. They had been drawn hither by the same ambition which had induced most of the early settlers of our land to leave the haunts of their childhood. A home was to be won and a name carved more surely, if not more easily, in this new land of many wonders than elsewhere. Strong, self-reliant, honestly ambitious; such was the "raw material" of the various groups welded together in the cause of freedom when the hour was ripe. They joined, fought, and won. Rumors of the free land were not long in reaching the op-

DOMINICAN BLOCK, LEWISTON.

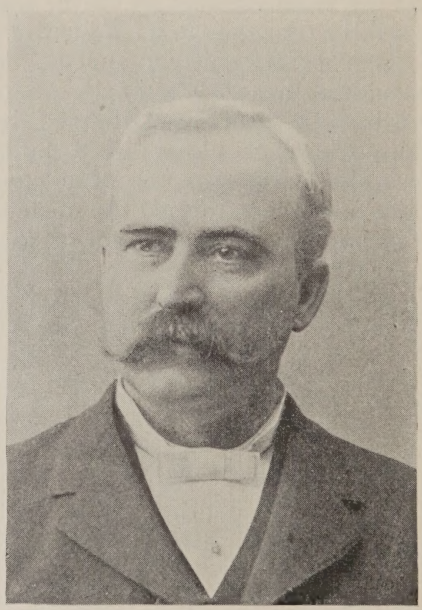
French Parochial School under the charge of the Sisters of Sion.



PATRICK MCGOWAN, SR.

Born in Gurteendarragh, county Leitrim, Ireland, Sept. 1, 1818; married Miss Sarah McGloin at the age of 23; emigrated to America and settled in Portland in 1862; for the past 20 years has been engaged in the Catholic book business, conducting also an agency for European steamship lines; has been instrumental in circulating the best Catholic literature throughout the state of Maine; for 12 years an active member of the Portland school board, being at present senior member of that body; has two sons, T. P., of the firm of McGowan & Young, and Joseph A., cashier of the Grand Trunk Railway at Portland, and two married daughters, Mrs. Bernard Connolly and Mrs. E. J. Young; the celebration of his golden wedding in May, 1891, was a noteworthy event, the venerable couple receiving the congratulations of Bishop Healy, Mayor True, and others prominent in religious and civil life.

pressed. Irishmen love dearly their native land; but they love freedom more, and so they flocked to the new nation. When the great tide of immigration set in, the largest number went to New York and Boston, but Maine received its humble quota. From 1830 to 1850 a constant stream of these immigrants found its way to the young nation of the "stars and stripes." This was in the time of sailing passenger vessels, and many of the lines touched at St. John's, Eastport, or Machias. At these ports the new-comers disembarked and marched in a sort of procession along the coast, some few dropping off here and there, as work was found for strong and willing hands. Generally the heaviest part of their effects was the Irish heart which would turn to the isle and the friends they had left with a longing that must be felt to be understood. Such was the scattering of the seed for the Irish portion of our church in lower Maine. In this way it happened that the children of Erin settled along the coast in groups of a few families, which in time were joined by incoming relatives, till the



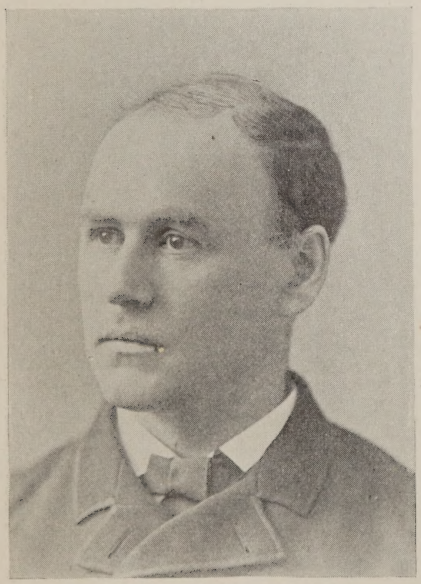
DENNIS A. MEAHER.

Born in Gardiner, Me., Feb. 21, 1847. His parents were James M. Meaher and Alice Landers Meaher who then made their home in that city, but removed a few years later to Mobile, Ala., where the father became extensively engaged in the steamboat and lumber business. After graduating at Manhattan College, in 1867, Mr. Meaher was engaged for a time in the lumber business in Mobile. Returning north, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in Augusta, Me., in 1875, subsequently locating in Portland. In 1891 he was married to Alice L. Gallison of Portland.

seed of the new church resembled a sort of rosary ornamenting the rude scene; and thus the present state

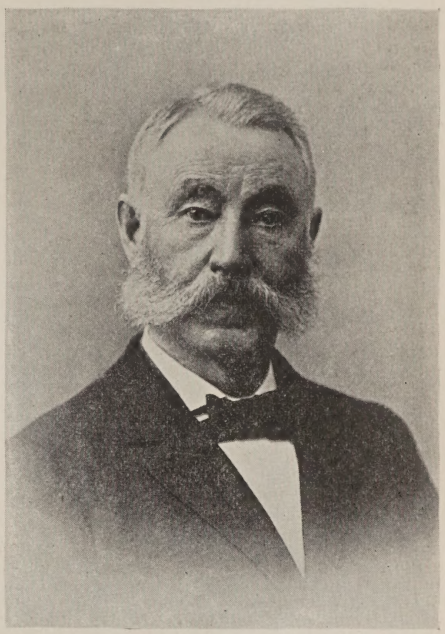
of things was by divine Providence prepared for. Bishop Bacon caused missions to be formed among them, arranged to suit their wants. Churches sprang into existence at something like equal intervals of about 30 miles apart, and each of these in turn became the source of other ventures of a similar nature; all of which plan received renewed impulse under the zealous administration of Bishop Healy. The latter loves to make a journey along this coast line about once in three years, confirming, comforting, reconciling, and strengthening, according to the wants of each. Thus he passes from Bangor to Ellsworth, to Cherryfield, to Machias, to Eastport, and to Calais: returning by rail through the more important cities of Bangor, Augusta, Hallowell, Gardiner, or by Lewiston, Waterville, and Brunswick to Portland. In this journey he reaches the major part of his extended flock. The larger cities are, of course, visited much oftener than this, and all are visited as often as circumstances permit or necessity requires.

A unique settlement farther north about a day's journey from Ba-



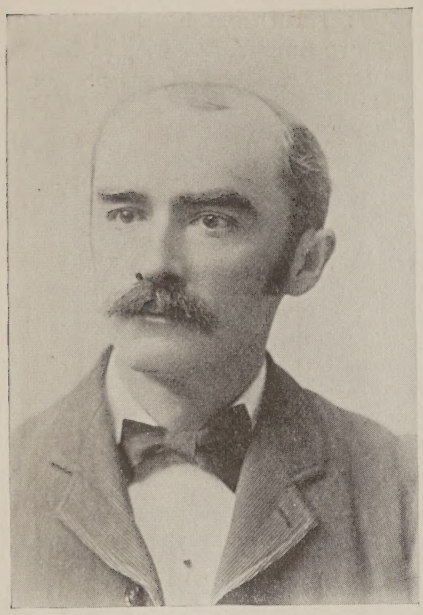
W. H. LOONEY.

William Henry Looney, born in Portland, Maine, March 28, 1854; educated in the public schools of Portland, and at Colby University, Waterville, Maine; admitted to the Cumberland Bar, 1879; city Solicitor of Portland from 1882 to 1885; member of the Maine Legislature from 1887 to 1880; introduced and advocated the enactment of ten-hour bill, and Australian ballot bill; has been for many years President of St. Patrick's Conference of St. Vincent de Paul; is President of the Portland Catholic Total Abstinence Society; was a delegate to Catholic congresses at Baltimore and Boston; is a prominent member of the Sons of Veterans.



CHARLES MCCARTHY.

Born in Ireland in 1834; his parents went to Maine in 1840, where he has since resided; engaged in the clothing business in Portland in 1855, in which he continued till 1887 when he retired; has always been a democrat; served several years in the Common Council and Board of Aldermen of Portland, and was the democratic candidate for mayor of the city in 1887, being the first and only Catholic upon whom that honor was conferred; was elected City Treasurer in 1892, during his absence in Florida, which office he declined; was candidate for Presidential Elector at large in 1884 and again in 1888; is a director in the Portland and Rochester Railroad, and a trustee of the Main Eye and Ear Infirmary.



DOMINICK J. KANE.

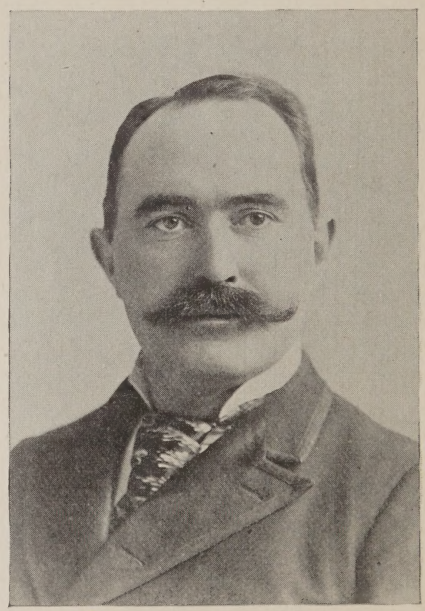
Born in Bangor, Me., Aug. 7, 1854, the youngest of nine children; son of William and Catherine Kane, natives of Castlebar and Newport, county Mayo, Ireland, who first settled in Boston, Mass., in 1835, going to Bangor in 1836. After leaving the Bangor high school in 1871, Mr. Kane became clerk for a wholesale grocery house and in 1880 went into business under the firm name of Kane & O'Connell, becoming sole proprietor in 1882, and for years doing the largest retail grocery business in Bangor. He has always been prominent in Catholic church matters and societies. He served in both branches of the city government, being chairman of many important committees. In October, 1893, he was appointed by President Cleveland United States consul to Charlottetown, P. E. I. Mr. Kane was married in 1884 to Miss Jennie Lintott of Newark, N. J. They have three sons.

bears the appropriate name Benedicta. It was blessed at its birth by the fact that it was composed entirely of Irish Catholic blood, and it has never lost its birthmark. It is named in honor of Bishop Fenwick, whose Christian name was Benedict, — Benedict Joseph Fenwick, — for it was he that organized the colony. Their talented young pastor of to-day, Rev. Father Reardon, is quite charmed with the earnest Catholic spirit there exhibited, and I am sure the charm proves to be mutual. Thus like a jewel of the first water, its proper place is where it rests, close to the heart of the state.

SUMMARY.

To give one a fair idea of the rapid progress of Catholicity in the state, nothing may be more convincing than statistics; therefore we deem it well to submit a few.

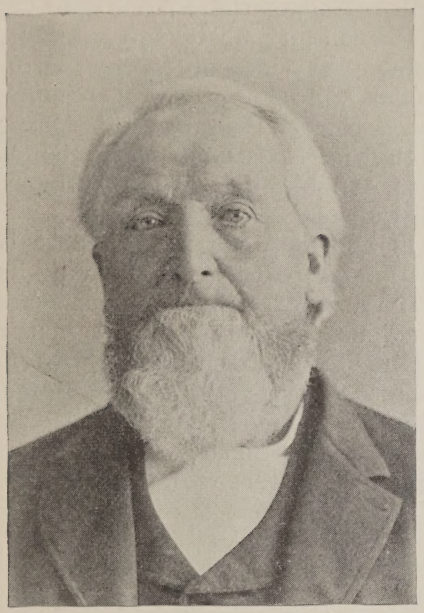
According to the "Gazetteer of Maine," when in 1820 Maine became a state, there were only two Catholic churches, having in all only 500 members in the whole state. These churches, in all probability, were at Whitefield and Damariscotta. I feel



D. J. MCGILLICUDDY.

D. J. McGillicuddy, born in Lewiston, Maine; thirty-five years of age; fitted for college in the public schools of Lewiston; graduated from Bowdoin College in class of 1881, and immediately began the study of law in the office of Frye, Cotton & White in Lewiston; was admitted to the bar in the fall of 1883; in 1884 was elected as a democrat to the Maine State Legislature; in 1887 elected mayor of Lewiston and re-elected in 1890; was delegate-at-large from Maine to the Democratic National Convention held at Chicago in 1892; was the democratic candidate for congressman from the second congressional district in Maine, in 1892; and was recently re-nominated as a democratic candidate for congress in the same district for 1894.

certain that the Indians were not included in the calculation. At that time there were of all denominations



BERNARD ESMOND.

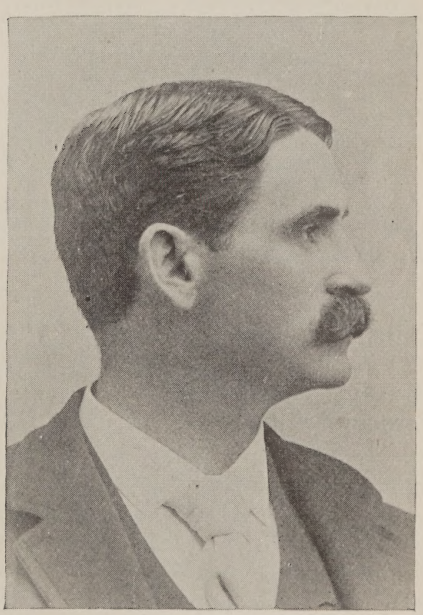
Bernard Esmond was born Oct. 15, 1820, in Gardiner, Me., on the old homestead where he still resides. He is the son of Martin Esmond, a native of Enniscorthy, who left Ireland in the stirring days of '98, and of Jane Stuart, a convert to the faith, who was four degrees removed from the Scottish Stuarts and who was born at Armagh. Martin Esmond was a member of the Charitable Irish Society of Boston in the early years of this century, and Jane Stuart heard that "sound of revelry by night" at Brussels which presaged Napoleon's downfall. After the death of his brother, who was studying in Montreal for the priesthood, Bernard Esmond began to prepare for the Church, and studied at Montreal and at Baltimore. Deciding finally that he was not called to the priesthood, he returned home, and has ever since been one of the strong bulwarks of Catholicity in Maine. He has held various political offices, and has been United States mail agent and inspector of customs. In 1843 Gov. Kavanagh appointed him major and aide-de-camp to the commander of the Maine militia. Mr. Esmond married Mary O'Brien, whose father managed for Bishop Fenwick the Mt. Benedict farm. She died about three years ago.

in the state 130 churches, with an aggregate membership of 6,000.

In 1880, according to the same authority, there were 40,000 Catholics in the whole state, having 49 churches, 4 academies for girls, 3 orphan asylums, and 11 parochial schools, all under the care of 40 priests.

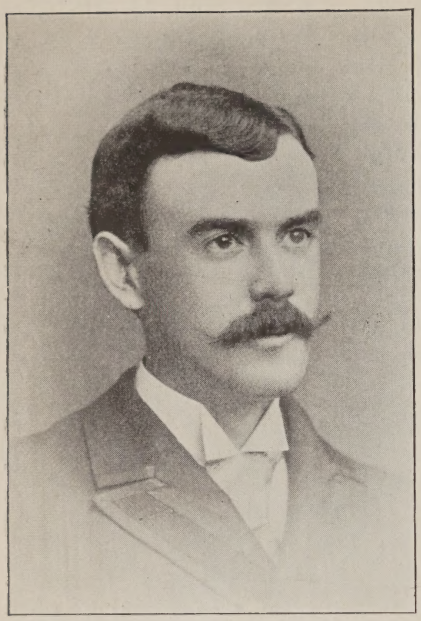
In 1894, according to the Catholic directory, we have—

Churches	74
Chapels	10
Priests	80
Dom. Lay Brothers	4
Sisters of Mercy	112
" " Charity	24
" " Cong. Notre Dame	8
" " Good Shepherd	35
" " Holy Family	7
Daughters of Sion	39
Urseline Sisters	15



JOHN J. LYNCH.

Gen. John J. Lynch was born in Lewiston, Me., Aug. 30, 1853, but since his fifth year has lived in Portland. After graduating from the Portland high school and from Holy Cross college with high honors, he read law in Portland and was admitted to the bar in 1879. In 1878 he was elected first lieutenant of the Portland Montgomery Guards, the present champions of New England. Gov. Plaisted appointed him inspector general on his staff, with the rank of brigadier general, in 1881. Elected colonel of the first regiment of Maine militia in 1884, he served six years, and brought his command to the front rank of the regiments of New England. Two years ago he served as city solicitor of Portland and is now a candidate for the office of postmaster of that city.



CHARLES H. DRUMMY.

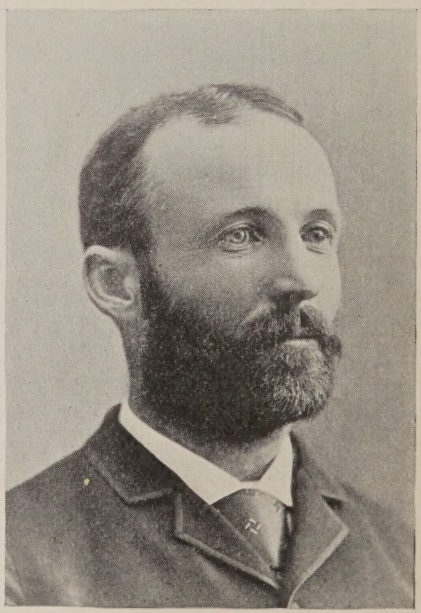
Lawyer; born, educated, and admitted to the bar in Ellsworth, where he now practises law; though still very young, he stands high in public esteem. He is of Irish parentage.

College for boys	1
Pupils	85
Convent academy for girls .	4
Parochial schools	17
Pupils	6,100
Schools for Indian children .	3
Orphanages, 4; Orphans .	106
Hospitals	2
Home for aged women . .	1
Indian Catholic population .	900
Total Catholic population white, about	83,000

COMPOSITION.

Of the total Catholic population to-day, 83,000, about one half is French, or of French origin. The other half is, for the most part, of Irish origin. The priests are similarly divided, as the circumstances require; and nearly all the younger clergy, of the English-speaking class, are of native birth and education. Of the faithful, aside from the French, nearly nine tenths are of native birth. Among the French portion, on the contrary, about seven tenths, I should say, are of foreign birth. Thus it will be seen, if my computation be correct, that about three fifths of the entire Catholic population is American by birth, not speaking of the Indians.

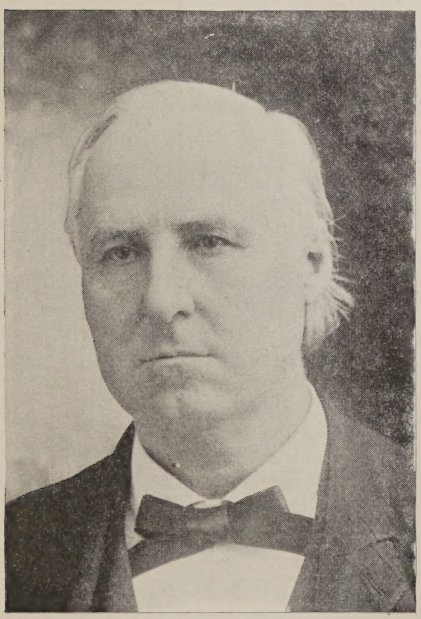
The northern part of the state is nearly exclusively French in its Catholic population. The same are found also in large numbers in the manufacturing districts, — Lewiston, Auburn, Augusta, Waterville, Brunswick, Westbrook, and Biddeford. The Irish portion of our flock are found everywhere within the shadow



EDWARD E. BRADY.

Mr. Brady is a native of Ellsworth, where he still resides. He has always lived there except while at school and for a few years afterward. To-day he ranks among the first of the business men of the town, and enjoys the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens.

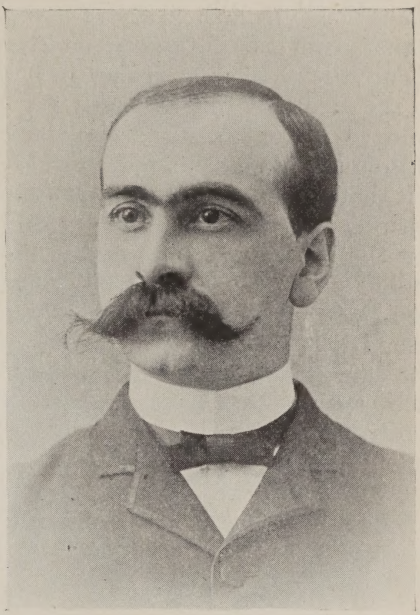
of the church; but they are especially noted in the larger cities,—Portland, Biddeford, Lewiston, Bangor, Augusta. And wherever the latter are found in sufficient numbers there is sure to be found all the institutions of zeal and charity which love to nestle neath the wing of our pelican, dear Mother Church. The same is true of the French; but it generally requires a larger population of the latter to accomplish the same results. To the French belongs the credit of the entire early Catholic history of



EDMUND MADIGAN.

Hon. Edmund Madigan, of Presque Isle, was born Sept. 4, 1835, the son of Captain John Madigan, of Newcastle, Lincoln county, Maine. Graduating at the Harvard Law School in 1860, Mr. Madigan was admitted to the bar in the same year. In 1877 and 1878 he was elected to the state senate from Aroostook county. His career has been one of distinguished success, and he enjoys the distinction of being one of the ablest lawyers in Maine. Commander John Madigan, of the United States navy, who died in October, 1870, and Hon. J. C. Madigan, of Houlton, who died in October, 1879, were Mr. Madigan's brothers.

the state. All the sufferings, all the zeal, all the bravery and devotion, are theirs; and to them, under God, is the honor due. These things



THOMAS J. LYNCH.

Hon. Thomas J. Lynch, postmaster of Augusta, Me., was born in that city, Nov. 30, 1858. His early education was received in the public schools and at the Dirigo business college. He began his business career in a grocery as clerk and afterward as bookkeeper. After reading law with Gardner C. Vose, he was admitted to the bar in 1885. He was city clerk in 1884 and 1885. From 1885 until 1889 he served as assistant postmaster. In January, 1894, he was appointed postmaster of Augusta. He is director in the Augusta, Hallowell & Gardiner street railroad, trustee in the Kennebec savings bank, treasurer of the Augusta board of trade, and president of the Augusta Loan and Building association, of which he was one of the organizers. He has always taken great interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of the Catholic people in his locality. He is deputy supreme chancellor of the Catholic Benevolent Legion of Maine and treasurer of St. Mary's council No. 312 of Augusta. Mr. Lynch has always been very active in charitable work, and has been chairman of the Howard Benevolent Union, an organization which comprises representatives from every religious body in the city, and has done a great deal to alleviate the sufferings of the poor. He has always taken great pride and interest in the work of caring for the needy poor of his native city.

prove them to be a people of generous and impulsive hearts. But the French have been educated under a different system as regards church support, and it requires time to

render clear to them the necessity of direct voluntary support from the faithful in this country. Wherever the French have held sway government arranges all these matters. Hence they have become accustomed to the idea that the church is amply able to provide of her abundance. Not so the Irish who have for ages felt that the sinews of war are found entirely among themselves. Without the least doubt the great church builders of this country are the Irish and their descendants, especially the poor Irish. I cannot in justice say the same in an equal degree of the rich Irish. Men whose lives are mostly devoted to the enticing work of filling their own pockets are thereby educating themselves in the science of stinginess. When the pockets are full the education is complete.

CONCLUSION.

I had designed originally to finish this article by taking the reader on an imaginary excursion through lower Maine. In this way it would have been an easy matter to introduce some of our representative Catholics, both lay and cleric; to point out our work by its existing results; and, in a word, to give through your valued magazine a photograph of the Catholic church in Maine to-day — only "a snap shot," however. But even such an imperfect sketch I am forced to omit for the present; for my article has already reached its limit.

Let me remind the reader, however, ere we part, that the shape of our state, as it appears on the map, is admirably adapted to the proportions of a figure kneeling at a priedieu, with head raised. Imagine such a figure as the guardian of the state. The angel in fancy has reviewed the past, where all was darkness, then blood, then bigotry — children of darkness. In joy the angel sees the present. The soft rays of earliest morning tint first the cross, and everywhere the light shines on the works and the children of the cross. There is peace, liberty, and harmony in the present. The angel's head is raised to meet the hopeful cast of the future, and all is light.

"Out of the shadows of night,
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere."

Mountain Deer Pass.

WORN OUT.

GYPSY GIRL.

LAST DAYS OF JOHN McCULLOUGH.

BY JOSEPH HAWORTH.

THE actor can leave nothing behind him but a memory. Substantial evidences of his talent cannot remain after their author has ceased to be. What he possesses of world-inspiring genius must accompany him when he bids adieu to the footlights of earth and passes to that eternal stage where there is no shifting of scenes, no straining for effect, and where every part assigned by the omnipotent manager must be played forever.

It is in this respect, this limitation of his sphere of artistic endeavor to his own contemporaries, that the actor's calling is inferior to the other professions. The artist paints pictures which live and are admired by successive generations, until time has worn the oils from the canvas. The chiselled monuments of the sculptor's genius exist for centuries after the hand that carved them has been transformed into dust. The poet's songs, the novelist's characterizations, the playwright's productions, the minister's sermons, have no limit placed upon their existence.

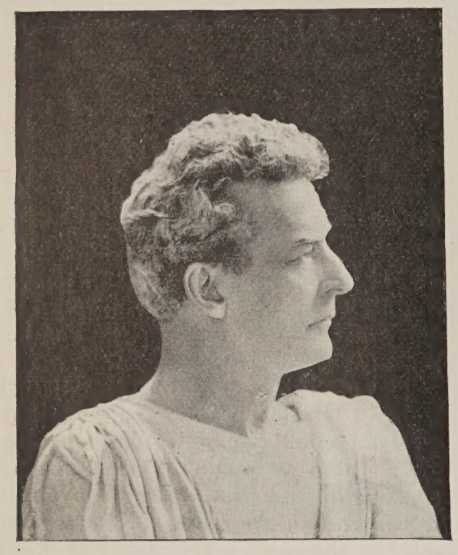
But the actor's works can have no being when he is dead save in the kindly recollections of those who witnessed his performances. After his death they enshrine him in their hearts and speak of him in words of love; but when those hearts have ceased to beat, and tongues can no longer utter loving phrases, the glory of the actor has departed and he becomes a tradition.

The place which John McCullough won for himself in the affections of his admiring countrymen was as conspicuous as it was unique. Great-hearted himself, he was naturally beloved in great-hearted America. Nearly nine years have passed since his noble spirit freed itself from its mortal tenement, but time has only served to fan the flame of love in the souls of those who knew him.

The career of John McCullough, from the time when he was a poor friendless unlettered boy until he became one of the foremost tragedians of the age, was of so marvellous a character that it commanded respect and admiration. His hosts of admirers are so familiar with his great achievements that no word of mine is needed to refresh their memories. I have been asked to write of the shadowed phase of this wonderful man's career; of those dread days which led up to the end.

John McCullough was a player of tragedies, but his own life culminated in a tragedy which, though bloodless, was more awful in its character than any he portrayed. A tragedy wherein a human body is sacrificed is a horrible spectacle to contemplate. Poor Mc-

Cullough's sacrifice was still more ghastly, for his was a tragedy of the mind. Insanity claimed him as its victim, touching him at first in so light and almost playful a fashion that it could hardly be regarded seriously, but continuing in a more assertive manner to clutch the unfortunate actor in its



John McCullough as Virginius.

spectral grasp, until finally his sturdy intellect tottered and fell from its throne. It was a sight that compelled a nation to shed tears of sympathy ; but to us whose fortune it was to be near this great and good man, it was an event so intensely pitiful that it will never be forgotten.

In the early part of the season of 1883, my second year with McCullough, I first detected symptoms of his mental weakness. It was in Philadelphia, while we were playing Virginius with the "Governor," as we loved to call McCullough, in the title-role. In the front scene, I, as Icilius, addressed him, and, to my surprise, he hesitated in his reply, as if his tongue was partially paralyzed. This lasted only for an instant. The audience did not notice that anything was wrong, and the occurrence was of so transitory a nature that it produced no effect upon me. The next night the same hesitancy was noticed, but even then the members of the company did not realize that there was any serious trouble.

Following the Philadelphia engagement, this hesitancy of speech manifested itself again and again in the cities we visited. There was also apparent, from time to time, a forgetfulness, which, combined with the other symptoms, forced us to the conclusion that all was not well with the "Governor." Captain Conner, his manager and warm friend, who was always solicitous for McCullough's health, became alarmed at the oft-recurring lapses of memory, and advised him to go abroad. This advice was followed at the close of the second season. McCullough visited Carlsbad and other places, but on his return to New York it was evident that no cure had been effected.

During the summer his disease continued, and when in September we met at McVicker's theatre, Chicago, to rehearse for the third and last season, it was painfully apparent to all the members of the company. Notwithstanding his condition, we started on the road, and for three weeks nothing of an unusual character occurred to mar our performances. During our stay in Milwaukee, McCullough and I were invited to the Soldiers' Home, by General Sharpe. The soldiers were all assembled in their hall to greet us, and to entertain them we gave the famous quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius. McCullough was not in first-class condition, his speech being slow and indistinct. For an encore, he recited, in simple fashion, "The Stowaway," and when this was loudly applauded, he insisted that I should read "Shamus O'Brien." I had hardly concluded, when McCullough started from his chair, took my arm, and saying, "Come, we must go," led me to the carriage. On the way I expostulated with him, and suggested that before taking our leave so unceremoniously, we ought to pay our respects to General

Sharpe. The "Governor" curtly replied "No!" He sat in the carriage for some time without speaking, as we drove away, and then turning to me said, "Joseph, I will play for you to-night." The night came, the play was Virginius, and his performance was magnificent. Never had I seen him in better form. We all congratulated him, hoping against hope that we might have been deceived regarding his mental condition.

Toward the latter part of September we reached Chicago, where we were billed for a two weeks' engagement. The first week was devoted to Virginius, and the play ran smoothly enough, owing to the vigilance of the members of the company, who were now always on the alert to hide from the audiences these evidences of mental weakening. On the Thursday night of our first week, McCullough gave a rendering of Virginius, the equal of which I never saw before, it was so rounded, finished, and beautiful. Mr. Elwyn Barron, the eminent critic of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, who was present, rendered a most complimentary verdict. Another well-known writer, Mr. McPhelim, of the Tribune, who has been termed the Willie Winter of the West, detected on the succeeding night the "Governor's" true condition, and advised in forcible Saxon his retirement, in order that the American public and his own health might be mutually benefited.

On the second Monday, Sept. 29, 1884, came the Gladiator by Dr. Bird, with the following cast: —

Spartacus	John McCullough
Phasarius	Joseph Haworth
Crassus	John A. Lane
Bracchius	H. A. Langdon
Sentulus	J. H. Shewell
Jovius	Joseph Ransome
Crixus	Erroll Dunbar
Florus	Frank Little
Enomaus	Edward Wilson
Fighting Gaul	William Haworth
Gellius	Porter J. White
Centurion	William Ingram
Senona	Mrs. Augusta Foster
Julia	Miss Viola Allen
Child	Master Frank Thropp

The "Governor" entered the theatre quite late, looking strangely dazed. He was dressed about a quarter past eight o'clock, and commenced his final public performance. The piece ran without a blemish until the second act, where the brothers meet in the arena, Spartacus recognizing Phasarius. They embrace at a certain cue which McCullough gave me. I rushed to him and threw my arms about his neck. To my amazement he did not respond by word or action. I looked up to see what was the matter. The tears were in his dear old eyes. He was trembling like a leaf from head to foot, and in accents broken by his emotion he clasped me about the neck, and said: "For God's sake, Joe, give me the line!" I did so. We finished the scene for which we were accustomed to receive five and six recalls; on this occasion we were given only two. The "Governor" turned to me as we came off, and said: "They" (referring to the audience) "are treating us gloriously to-night."

In the next act the "Governor" could not remember his speeches, and, to keep the scene up, I spoke his lines and my own. He looked at me in a helpless sort of way for some time, then said (loud enough for the audience to hear), "My boy, you are speaking my lines."

The audience laughed, and some hissed. I paid no attention to this demonstration, and delivered the famous Crucifixion speech as follows: —

> I saw a sight last night which turned my brain and set my comrades mad. The Roman highway is each side lined with crosses and on each cross is nailed a gladiator. Well, 'twas night, when, with a single follower, I did creep through the trenched army to that road and saw the executed multitude uplifted on the horrid engines. Some moved and writhed in mortal agony. Some howled and prayed for death. Some turned to lunatics and laughed at horror, while some with fierce and hellish strength had torn their bleeding arms free from the beams and so had died grasping headlong at air.

With this forcible conclusion I grew hysterical and sank upon the floor at

Spartacus' feet. McCullough with none of his old-time power delivered this line: "I swear for this to make Rome howl." The tears were rolling down his sunken cheek.

Later in the play Florus addressed Spartacus as follows: "General, you were best go to your tent; you are not fit for battle." The audience applauded and laughed and hissed again, thinking it a rare joke to see the great actor in his cups. They did not know the truth.

Now the climax was fast approaching. The scene was reached where Crassus, enacted by John A. Lane, stabbed Spartacus. McCullough did not fall till prompted to do so by Mr. Lane; and the auditors, perceiving only the humorous side of the situation, gave vent to their feelings in derisive laughter. McCullough awkwardly fell, gazing abstractedly at Crassus, and spoke the concluding lines of the tragedy: "Set forth your sails, we shall be in Thrace anon." The words were ominous, like a prophecy, and when he had finished the curtain was lowered never to be lifted again for John McCullough.

After he was assisted to his feet by Mr. Lane and myself, he went before the curtain and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, you are the best-mannered audience I ever saw. If you had suffered to-night as I have, you would not have done this. Good-night." These were McCullough's last words before the curtain.

At the close of this performance, Mr. Brooks, the acting manager, notified the company that the season had closed, as Mr. McVicker would not permit the theatre to be opened the following evening. It was a tearful crowd of players that left the theatre that last night of ours. Previous to his departure McCullough instructed Mr. Vance, the stage manager, to put up a call for rehearsal for the following morning at 11 o'clock. He himself had not been apprized of the closing of the season, Mr. Brooks thinking it best to humor him at rehearsal next day.

In the morning the "Governor," as soon as he arrived at the theatre, called me to him and said, "Joseph, the papers did not treat us very well this morning. I'm afraid we did not cover ourselves with much glory last night. But we'll do better to-night." The Gladiator was rehearsed, and, strange as it may appear, he knew his lines almost perfectly. A sorrowful scene was enacted during the rehearsal, where Spartacus gives his wife and child to the care of his brother Phararius with the well-known words, "I entrust to you what is dearer to me than life, my wife and child. Guard them well." Mrs. Foster, as Senona replied, "Oh, husband, do not send me away; if I leave you now it will be forever." All of the company were deeply affected at hearing these significant words. This scene I do not think was ever so beautifully rendered before the public as at this rehearsal. Richelieu was then announced for rehearsal, and all went well until after the curse speech. The "Governor" would at times give flashes of his "old-time fire," but in this particular scene he really excelled every former effort. At the close of this speech the entire company applauded vigorously. He seemed pleased, but shortly after, when Baradas speaks to De Beringhem, saying "his mind and life are breaking fast"; referring to the cardinal, and the "Governor" turned to administer the rebuke, his eyes filled, his frame shook, and he could not utter a word.

The company retired at the close of rehearsal after seeing the "Governor" to his carriage. He was driven to the Leland Hotel, where he was informed by Mr. Brooks that Mr. McVicker refused to allow him to play the next night. McCullough became furious, and walked up Michigan avenue in search of Mr. McVicker, vowing all sorts of vengeance upon him for the alleged insult to him and his mental condition. A few days passed, and having determined to go to Detroit to fulfil his next engagement, he went to the depot and sat in the waiting room, gazing about him in a dreamy sort of

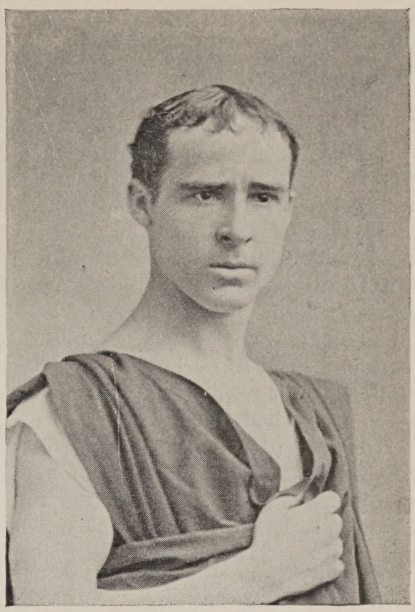
way. Friends endeavored to persuade him to go back to the hotel, but he was obstinate. I was sent for, and I tried to induce him to return by telling him that I was going to have a little spread at the Leland in his honor, and had invited a number of friends to meet him. Said McCullough, "I am going to Detroit," at the same time looking absently at his hands.

"But," persisted I, "they will be very much disappointed if you don't appear. It's the first favor I ever asked of you, and I think you might comply." McCullough responded, "You never asked me for a favor, eh? Didn't I make you?" It was with great difficulty that I finally induced him to return to the hotel.

Shortly after this sad ending of his theatrical career, McCullough took up his abode in New York, from which place he frequently made trips to Philadelphia, to see his wife. He never remained long with her, always starting away suddenly, to fill some imaginary engagement.

About this time, I also moved to New York, where I devoted a great deal of time to my dear friend, walking with him on Broadway, and reading with him in his room, in the Sturtevant House.

One night an incident occurred which showed, that despite his mental failing, his heart-impulses were as strong as in the days of his triumphs. We were sitting in the office of the hotel chatting, when a pale little lad entered with musical tops for sale. The groups of loungers pushed the boy rudely aside and spoke harshly to him. When the "Governor's" glance fell upon him, he said, "Come here, my little man. What are you doing out so late at night?" "I am trying to sell these tops," the boy replied. The little fellow was quite worn and wasted, like a consumptive, a fact which gave color to his statement that his mother was dying of the disease at home. I believe the boy was thoroughly honest and deserving, for at mention of that sacred name "mother," the tears filled his large blue eyes.



Haworth as Icilius.

McCullough grew interested as the boy talked on, and asked at last: "What age are you, my little man?"

"Eleven," replied the boy.

"And you support your mother on what you make from the sale of these tops?"

"Yes, sir; but my mother used to sew until she became ill, and now I have to do what I can to help her and the little ones along." And with these words he burst into tears.

McCullough patted the bent head, and gave the boy a bank note, saying, "Keep the change, my boy; you need it more than I do. Be good to your mother always. You can never have but one. God bless you, my noble little fellow; God bless you!"

He was doubtless thinking of his own early years, when he, too, struggled for the comfort of his mother, to whom he was greatly devoted, and whose memory he lovingly cherished. I have often heard him say: "My mother's face was the sweetest I ever saw."

The boy stood dumfounded at the success of his appeal, and gazed at the "Governor" until he summoned up

courage to say: "Thank you, Sir," and with a look of great happiness in his pale face, he turned away.

McCullough's time was now consumed in study or reading. I visited him daily at his room, where he often read to me from the "Wife of Miletus," a play by the talented Greek scholar, Timayennis, which he admired very much. While reading, he would often stop to discourse on some passage that pleased him particularly. At such times he frequently lost his place, and read again the lines he had previously rendered, not realizing how treacherous his memory had become.

Not long afterwards it was deemed imperative to send him to an asylum, where his malady could have proper treatment. Bloomingdale was selected; and on June 27, 1885, he was placed in that institution, where he remained until Oct. 25 of the same year, when he was removed to his home in Philadelphia, at the earnest request of his true-hearted wife, who lived at 219 East Thompson street. They had been separated for many years, but McCullough's early love for her was revived as his intellect weakened. The flame of his affection had not entirely died during their separation, for I often heard him speak lovingly of her during our travels together. I remember one Christmas eve he called me to his room and showed me a roll of black silk, saying that it was a present for Mrs. McCullough. I could not resist remarking, "I am glad of that, Governor, for this is the season when peace and good will should be the order."

McCullough smiled sadly, remaining silent for a couple of minutes. Then he said: "She was a good little soul, but she could not keep pace with me." He was proud, however, of her affection for him, and he told me of an incident that happened a few days previous, when he called to see her. When he left her house one of the neighbors inquired of his wife, "Is that your great husband?"

"Yes," responded Mrs. McCullough with warmth.

"Well," continued the gossip, "he has lots to do to come here and show himself after keeping away so long. I wouldn't have a husband like that."

"Ah," replied the wife of the tragedian, "I am prouder of his coat tails than you can be of your husband's whole body."

After McCullough was taken to Philadelphia from Bloomingdale, he received the tenderest care and consideration from his wife, who administered to his slightest wants. For a short time she had the satisfaction of seeing her husband apparently grow brighter and stronger, but it was the last flicker of his life's candle which was shortly to be extinguished forever. His brave wife, who was also an invalid, being a sufferer from a cancerous disease, to which she succumbed a short time after her eminent husband's death, was constantly at his side to cheer up the sinking soul, and make bright its passage to eternity. Occasionally McCullough had sufficient strength to sit in his arm-chair; but he had lost the power of articulation and was as helpless as a child.

The end came on Nov. 8, 1885. There was no struggle, only a sigh for what might have been, as he gazed for the last time upon her whom he now loved so dearly. His nurse, William Nutt, first observed the fatal change. Mrs. McCullough had just left the room, but was recalled to the bedside by a word from William. The dying man's face was flushed with an unhealthy glow, and it wore an expression which told too plainly that the soul had tired of ite earthly habitation, and was ready to go in search of immortality. Dr. Engel was sent for. When he arrived he informed Mrs. McCullough that the end was slowly but surely drawing near. The little woman's heart was breaking.

Mrs. Wirth, a sister of the "Governor," his son James' wife, the physician, and Mrs. McCullough gathered about the bed, their muffled sobs and soft whispers playing a mournful requiem for the departing spirit. Hypodermic injections of brandy and ether were used to

revive him; but the effect was only momentary. At ten o'clock on Sunday morning, while the sound of the church bells fell upon the ears of the tearful group of persons about the bedside of the dying tragedian, McCullough looked up and turned toward his wife. His eyes were full of meaning and encouragement, but he could not speak. The tongue that had thrilled countless thousands was now unable to articulate a single word, but the dumb eloquence of the master of Art was there, and his wife understood what he fain would have spoken. A look as of questioning forgiveness lit up his fond eyes — a look that said, "Farewell, thou good and faithful heart," and his eyelids closed. His breathing grew weaker and weaker, until the tiny clock on the mantel told the hour of one. A few minutes later and Dr. Engel pronounced — "the end."

John McCullough had breathed his last. How the news flashed over the wires from Maine to California! How many joined in the sorrow of the bereaved household in Thompson street! Who boasted so many admirers, who so many friends? And they were loyal to his memory. Death did not rob him of even one, and the sighs that went up from their hearts would, if unrestrained, have made a moan, that like a hurricane would have swept the earth, and loudly syllabled the death of poor John McCullough.

JOSEPH HAWORTH.

BY GEORGE H. BRENNAN.

THE path which Joseph Haworth has trod is dotted with so many shining successes, that he who surveys the route with the intention of sketching its triumphant progress, experiences from the brilliancy of the spectacle a blurring of the vision, and a consequent indecision as to the place to commence and the manner to proceed. From the day when he made his trembling debut as a member of John Ellsler's stock company, an adverse popular verdict has never been rendered against a single one of his histrionic creations. He has been before the public for a score of years, and during this time he has gained fame enough to have made an enviable reputation for a score of actors. Newspaper critics have vied with each other in heaping praise on his efforts. Audiences the country over have made him the recipient of their heartiest applause. Men of genius in other professions have stretched out to him the hand of kinship, and welcomed him as their companion. Wherever he has appeared the doors of society have been thrown open wide for him. He has been praised, flattered, and lionized unstintedly, and throughout it all he has remained the same modest, unpretentious "Joe" Haworth that he was when he hesitatingly uttered his first lines in John Ellsler's stock company.

It was while a member of that organization of players, in Cleveland, Ohio, 18 years ago, that Haworth first attracted the attention of Edwin Booth, who pointed at him one evening, and inquired of a bystander, "Who is that young man, he with the dark complexion and musical voice?"

"That is Joseph Haworth," was the reply.

"Haworth!" repeated the prince of tragedians; "where did he come from?"

Booth was informed that he was a

pupil of Charlotte Crampton, one of the most gifted of dramatic teachers.

"Well," remarked the illustrious actor, "that boy has genius — he'll be heard from yet."

JOSEPH HAWORTH.

At the time when this prophecy was uttered, Booth was playing an engagement in Cleveland, with the support of the Ellsler stock company. Before the engagement closed, Hamlet was produced, the youthful Haworth being cast for the role of Laertes. The duel scene in the last act was on. Haworth found himself face to face with the eminent actor, whose countenance wore its most tragic expression, and whose foil threatened at any moment to make a target of the face of his boyish adversary. A feeling of timidity stole into Haworth's heart and manifested

itself for a moment on his features. Fleeting though it was, the expression did not escape the keen-sighted Booth, who straightway murmured under his breath, so that none but Laertes could hear, "You're all right, my boy. Come on now."

They fought. The younger actor, inspired by his antagonist's whispered words of encouragement, fenced with the alertness and skill of a practised duelist. At the close of the play he was complimented by Booth, who afterwards showed his appreciation further by asking him to be a member of his own company, an invitation which could not be accepted on account of prior engagements.

Before leaving the Ellsler company, and when he was only 20 years of age, Haworth was tendered a testimonial, at which he gave a performance of Hamlet which surprised and delighted the theatre-goers of Cleveland. The critics who had expected a puerile effort, without depth of conception, were amazed at his intelligent interpretation of the subtle passages. This Hamlet success was not repeated until last spring in Boston, when Haworth, after impersonating a wide range of characters for 18 years, returned to the role of the Melancholy Dane.

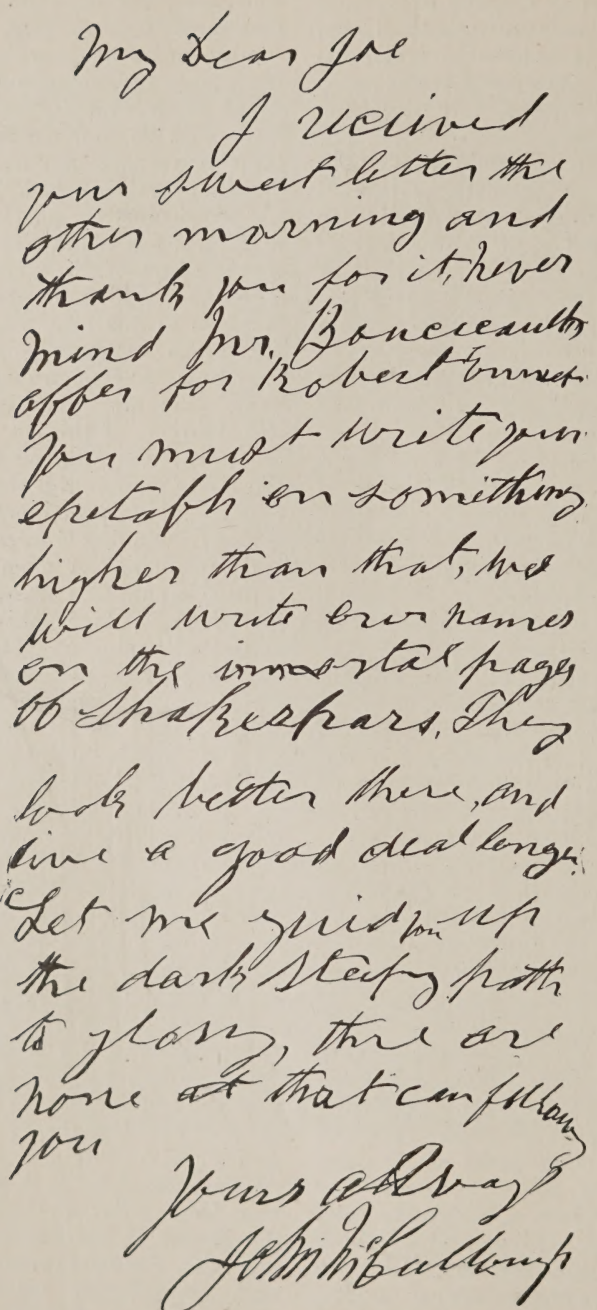
In this later attempt he scored an artistic triumph second to none that has been achieved by an actor in this country. All of the Boston critics united in lauding his masterful portrayal, and in placing upon his head the chaplet worn by the lamented Booth.

While he was a member of the Boston Museum Company, which he joined after saying good-by to his Ellsler companions in Cleveland, Haworth presented abundant proof of his great versatility. His talents were not confined to the serious and comedy roles of the drama. He was an excellent singer as well, and his rich, full voice was conspicuous in the musical productions which were frequently given at the Museum. This traditional place of amusement might have been likened to the Old Curiosity Shop in those days on account of the dissimilarity of its wares. The members of the company were familiar with everything, from the most sombre order of tragedy to the most frolicsome type of comic opera. They could jump from Richard III. to Pinafore with so much ease that neither their own equanimity nor that of their auditors was disturbed.

Conspicuous among Haworth's operatic successes at the Boston Museum was the part of Grosvenor in Patience. The favor which he gained with his auditors in this role was so great that for years afterwards whenever the character was mentioned, Haworth's name was invariably connected with it. Apropos of this an incident is interesting that occurred last winter at the house warming of the Boston Press Club. Many prominent guests were present, including Governor Greenhalge and Haworth. A member of the reception committee who undertook to introduce the chief magistrate of Massachusetts to the popular actor found that his services were hardly necessary.

"Haworth," repeated the governor, when the actor's name was mentioned, "I don't need any introdution to you, sir," and with these words he hummed an air from Patience, which he had heard him sing several years before at the Boston Museum. "Doesn't that prove that I know you?" The two men shook hands with the heartiness of life acquaintances, and indulged in a long chat regarding the old days at the historic theatre.

Toward the close of the season of 1881, the versatile young actor, who by that time had become a prime favorite with the critical Boston audiences, was offered by Manager R. M. Field the position of leading man at the Museum. At the same time an invitation came to him from John McCullough, then at the height of his fame, to travel with him the following season, and play such conspicuous roles as Iago in Othello, Cassius in Julius Cæsar, and Icilius in Virginius. Haworth hesitated between these two flattering offers; but he finally decided that the


My Dear Joe
I received
your sweet letter the
other morning and
thank you for it, never
mind Mr. Bonnicastle's
offer for Robert Emmet
You must write your
epetaph in something
higher than that, we
will write our names
on the immortal pages
of Shakespears. They
look better there, and
live a good deal longer.
Let me guide you up
the dark steep path
to glory, there are
none of that can follow
you
Yours ever
John McCullough

Fac-simile of John McCullough's Hand-writing.

opportunity to gain for himself a national reputation in the tragic line should not be set aside, and he accordingly linked his fortunes with McCullough.

Commencing with the day of their first meeting, a strong friendship existed between these two artists, a friendship which remained unbroken until death claimed the great impersonator of Virginius. There was also an intense feeling of mutual admiration which on the side of the younger man was mingled with loyalty and veneration, while McCullough, on the other hand, evinced for his brilliant young leading man a warmth of regard similar to that of a father for his cherished offspring. From city to city they journeyed together, playing to crowded houses, and evoking pronounced enthusiasm. It often happened that the applause for Haworth was not less than the plaudits for the star; but this sharing of honors only pleased the great-hearted McCullough.

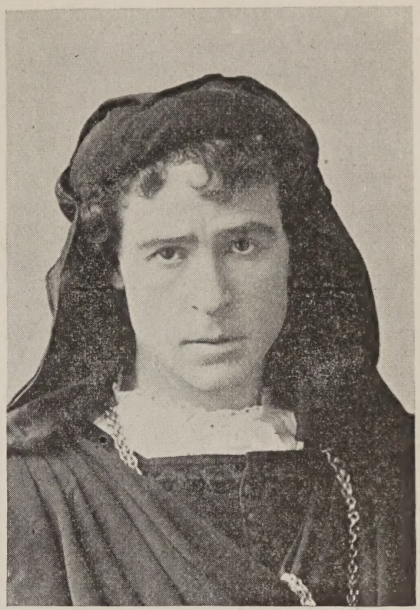
The latter's love and respect for the young tragedian are tenderly shown in the accompanying letter from McCullough in reply to a communication from Haworth in which he sought for advice relative to an offer which he had received from Dion Boucicault to create the leading part in Robert Emmet:

MY DEAR JOE:

I received your sweet letter the other morning and thank you for it. Never mind Mr. Boucicault's offer for Robert Emmet. You must write your epitaph on something higher than that. We will write our names on the immortal pages of Shakespeare. They look better there, and live a good deal longer. Let me guide you up the dark, steepy path to glory. There are none that can follow you. Yours always,

JOHN MCCULLOUGH.

Since the death of McCullough, Haworth has been prominently before the public, season after season, starring in many roles, and making distinct successes in all. One of his greatest masterpieces was his Paul Kauvar, a role which he took up and played to crowded houses, after five other actors had failed to make it acceptable to the public. In this wonderful creation,



Haworth as Hamlet.

from the pen of Steele Mackaye, Haworth starred for several seasons, winning laurels wherever he went.

Of this play the famous editor, Col. Henry Watterson, of the Louisville Courier Journal wrote: "There is but one Paul Kauvar, and his name is Haworth."

The noted lawyer and agnostic, Robert G. Ingersoll, who has never had any doubts, but on the contrary has always been a firm believer, in regard to Haworth's artistic ability, wrote: "The world will never know how great a success you have made until somebody else plays the part."

Again Ingersoll expressed himself as follows: "No one can or ever will play that character better than you do. You get out of it all that is in it, and into it all that it can hold."

Ingersoll and Haworth became acquainted several years ago, and the former has ever since taken a keen interest in the latter's career.

Haworth's magnetism is well illustrated in his capacity to attract a man of Ingersoll's stamp, and retain him as

Haworth as Elliot Gray in "Rosedale."

a warm personal friend, notwithstanding the wide gulf between their religious convictions. The actor is a Catholic not only in name but in every form, manner, and ceremony pertaining to the Church, while Ingersoll's religious belief, or rather, disbelief, is too well known to call for comment.

Some of the other productions, in which the genius of Haworth has brightly shone, have been Hoodman Blind, The Bells, Ruy Blas, The Leavenworth Case, Crust of Society, Man of the World, St. Marc, and Rosedale. In the last-mentioned play Haworth made such marked hits last season, during his engagements in Boston, New England, and New York, that he acceded to a general demand to give it the leading place in his repertoire next season.

Elliot Gray, the hero of Rosedale, was immortalized by Lester Wallack, who loved the piece so dearly that he played it year after year. No character on the stage is more fascinating than the soldierly Elliot, and Haworth's talents are peculiarly adapted to the role. His last season's triumphs which were never less and frequently greater than those which Wallack enjoyed, created a revival of interest in the charming old play, that will undoubtedly be renewed next season. Hamlet will also be included in his repertoire. In the season after next it is his intention to devote himself exclusively to the highest plane of dramatic endeavor, producing only such plays as Hamlet, Richelieu, Richard III., Julius Cæsar, etc. There is no question as to his ability to occupy this height, and he has been urged to do so again and again by some of the ablest critics of the country, who have contended that no man in America is better equipped for the loftiest and best dramatic work.

One well-known writer said of him: "Joseph Haworth is the best exponent of passionate acting this country has ever produced."

A noticeable characteristic of this artist's career has been that, not content with his personal successes, he has ever been willing to give the benefit of his advice and instruction to fellow actors less fortunately endowed by nature. Some of them who profited by his friendly tutelage have since become famous. There is a notable instance in the case of E. H. Sothern, who at a dinner last winter in New York arose, and having placed his hand on Haworth's shoulder said, "I want to say to the gentlemen present, that while I was with my dear friend 'Joe' I learned more about acting than I ever did before or since."

The generally accepted rule in a biographical sketch is to begin by giving the date and place of birth of the subject under discussion. In this

instance I will reverse the regular order by stating in conclusion that Joseph Haworth was born in 1856, in old St. Mary's parish, Providence, R. I.; that he was the third youngest of a family of seven; that soon after his birth his folks removed to Southbridge, Mass., and that in the early '60's they transferred their abode to Cleveland, where the family residence has been ever since. One of his brothers is William Haworth, the playwright.

THE FIELD FLOWERS' TEXT.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

SILENCE everywhere, and shadows, save where the red glow of the sanctuary lamp and the pale gleam of flickering tapers faintly illumined the shrine.

Stately palms standing ghostly in the shadowy background, roses and lilies of regal beauty, trailing sprays of lustrous blossoms twining the pillars of the tabernacle, and just at the door a cluster of field flowers, buttercups, cloverblooms, and daisies, in lowly reverence paying homage to their Maker.

Common field flowers, nearest of all to the living Presence!

"The lowly shall be exalted," murmured a worshipper, as the message of infinite love entered her heart; "if not here, dear Lord, then, at the eternal door of thy tabernacle, shall the lowly be exalted."

Now, then, All Together!

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

THE WELCOME VISITOR.

THERE'S A SOB IN THE HEART OF THE PEOPLE!

BY MME. FRANCIS HIGGINS-GLENERNE.

(LIDA LEWIS WATSON.)

I.

THERE'S a hope in the heart of the nation, and a song on its lips to be sung,
Ev'n when its life-burden is greatest, and its heart is by agony wrung ;
There's a hope that there's light in the future, whatever has been in the past,
For God has made faith in His creatures thro' all things, forever, to last.
For faith is the voice of the spirit that breathes at the grave of despair,
The assurance of light after darkness, and belief in an answer to prayer :
Whether conscious, or not, of believing that the clay that goes back to the sod
Is the temple where dwelleth the spirit that's immortal, returning to God,—
There is that which no heart can o'ermaster, no matter how strong the desire,
That faith, of which hope is the proof, and through which always the heart must aspire !
So, through hope there is faith, though unconscious, and of faith is born ever a prayer,
And whenever man prays there is mercy, for Divinity's presence is there.

II.

There's a sob in the heart of the people, though on the lips of the nation a song ;
There's a hope that has lit the despairing, and has borne up endurance so long ;
But what if the nation shall prosper, as prophesy sayeth it must,
If the bodies, grown sick with endurance, by that time shall be given to dust ?
If the flesh that grows faint with privation, and the souls given up to despair,
With never a hand stretched to aid them in their mis'ry too wretched to bear, —
Still fall by the wayside exhausted, — with others to come in their wake,
Who shall give up their lives, like the others, for a nation's prosperity's sake ?

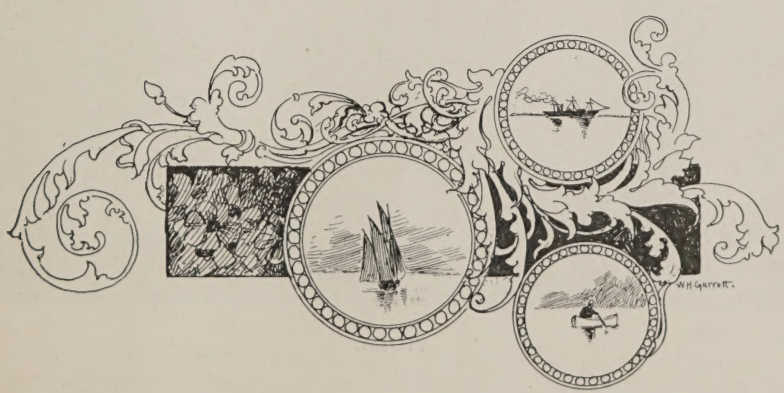
III.

Who shall say that a nation is prosperous, that purchases wealth for the few?
With the price of the lives of the toilers, which it claims as legitimate due?
Is a people, then, prosp'rous whose millions are counted by clods that its hearses
Give back to the earth they have delved, in oppression that smothered its curses,
In prayers that were voiced with a patience, that partook of a something divine,
Warding off, as they might, retribution, when blood drenches cities like wine?
Is the voice of Omnipotence uttered, when the sun that goes down to its setting,
Brings warning that luxury's lust is so potent, the world is forgetting,
That God is still God, and that gain that is bought at the price of the soul,
Is as vanity gained by the winner, who, through vanity loseth the whole?

IV.

. . . . . .

O God of the nations that prosper, lift up from the down-trodden ways
The hearts of the toilers, whose lips are still voicing their anthems of praise!
In whose hearts is a song of the city, where morning the vigils of night
Shall break, as Thy glory eternal, and where faith shall give place unto sight!
Where hands that have patiently labored shall be folded at last in surcease,
And the feet, faltering not by the wayside, shall walk by Thy waters of peace.



VIOLA.

THE DANCE AT ASIA'S PATCH.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS SPENCER.

NATURE had fairly lost her breath. Only at irregular intervals a breeze fanned the baked sand-plain that lay bathed in the moonlight of the bewitching Florida night. In the motionless pinewood in the background not a sound was audible save the occasional hoot of a dissipated owl. The sand road, that gleamed like silver where it skirted the trees, separated them from a house and barn and strip of land known in the neighborhood as Asia's Patch. Considering the complexion of the proprietor of the place, and that of his dusky brood, it seemed as if Africa's Patch would have been a more distinctive name; but Asia's it was by indisputable rights, for the property was that of one Governor Jerry Milton Asia.

The house was a trifle more pretentious than the average negro cabin of to-day. There were two stories, the upper one having, beside a phenomenally low ceiling, a couple of small dormer windows, and battened walls. An occasional rift near a beam admitted either sunshine or rain, and provided on clear nights peepholes for the wee black pickaninnies to count the stars as they lay on their mattress upon the floor.

Ellen Asia, the shiniest and altogether prettiest ebony being of the settlement, had said that "ef de man what wants to marry me carnt guv me no better home an dis, he carn skit." Whether this was merely a passing reflection or designed for the enlightenment of the rival suitors who were just now calling upon Ellen, I am not prepared to say. Suffice it that the information was not lost upon them.

One of the rivals lay stetched flat on his back upon the diminutive piazza, his hands interlocked beneath his head. He was waiting for the other one to go. Number two who had arrived last, and so felt that he by good rights was entitled to the sole possession of the field, if he but stayed long enough, sat resolutely on a camp chair, leaning against the wall, and looking vastly annoyed. In the eyes of the object of their mutual adoration the men possessed equal charms. They were physically as like as peas, from their great gleaming eyes to their ample pedal extremities. Jim, however, was a Methodist and Gabe was a Baptist, a fact that frequently gave rise to animated controversies. Jim came off victorious always, as Gabe never found words that could shake Jim's superiority of manner when he announced as his final challenge, that ef a man wuz goin' t' be baptized 't all 't wuz better 't should be done all over fair 'n square."

That there was no battle of words on at the present moment, was accountable for only on the supposition that both men were wrapped in contemplation of Ellen's party that was coming off on the following week.

The neighborhood dances are peculiar. Far from being pleasure parties, pure and simple, they are largely gotten up for revenue. When the funds in any family run low the ruler of the household announces a "dance."

This is equivalent to an edict that every intending guest shall, on the day preceding that fixed for the festivity, forward to the host prospective some article of food. The range of viands is from a chicken stew to an orange pie, sweeping everything delectable in their train. On the night of the party these goodies are offered for sale to the highest bidder. The purchasers have a feast, and the proprietor fills his purse.

The forthcoming event at Asia's caused more than the usual contention in the breasts of Ellen's suitors. As they strolled away together, having at last given up the contract of endurance, their shadowy figures showing now and again in the moonlight between the orange and Japanese plum trees, Ellen said, half to herself: —

"Dey is spruce men, sure; dar aint none better likely in town, but dey sets up ter be merciful good. Like de white trash say, dey amost too good ter be true."

The echo of her words did not reach the ears of the departing swains. Jim was too busy thinking of his donation for the next week. He did not fear being outdone by Gabe, whom he knew to be a lazy good-for-nothing, too careless to bestir himself, but there had come to San Mateo within a short time, a stylish chap from Georgia, upon whom Ellen had already cast many an admiring glance.

It was this man of many resources, with his knowledge of the big world beyond the swamps, who was likely to eclipse Jim in the matter of a present for the party. Eclipse meant defeat.

The night before the dance Jim sat alone at his own cabin door. He pondered as he sat, and occasionally he sighed. Jim was lonely. He wanted some one to share his cabin with him. Ellen was so beautiful. As he pondered and sighed he dreamed. He dreamed of Ellen, her face all smiles, her curly hair done up in a multitude of tiny braids. She stood in the open door behind him, and it was her voice that fell upon the woodland stillness. But this was only Jim's dream.

Ellen was far away in her own cabin.

The moon drifted behind a storm cloud that presently turned the scene to darkness save only in the sand at one side of the steps, where Jim sat and pondered and sighed. There were a few smouldering embers there, showing where he had cooked his supper of tough beef and sweet potatoes.

Florida, romantic Florida. The poet, even the tourist, sees in Florida only her moon-bathed white sands, her beautiful streams, that like the Ocklawaho, flow on in quiet grandeur under arching boughs festooned with moss. But there is another Florida than this of the poet's dream. Look in some of the spots where the whistle of locomotive or steamboat is never heard, and you will find that poesy has never ousted prose of an uncompromisingly plain and stolid character. It was in such a part of Florida that Jim and Ellen lived.

The coals gradually lost their lustre, and faded into the darkness, as all about them had long since done. Jim rose slowly but with determination, as if he had at length come to a decision, and turned to go

into his lonely cabin. Upon the threshold he hesitated and tried to peer into the impenetrable night. A sound startled him. It was but the croaking of the frogs in the palmetto swamp near at hand. It foreboded rain. The sound had been for years familiar to Jim, yet for the moment it daunted him. Had his thoughts so unnerved him? He went into the cabin, and after a while came out with a large, empty flour sack upon one shoulder, and turning into the road trudged along in the sand, singing softly one of the melodies indigenous to Sambo in the South, but which never survive transportation to the civilization of the white man. The tune was a chant, and the words ran something like: —

Yas, Gabe he's skeered f'ter lose his life.'
De lightnin' come tru de winder an' took he wife
To glorio — to glorio-o-o-o-o.

Jim knew the path through the "hammock" as well by night and in the inky blackness as by day, and in less than an hour, even at his slow gait, he had traversed a couple of miles or more. At a small, hingeless gate, he halted. All was silent save the crickets. He stepped from the path into the wiry grass and spurs and listened again. Still no sound but the chirping of the crickets. He lifted a pail hoop that held the gate to the post, lowered the gate noiselessly, stepped over it, raised it again, and dropped the hoop into place over the picket.

He stood in a large clearing in the centre of a dense pine wood. He crept far into the field, and stopped within a few hundred feet of a solitary building. He dropped upon his knees in the soft sand, listened, and then fell to picking something from the dwarf bushes that grew there in long, even rows. He would have not only something for Ellen's party, but a luxury as well. The sack was nearly filled when he rose to rest his back. What was that? The old gate had fallen to the earth with a crash. Jim forgot that he had carefully resecured it, and attributed the noise to his own carelessness. Still it might have aroused some one in the house, so he reached for his bag. A dog that had been asleep under the steps woke and barked furiously.

The door swung open, disclosing the proprietor, lantern in one hand, whip in the other, a living picture of the ill-featured slave owner of other days. Jim did not wait for orders. He took to his heels. He had not risked his neck to be balked now, and he carried his stolen burden with him. Speed at best was impossible in the soft sand, much less to one loaded with fruit. He stumbled along as well as he could, checking himself as his feet tripped and anon breaking into a run. The cracker and his dog seemed at his very heels. His eyes were ready to start from their sockets, but not for a moment did he think of dropping his perilously gotten gains.

His conscience goaded him. As he scrambled along he vowed to himself that never again would he step from the path of virtue; but escape now he must, and keep the fruit he would, for was there not the party and Ellen's favor beckoning him? In the fever of the chase he felt it to be a life or death matter. Half falling over the stump of a frost-killed orange tree, Jim regained his footing and started on with renewed determination.

Suddenly a stunning blow from some one standing unseen and unheard before him, half dazed him, and made his knees quake under his

overweighted body. Had one of the old Spaniard's sons seen him enter and been waiting for this opportunity? Bereft of his presence of mind Jim stood still, as did his assailant. The dog reached them and snapped at their heels, another moment and the Spaniard flashed his lantern in their affrighted faces. The whites of Jim's eyes shone wildly as he gazed upon his companion in misery.

"Lawd! Gabe!" He articulated, and, darting forward like a madman, he disappeared into the hammock, carrying his swollen sack upon his back.

Gabe, whose guilt differed only in degree, not in kind, flew forward in the opposite direction, a half-eaten bunch of the grapes, with which he had been regaling himself, still in hand. Old Solano, having found out the identity of the rascals, called off his dog and went back to sleep until morning.

The next day was the day of the long and eagerly anticipated party at Asia's Patch. From sunrise to sunset there was an unwonted absence of all life at two cabins in the clearing. Jim and Gabe were neither of them to be found. Before the birds woke, Gabe had untied his boat and started down the river toward Palatka.

Jim ate a meagre breakfast when the first glow of the brilliant southern sunrise reddened the sky, and taking his gun upon his shoulder was soon lost to view in the woods.

Their ways were far apart through the livelong day, though their thoughts were strangely near together, part of the time in a certain field near a rickety old gate in the gleam of a lantern and the wrathful eyes of a surly old Spaniard, and part of the time they hovered about the sunshiny face of a merry-hearted damsel of ebony hue.

Solano watched all day for the men, but when the sun went down behind the bushy topped pines and the twilight faded into darkness, he gave up his vigil and went home. After a time a boat stole slowly up the St. John and came to mooring near Gabe's cabin, and not long afterward a sportsman strolled out of the pitch dark wood.

There were chickens stewed and chickens fried at Asia's patch that night. There were sandwiches of pork, and there were "lashins" of "drops," or as Northerners say "windfalls," from the orange groves. There were plums and cake and pies, all these things and many more, but all within the pale of the usual variety seen upon such occasions.

Stay. There was one exception. On a table by themselves, heaped high in a large tray, were great clusters of luscious grapes. So much of a luxury and novelty were these, they bore a label stating that they would be sold at 25 cents a bunch.

The time for the dance to begin had arrived. The two fiddlers sat crowded into one corner upon the only stool the cabin afforded, that there might be space left for the dancers to move their generous proportions the more freely. The young gen'man from Georgia was there, conspicuous by his haughty bearing, his felt hat tipped far to one side, and his thumbs called attention to the armholes of his flowered waistcoat. He beamed only upon Ellen, but for once she did not regard him with favor. The Georgian had come empty handed, bearing only the lame excuse that he had "no wimmun folks ter fix up things fer 'im." Gabe was there. So was Jim.

Jim noted with glee which he could not suppress, Governor Jerry Milton Asia's pleasure, as the grapes

were eagerly bought up by the dandies present for their shiny sweethearts.

Gabe for the first time realized why Jim had been at Solano's on the preceding night. He got what comfort he could out of saying, "Huh, a great Baptist you is," but some way it did not sweeten his own forlorn state. Ellen had merely glanced at the hackneyed gift of a chicken pie that he had contributed. Why had he not thought to save for her the grapes he had confiscated for himself?

The music struck into a breakdown. Governor was radiant with smiles as his capital increased. With every penny that was turned over to him the necessity of his going to work was deferred.

The couples lined up and Governor prepared to call off. They were a jolly crew, what with the joking and giggling, and they made a dashing picture, with their black or coppery faces, the red flannel shirts of the coatless beaux and the gaudy frocks of the belles.

Suddenly the plink, plunk, squeak of the fiddles, that were getting a special amount of tuning to do honor to the occasion, was interrupted by a heavy step outside the open door. They were not left in suspense, for in a second more the doorway framed a towering, sinewy figure and a frowning face.

"Good ebnin," said Governor, breaking the spell that the ugly face wrought upon the company. "Come ter jine us?"

The implied invitation but fanned the flame in the intruder's face, for while the negroes never acknowledge any superiority in the poor whites about them, the uneducated "crackers," on the other hand, look upon themselves as vastly superior to their colored neighbors.

"Jine yer?" yelled Solano, for it was he. "Yez, it's zest zat way. Zoze two scoun'rels, I will jine zem neck to neck on zat pine yander next time."

"Wha—wha—what's dat, Broder Solarim?" burst from old Asia's lips.

"Zem," continued the planter, pointing to Gabe and Jim, who as if by instinct drew closer together in one corner. "An' I will tell you dat, if zis occur again zey will find I haf someting beside zis," saying which, he waved away the whip he held in one hand and with the other pulled from his hip pocket a wicked-looking revolver.

Gabe attempted to justify himself.

"Mars," he stammered, "I didn't go ter take no mor'n one bunch o' dem grapes jes ter see how dey tases, sah, truly I didn't, sah!"

Solano sniffed disdainfully.

Jim, almost rigid with fear, gasped, "Ise turrible wicked ter do it, I know I is, sah, but I wanted 'em so bad fer Yellen — I aint a teched one 'em yet fer mah self, sah, I aint, but I didn't even mine stealun fer her," and Jim, despite his awful fright, smiled lovingly at the awed girl of his choice.

Solano himself gave a glance in her direction than was visibly less belligerent than his previous scowl, and then with a snort turned on one heel and strode away.

The dandy from Georgia was the first to break the silence that followed the dramatic exit. Turning to his companion, whom he wished might have been Ellen, he said with a sneer, and loud enough for all to hear, "Dey'd make nice husbans, dey would!"

Ellen had stood all she could bear silently. Stepping into the centre of the smoke-begrimed room, and burning red with indignation and

emotion, she said: "It's mighty wicked ter steal, but de man wha'll steal fer me 's mor ter mah likin' dan him as tink I aint wuf nuffin, er him ez kin steal ony fer his self! An' I know Jim's sorry he done got led inter stealin', aint yer, Jim?"

"S lute yoh pawdners," bawled the head fiddler; "git a movin' dah; take care wid yer feet, niggers."

Ellen, at the first sound of the music, slipped over to Jim, who stood speechless with delight at her championship. Grasping his hands ardently in hers, she led him into the dance In the first pause of the merry-go-round, she whispered to him, her voice quivering with excitement, and the perspiration making her cheeks shinier than ever, "Yer kin speak ter Pawson Jones, Jim, if yer want ter."

Tramp, tramp, tramp, went the heavy feet of the dancers upon the sanded floor, and the laughter of twenty throats mingled with the pounding of 40 heels. The visitors at the hotel, a quarter of a mile away, went to sleep to the obligato of the rumble of merriment at Asia's Patch.

Parson Jones cried Jim and Ellen in the meetin' house the very next Sunday.

THE DYING CENTURY.

BY EDWARD PAYSON JACKSON.

[When the time approaches for the Century Plant, or American Aloe, to blossom, a spear-like scape shoots up from its stem which rapidly thickens to a tree-like trunk, or tower, surmounted by a magnificent pannicle of blossoms. The vitality of the plant is exhausted by the effort, and it speedily withers and dies.]

THE century hath bloomed. Each growing year
Unfolded like a wider, greener frond,
Charmed from the stem by Nature's magic wand,
Foil after foil, until the end drew near.
Then high in air it raised its emerald spear
In triumph, and its crown of glory donned,
Each petal glistening with a diamond,
For its impending doom a dewy tear.

The great White City was the white-rayed flower
That crowned the ripe years of the century.
In widening fronds came forth its life and sower,
Till, like the Aloe's suddenly rising tower,
Its hoarded strength in one grand ecstasy
Was spent, and now the century must die.

MRS. GOLOBIEWSKY'S FIRST GOOD TIME.

(A Story of Work Among the Poor.)

BY ISABEL WHITELEY.

T was the season of watermelon rind, that is, in Cutter street, where all things took on peculiar phases according to the finances of the inhabitants. In other more favored places one spoke of the time of roses or of golden rod. In Cutter street, as Miss Carrington thought with a little shudder, one time was as dreary and colorless as another, except when the pink and green rinds of watermelon littered the pavements and clogged the gutters.

Alice Carrington rose from the writing table and looked out of the white curtained window of the College Settlement. The lifeless warmth of the air parched her face and made her dark eyes drop languidly. She thought regretfully for a moment of the summer she would have spent had she not consented to take the place of her friend, Miss Broomleigh, at the Settlement during the warm weather.

When she looked from her own window at home in the Berkshire Hills, she saw velvet lawns softly touched with shadows of trees. Through their depths of dark foliage the sunlight filtered, leaving exquisite tracery on the green turf below. Long rows of asters nodded down the garden walks, and gladiolus spikes kept guard in gorgeous uniforms of flame. Upon the lawns the clumps of salvias waved in scarlet profusion, while above the splendid color, the lonely hush of the hills fell unbroken, but for gentle sounds of birds and bees that are more restful than actual silence.

Here, in Cutter street, the maddening noise never ceased; no hush from early morning, when the first half-awake creature crawled out heavily to work, till the last reveller reeled home about the same hour; no rest for the ears and no color for the eyes save the tiny bed of scarlet geraniums in the little backyard of the Settlement. The scarlet geraniums in their bright bravery were a fitting type of the courage and enthusiasm of the workers and even the visitors, such as Miss Carrington, rarely yielded to a dismal mood. The sweet cleanliness and happiness of the place spread such an aroma through the street that it rose above the poverty and sin. Yet this day Miss Carrington was depressed, for, coming in from an errand, she had spied a little half-blind child clinging to her sister and dragging herself across the pavement, with a curious backward motion in order to keep her eyes screened from the sunlight in her sister's frock. Alice Carrington was more impressed by this little incident than she might have been by a greater calamity, in which suffering childhood bore no part, and the pitying pain in her soul rose over

hope like the sound of a hautboy moaning out suddenly above the glad notes of violins.

She turned back to her writing table resolved to postpone asking her parents' permission to stay all winter till further trial had tested her endurance. Instead she told her mother of her various employments, the chief of which was the training of the older girls of the neighborhood who were taken into the house, one at a time, to learn something of the lighter sorts of housework.

"How would you like, mother," she wrote, "to spend your days in the perpetual training of new housemaids? I remember how you suffered from Lucretia's gaucheries after Jenny was married. Yet when one sees the improvement in these girls, and in their own homes, the trouble of teaching them seems nothing."

The door burst open violently, and the dark hair of Miss Carrington's latest charge was thrust through the opening. "Miss Alice! oh, I forgot!" and the door closed again. A heavy knock followed.

"Come in!" called Alice, smiling at this farcical exhibition of newly found manners.

"Please, Miss Alice, they want you to go to Golobiewskys to tell the missus that Bekki and Maxi can have a Country Week."

Alice closed her portfolio, smiling at the pretty little Russian Jewess. "That is nice, Sophie. I am sure their mother will be very glad."

"I don't know," said Sophie, dubiously. "I think Bekki's mother hates her. She lams her terrible 'cause she's so dumb." Sophie's foreign birth had left no trace upon her speech, which was the purest American as known in the slums. With a sort of admiring awe she watched Alice pin her dainty rose-trimmed hat upon her pretty hair. It was the system of the Settlement to elevate the poor by showing the right way to do things, and in matters of dress they followed good models, instead of assuming a uniform; so Alice had almost as charming a summer trousseau with her in Cutter street as her sisters had taken to Newport and Bar Harbor.

She saw a tinge of wistfulness in Sophie's long oriental eyes, as they met her's in the glass, and dispelled it into brightness by saying, "Now, you may pick a few flowers to put on the supper-table."

These children of the poor love flowers better than any earthly things, and to touch them is their greatest joy, so Sophie clattered down stairs joyously and Alice went on to the house of Bekki's mother. She had never seen the woman, though the child was well known to her. Strict home-keeping and reticence characterize the Jewish women, and only through the children can they be reached.

Mrs. Golobiewsky lived at the end of a court opening off Cutter street. It was more roomy than most of the courts in the neighborhood, and had a brick pavement about 12 feet wide, down the middle of which the drainage ran. The little tenements on either side consisted of two or more rooms.

Bekki's mother lived with her husband and three children in two rooms not more than nine feet square each. Amiability is largely dependent on elbow-room, and Bekki's stupidity might have escaped her mother's wrath if it had displayed itself on a larger field.

The woman stood ironing by an open window. A table, a small stove, and two or three chairs were all the furniture the room contained;

across the corner two pine shelves concealed with a calico curtain the family larder. A very thin, black-eyed baby wailed softly by the door. He lay in a battered baby-carriage which had been bought second-hand, and served as cradle and coach for successive infant Golobiewskys.

"How is the baby?" asked Miss Carrington, with well judged abruptness. An introduction or preamble does not in Cutter street smooth the way to better acquaintance, but, on the contrary, produces a chilling formality.

"He is seeck, vaiva seeck," said the mother indifferently. "It is ze heat. My Maxi vas so; ze doctor say 'zat child vill die!' Ven ze cold came ze doctor come back and say, 'Gott Mein! iss zat Maxi? Gott mein!'"

Alice looked with curiosity at the speaker, who was, in many ways, quite unlike the other heavy, dark Hebrew women of the neighborhood. Mrs. Golobiewsky was very thin and spare. She had dark reddish hair, of the color called Titian which would have been beautiful but for its roughness. Her eyes were likewise reddish brown, and her skin a pale brickdust color; her nose was straight; her lips thin. The type, though unfamiliar to Miss Carrington, is not uncommon among the Hebrews of southern and central Europe where about 15 per cent of the race are blonde. Her language was a compound of broken German and dago dialect, as she had picked it up from her neighbors of Little Italy.

"You are not Russian?" asked Alice, tentatively. "No, I am Sherman; mine man he iss Russian Shew; he spik Russian, I no understand; we spik Shewish."

"I came to tell you," said Alice, "that Bekki and Maxi may have a Country Week. Will you get them ready to go day after to-morrow?"

Her kind eyes rested expectantly on Mrs Golobiewsky's face, awaiting the customary burst of gratitude, for the mothers are usually more voluble in thanks than the children themselves, who take their favors gravely as becomes the children of many disappointments.

As Alice waited the brickdust color in the Jewish woman's face deepened angrily, her eyes shot out little sparks, her lips tightened, she burst forth: "I do not see how you do efryzing for ze children! zey must hef goot time! I haf neffer hat one goot time in my whole life!"

She turned in a very majesty of rage, and whirling towards the window took up her ironing again.

When Miss Carrington returned to the cleanly comfort of the College Settlement, she found it difficult to keep her mind attuned to the pitch of complaisant optimism which is proper for the benevolent in the present age.

In her mind rang the melancholy refrain, "I haf neffer hat one goot time in my whole life." There had been an emphasis in the voice which left no room for reservation or fault of memory. The woman's probable history rose in a vision: the sad childhood in Little Russia, with hunger, fear, oppression, persecution; the early enforced marriage arranged by the village agent of matrimony, in which even the love-making that other women find pleasure in is absent; the pains and cares of motherhood were hers without the joys, for privation had killed five of her eight children, and the others were frail; Bekki, the little girl, was almost feeble-minded, and could not earn what many of her little neigh-

bors did by sewing buttons on coats for the sweating shops. There was only the misery of poverty and exile in every direction.

Alice Carrington had the nervous, imaginative temperament of the New England woman; the sorrows of others were as real to her as her own could be, and the indignant pain of the Jewish woman pressed insistently upon her brain and heart.

She went once or twice up the court to arrange for the children's outing, but the mother maintained a gloomy silence, as if her first outburst was regretted. Golobiewsky himself had been out of work some time, and he carried the sick baby up and down the Settlement Garden, while the work of the woman provided their scanty food.

The evening of the day that Bekki and her brother went to the country Alice sat in the hall reading, her window open into the garden. She watched Golobiewsky and liked his face; she liked also his care of the baby. He walked gently and dreamily, as if the noise around him did not reach his ears. Two boys were playing with a creaky bicycle. "When you're on it you say it's all yours, and when I'm on it you say it's half yours," shrieked one, indignantly. Alice smiled half-sadly, thinking that the equity of Cutter street was not unlike that of the world beyond.

The thought that while one portion of humanity has most of the enjoyment the rest must suffer brought again the Hebrew woman to her mind. In a sudden flash of thought, she said to herself, "I will take her to the country myself for a day, and see if she cannot have one good time."

If Mrs. Golobiewsky was flattered by Miss Carrington's invitation her exterior manner did not betray it. When the morning of their excursion came, Alice found her chosen companion transformed as much for the better by the dignified satisfaction of her demeanor as she was for the worse by the change in her garb. She had discarded her usual picturesqueness of faded calico and head kerchief for a botchy gown, of cheap woollen material, and a gaudy bonnet decorated with wax cherries.

Their destination had received careful consideration. Miss Carrington's first impulse had been to go to the farm where Bekki and Maxi were, but on second thoughts she decided that it would not add to the first good time to be reminded of maternal responsibilities. "I shall try the experiment of letting her alone. I shall not even try to entertain her. I think we will go to the old Botanic Gardens, as I want to see them myself. It will show how much capacity for enjoyment she possesses."

Their road led them by horse-car through a narrow street filled by small shops. At night this district was rather picturesque, a sort of Tottenham Court Road, lighted by flaring gasoline jets, in whose flickering glare gaunt skeletons of men's and women's clothes swung drearily on creaking frames, as though hung for crimes of misfit. In the daylight the street was simply crowded and squalid. The shop windows were jammed with cheap goods and trashy finery, and on every block glittered the three gold balls, monuments over the spots where lie the buried treasures of the poor.

Within the horse-car a common poverty put all on familiar footing, and if anything happened to cause comment the conversation became general.

"H'much d'ye pay for peaches?" asked the old woman who sat next to Miss Carrington, peering into her luncheon basket. After the cars left the populous districts, and reached the open country, Alice found a fascination in watching the awakening interest in her companion's face.

A country lane led to the orchard back of the old mansion, and no sooner had their steps slackened into the meditative pace of sight-seers than the Semitic intelligence of Mrs. Golobiewsky awoke, and she poured out a flood of questions regarding their surroundings. "Yes, the house is very old, much more than a 100 years old. The man who built it did so with his own hands. He loved trees and flowers so much that he came far away from the homes of other men and lived alone. Can you understand that, Mrs. Golobiewsky?"

"Yes, I vould like zat; but you mus' not call me mine man's name. I am Anulka."

"Very well," said Alice, pleased at her friendliness. "See, Anulka, over the window he carved in the stone those words: —

> 'Tis God alone, Almighty Lord,
> The only one by me adored.'"

"Ah!" said Anulka, "he vas a Shew, he b'lieve in Gott. You b'lieve in Gott? Zat iss goot; ve muss all pray. Gott makes seeck, he makes life." She spoke with a warmth that suggested the religious enthusiast, and continued: "To-morrow iss a strong day for us; iss it strong day for you?"

"I do not know what you mean by strong day," said Alice, puzzled, yet greatly pleased by Anulka's un-Hebrew desire to find common religious ground between them.

"It iss strong, because our New Year comes, and ve cannot eat all ze day, and ve pray in ze church from zeven o'clock till night. It is vaira strong day."

"You mean very important, I see; we do have such days, but to-morrow is not one of them. Now you may walk wherever you like. I am going to sit here and read a little."

But Miss Carrington found her book less interesting than watching her companion, who seemed as much at home in the old-fashioned garden as if she, like its founder, had "had a propensity to botanicks from infancy." Was there in her a strain from some flower-loving German? or only the uncrushed rich nature of the Semites, whose glowing imaginations found the manifestations of the true God in the forces of nature, and who needed all the terrors of the law to keep them from worshipping, like surrounding nations, on the hills and in the groves of Palestine. This peasant woman touched the blossoms gently; she pressed back the thick branches of the boxtrees, letting them loose suddenly, and listened in apparent delight to the little splashing sounds of the leaves. She "scuntled," as the Scotch say, through the fallen leaves with the pleasure of a child. At noon Alice found her sitting on a bench down by the river, in the shadow of some silver beeches, sitting so quietly that a chicken scratched, unruffled, at her feet. The air was very still; occasionally rose the cry of "watermelon?" from the river as the boatmen caught sight of pleasure parties on the shore. In the distance some vessels were loading and one could faintly discern their foreign flags. Anulka gazed at them earnestly, and Alice said, "Would you like to go back? away from America?"

"I am glad I am here, vaira glad;

ze Russians are bad, make like ze devil. It iss goot here."

"And do you not like the water, either, Anulka? I am going to row for a little while in one of those little boats. Would you like to come?"

"I vill go," said Anulka, "if you go, but ze Shews do not like ze water. Dagoes are on ships, but Shews neffer."

"Do not come then," said Alice kindly, "I shall not be gone long." When she returned to the bench Mrs. Golobiewsky was finishing the last of the parcel of luncheon she had brought with her. Miss Carrington opened her own luncheon basket and said doubtfully, "I do not know your customs very well, but cannot you take some of this? The bread and cake came from a Hebrew bakery, and here is some fruit."

Anulka brightened and said quickly, "Ah! ve vill eat and zen ve vill alvays be goot friends," and her evident enjoyment was not lessened by "the pale spectrum of the salt."

The day wore on; the air was very sweet in the quaint dusky tangle of the old garden; the aromatic perfume of rare shrubs mingled with the pleasant smell of the rich earth. There was none of the fatiguing regularity of modern gardens, for everything was planted just where it would grow best, and the result was a delightful confusion, resembling in luxuriance and unconventionality the natural loveliness of the wild wood.

Alice sketched and read, or sat and watched her companion. She wondered greatly at her contented idleness, and marvelled that a woman of no mental resources could so easily let slip her cares. She also wondered what was passing in the depths of the woman's soul, but the garrulity of the morning had ceased, and she sat idle as a child weary of play.

The whistle of a steamboat sounded on the river below and Alice said, "I think we must go home." The light faded on Anulka's face. She rose slowly and walked on with dragging steps. At the end of the orchard she turned and looked back for a moment, then she shook herself with a little shudder, like a dog coming out of the water. She turned and looked at Miss Carrington; a little flame leaped into her eyes, and a flush ran over her face, like the glow of the sun before it drops into the darkness of the hills; she said, "I hap hat one goot time," and went on in silence.

COMPLETENESS.

BY JAMES RILEY.

In low detail the fool is wise,
The essential makes the man;
And he who would Fame's guerdon prize
Must grasp the General Plan.

'TWIXT CUP AND LIP.

BY JOSEPHINE BENEDICT.

HEN they lifted young Milton into the ambulance, he was conscious enough to worry about his bicycle lying by the hole in the street which had caused his downfall. A dim thought of damages from the gas company that was laying the pipes, ended in a shudder of pain as the ambulance wheels slipped into the car tracks on Washington street, and he was quite unconscious by the time Concord street and the hospital were reached.

Now it happened that Tom Brown had been attracted by the crowd, and recognized young Milton as they were lifting him into the ambulance, which accounts for his being at the hospital as soon as his shattered chum. It was he who suggested a private room, and he went up in the elevator with the ambulance doctor and the attendant, and did not like it at all that they would not let him help carry the stretcher.

Then there was a wait in the quiet hall. It seemed hours long to Tom, and at the end of it a tall, strong-faced, gentle-voiced girl, in a blue and white striped gingham gown, with a dainty cap and immaculate white apron, came and told him his friend had a compound fracture of the femur and a scalp wound, and that she was his nurse. Tom discovered by an artful question that the femur was the thigh, and decided mentally that it would be some time before there would be any more rides on the bicycle.

The smell of iodoform was the first thing that Harry Milton realized as the effects of the ether began to pass off. That was nasty. The next was the sensation of being raised a little by a very soft, gentle, distinctly feminine arm. His vision was hazy, and his mind not clear; but he saw a blue and white form, and heard a voice, both of which were pleasant; and that was old Tom in the corner: and as he remembered one thing after another, and became sufficiently himself to damn the gas company for the destruction of his wheel, Tom Brown decided that he would do, and went home to tell his people.

Now, an athlete like young Milton may be a very satisfactory patient to a doctor, because his fine condition renders drawbacks improbable; but it is quite another story from the nurse's point of view. Such a man is usually anything but "patient;" and Milton might have been a teething baby, from the way he fussed and fretted, till one morning Miss Gray announced to him that she intended to ask the doctor to put a man-nurse on his case.

Of course she would not be allowed to do anything of the kind, but as Mr. Milton did not know this, the threat set him to thinking that a man's hands might not be so deft and gentle in their touch; that coats and trousers were not so agreeable to look at as spotless blue and white dresses, and finally that he did not want any one but Miss Gray to nurse him.

It was about this time he made up his mind that Tom Brown was a very decent old man after all. He got in so often, and seemed so anxious to hear Miss Gray's report, and was always so ready to raise his friend's head, or adjust the weight which was fastened to his left leg to keep it from growing shorter in the knitting of the bone. Those last attentions could easily have been dispensed with, because those same liftings were becoming events in the

day, and, with sundry bathings of the face and arranging of pillows, were asked for rather oftener than strict necessity demanded, but with a noticeable absence of the peevishness of the first month, and he did not show much interest when Tom talked of his approaching restoration to the use of his legs.

The prospect of saying good-by to Miss Gray, and leaving her to minister to some other fellow, was unpleasant. By Jove! it was more than he could stand. There were lots of pretty little houses out Somerville way, and how charmingly Miss Gray could manage one of them. By the way, what can her given name be? It is awkward to imagine yourself asking a girl to marry you and not to know her name. And then he began to wonder whether those nurses were under any sort of contract, or had taken vows. It was wrong of their parents to allow it, and when Miss Gray brought him his chicken jelly, he asked her about it. She had taken no vow as yet, she said, but she intended to shortly. It was not an unusual thing for nurses to do, although it was not, strictly speaking, a part of the profession. Yes, the vows were for life, and she had quite made up her mind to it, and wouldn't Mr. Milton try his new crutches this afternoon?

No, Mr. Milton wouldn't, and would not eat any more of that jelly, and he didn't see what the doctors were thinking of not to get him about before this; he was tired of hobbling round like a convict, with a ball and chain tied to his leg, and it's a queer thing, Brown, that in waiting three months, you haven't learned to open that door for yourself. It was after the two had talked half an hour or so that Harry Milton, warming to the subject, began to tell his friend the discovery he had made about this dear girl's future. "By Jove, old man, it's a shame! It ought not to be allowed, and you don't seem to see it at all. She is going to take life-vows, and tie herself up forever. By Jove, I'll stop her if I can."

"Please don't," said Tom Brown, softly; "because she's going to take those vows, and tie herself up for life — to me."

MY OUTING.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

UNDERNEATH a spreading oak
Is a grassy spot,
And around it blooms the rose
And forget-me-not;
Through the limbs a bit of sky
Sends its blue to me,
And the songsters of the trees
Gather round to see;
And the songsters of the trees
Sing their sweetest lay,
As I lie upon the ground
Dreaming time away;
All forgetful of the world
And the city's heat,
And that I must soon return
To the dusty street.

TALKS TO THE TYPEWRITER.

THE last echoes of the glorious Fourth had scarcely died away when rumors of a great industrial war began to thicken. As in a great conflagration we read of the flames leaping from basement to dome with magical celerity before the surprised bystanders had hardly time to turn, so did the great strike break ablaze before the nation had time to anticipate it, or to dream of its stupendous consequences.

What a spectacle has been before the world in this our day of Christianity and civilization! The head and the hand of production have been arrayed in a fierce war of injury and destruction, as if one could possibly profit by the crippling of the other. The worst passions have been aroused, millions upon millions of property have been destroyed, incalculable poverty and suffering entailed, hard earnings consumed, and, alas! precious life itself sacrificed in the collision between citizens and the military forces.

It is quite discreditable to the "science of government" that it has not only left the whole volume of internal commerce at the mercy of disputes between employer and employe, but has failed to devise any scheme of responsible arbitration, whereby reason and the moral sense, backed by authority vested through popular sanction, shall make a resort to brute force impossible, in a civilized land like ours.

Our rude forefathers were not so learned as we, and knew little of political economy and science; but they managed to live in a tolerable state of peace and good will. Each respected his neighbor's rights, while he demanded a recognition of his own. It is only within comparatively recent years that society has been made acquainted with strikes, and that the attitude of capital and labor has grown to be a warlike one. Whence comes this mighty change in the relations of employer and employe? Certainly human nature has not changed radically. To insist that the employing class is all wrong and the wage class all right is industrial bigotry, arguing neither sense, fairness, nor reason. The same unfortunate qualities that show up on one side are displayed on the other. The same weaknesses are apparent in organized labor that appear in organized capital. If in the struggle for supremacy labor suffers most, it is because capital holds the keys of the storehouses of production. Labor is plainly the underdog in the fight, though not because the policy of war makes one class of contestants less humane or reasonable than another.

The causes of existing inequality and discontent, resulting finally in a condition not far removed from civil war, as we have just seen, must be sought, not on the theory that one class of men is by nature more unjust and tyrannical than another class, but in the changed elements of the problem of industrial peace and equity to be dealt with.

The growth of new sources of motive power and of labor-saving appliances has gradually converted the old-time system of individualized, independent production, at the hands of a vast number of employing producers, into the modern system of collectivized production. The centralization of production has steadily swallowed up innumerable small plants and massed them into the mammoth factories and overshadowing corporations seen to-day. The inevitable result, as the process developed, was a steady decrease of independent producers, as against wage workers, until now we have the Homestead works, the Pullman plant, the Lowell corporations, and many other vast collectivized establishments that could be mentioned.

These enormous centralized systems of production early set the example of organization for labor. So long as the employe is in daily contact with his employer, neither party need organize for defence against the other; but when one's employer becomes a corporation, he has to deal with a more or less soulless, impersonal thing. If he has any personal relations with his employer it can only be through some agent of the corporation, who is himself an employe. The result is, that personal attrition, which in small concerns forges a bond of mutuality between employer and employe, is quite absent under collectivized production. The corporation is a vast organization, and labor sees no way of dealing with it save by becoming itself organized. Thus has come the vast "army" of organized labor, that has of late been measuring strength with solidly organized, centralized, and collectivized capitalism.

The only point of agreement between organized capital and organized labor is the concession on the part of each that both have the right to organize. The concession of the right of labor to organize on the part of society, as voiced by law, is a comparatively modern triumph. Under a statute of Edward VI. it was unlawful for laborers "to combine not to do work, except at a certain price and for a certain time," the penalty being the dungeon or public flogging. Similar laws were in force under Elizabeth's reign, and less than a century ago an act of parliament declared that "all combinations of laborers for obtaining advances of wages, altering the usual time of working, decreasing the quantity of work, and the like, are illegal, and are punishable by such fines or imprisonment, as the local courts shall see fit to impose."

By universal consent the right of labor to organize for the peaceable betterment of its condition is now established. It being established, what is the animating spirit? It is the spirit of war, in the very nature of the case, unless arbitration is made a fixed condition in all industrial disputes. Alas, neither have the corporations and the labor organizations ever settled upon any plan of arbitration, but congress has neglected to make arbitration compulsory; so that in case capital refuses to arbitrate labor must surrender unconditionally if it cannot cripple the enemy into submission. In short, we have here not only all the conditions of war, but the situation even fails to be sure of that inevitable accompaniment of recognized war, even among semi-savages, viz., provision for truce and a treaty of peace.

That such a state of things exists in this age is lamentable. Good men, high and humble, seek a remedy. If the modern system of collectivized industry is at fault, the sooner we begin the work of industrial reörganization the better. If centralization is brutalizing the relations of labor and capital, it is high time to begin the work of individualizing production, and returning to a wholesome ratio between the number of employers and employés. If the fault be that we have neglected to nationalize industry in lines where it became so massed as to endanger popular rights, destroy social equity, and menace the public peace, then let us move for government control of great concerns like transportation and mining. If, finally, we conclude that the present system of industry is in the line of natural social evolution, and must stand, let all the forces of Christianity and humanity set to work to devise some method of peaceable arbitration when capital and labor clash. If the two opposing classes can fix upon no method between themselves, or either party refuses arbitration, then congress should be forced, by the pressure of public opinion, to establish a national board of arbitration, authorized to summon both parties to a labor dispute to appear before it through its representatives, and these failing to agree upon terms of settlement within a reasonable time, the national board shall fix upon terms to be enforced by the government, upon the strike being declared to be ended.

The purpose of this magazine to search for the causes of industrial discontent, on the basis of charity for all, and malice toward none, is fully vindicated in the recent great strike. That something is wrong, either in the ruling system of industry, or in the want of proper legislative enactments that should accompany it, is painfully evident. The possibility of civil war, as the result of a severe dispute between capital and labor, has been dangerously nearly demonstrated. The ruling animus on both sides is plainly that of war to the knife, rather than a desire for an equitable canvass of the points in dispute, with a view to a peaceable settlement. When the war spirit is uppermost neither side is willing to give the other credit for good faith and sincerity. The brutal propensities are aroused and grow upon what they feed. Unreason usurps the throne, and chaos and anarchy soon call for heroic treatment. How shall we eradicate the existing war animus prevailing on both sides? With all our political and educational machinery, is it not possible either to get the poison out of our industrial system, or else devise a new one, on broad, concessive lines?

We think it is. But the remedy does not abide in anybody's pet specific Certainly it is not to be found through assuming that capitalists are knaves and robbers, having no saving virtues, and that organized labor can do no wrong. The present drift of production and exchange, if it be a radically wrong one, was not devised by the business classes, but came upon them through new forces and agencies in the furtherance of production, over which they had no control. Had the factors of steam, electricity, and labor-saving machinery not entered into the production, as dominating factors, things would have still been going the old way. Capital is far more the servant

than master of the great motive agents which the Almighty has suffered to be dug out of their hiding places to become the most powerful factors in the world's present industrial system.

In the search for a more equitable industrial system labor should give the present system credit for having made it possible to reduce the hours of labor one-third below the number of hours required under the old system. Nothing can hinder the benefits of new motive agencies from distributing themselves gradually among the masses. That the lot of labor has steadily improved none but the confirmed pessimist would care to deny. But this fact should not permit us to ignore the other very serious fact that the nation's vast wealth is falling into fewer and fewer hands. The chasm that separates the classes and the masses is growing broader and deeper constantly. As the laboring producer more and more loses his grip on what he produces through centralization and collectivized industry the less becomes his share of it. The individual is lost in the ponderous machinery of production. Reciprocity between employer and employe grows more and more remote from realization. The brotherhood of man comes to include only classes arrayed against each other. The bonds that ought to unite employer and employe finally come to have no existence in practice, and blind greed struggles in spiritual darkness with organized labor, scrambling more or less blindly to secure the biggest possible slice of what it has produced.

The first condition necessary to a proper solution of the industrial problem is the elimination of partisanship and the infusion of the proper Christian spirit into industrial relationships. The fanaticism that can look upon but one side of a great question obscures the way to amelioration. He who can find nothing good in the employing class is equally blind with him who, infatuated at the shrine of Mammon, becomes the blind apologist of wealth, no matter how tyrannical it may be. With true Christian charity in the heart the scales of prejudice drop from the eyes. No man can see right until he feels right. And no man can feel right until, imbued with the spirit of Christ, he faces all problems with the Golden Rule in his hand. Any solution of the problem of social inequality and industrial maladjustments that is hypothecated on force rather than upon enlightened conscience and the teachings of Christ's holy Church will not get far. As industry is productive and war destructive, so does love bear light and hate darkness. If force is anywhere justifiable, it is in the insistence by all good citizens upon compulsory arbitration at the hands of the government, pending a mutual system of arbitration agreed upon by labor and capital. Great as was the responsibility of Debs in the late conflict, that of Mr. Pullman in arrogantly declining even to discuss the question of whether arbitration was advisable was still greater. Because life and property are sacred, arrogance and arbitrariness, in times when passion is at a white heat, is reprehensible on either side.

Recent events should impress upon all thoughtful, law-loving citizens the great necessity of carrying along the spiritual as well as the material side of social development. "An evil day is

approaching," says Professor Draper, in his great work on Intellectual Development in Europe, "when it becomes recognized in a community that the only standard of social distinction is wealth. That day was soon followed in ancient Rome by its unavoidable consequence, a government founded on two domestic elements, corruption and terrorism. Between these two the mother of empires fell." Shall we heed the lessons of history? Corruption must be felled by the bright armor of Christian virtue. Terrorism, whether it be at the hands of capital or at the hands of organized labor, must be discountenanced and put down. Life and property must be made inviolable before all things, and the personal liberty of every man secure, before the way is clear for the development of a new social order.

We do not arrogate to ourselves the superior wisdom adequate to a solution of the industrial problem. All systems are capable of contributing something valuable to the coming social structure that is to be built upon love and Christian brotherhood, rather than upon strife and terrorism. We premise that some good is to be found everywhere and in all things. If we can only discover and bring to view the best in all systems, and collate the instrumentalities utilized in all nations for the accomplishment of social and industrial amelioration, we shall be able, with the aid of an impartial spirit and an unselfish purpose, to contribute something of value to the most pressing problem of the hour. We propose to continue the search for light from month to month, all the more convinced by the lessons of the recent great strike that we are doing God and humanity a service, and aiding the Church of Christ, the greatest champion of social righteousness, and the truest friend of the poor and defenceless everywhere.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

A Tribute to a Charity Conducted by Young Catholic Women of Boston.

[W. F. Donovan in The Boston Herald.]

A FEW days ago a patient at the City Hospital, a middle-aged man, and a victim of consumption, was discharged from that institution, not because he was cured, but because his ailment was pronounced incurable.

Weak, without friends, home, or money, he wandered about the city for awhile, and when night cast its shadow over the scene he repaired to a vacant lot on Albany street, where he stretched himself out, securing the rest that the hard earth could afford, with the sky for his covering.

The next morning the presence of this unfortunate creature was discovered by a passer by, who found him cold and hungry. His story was revealed — a story which, minus its details, was plainly pictured upon the countenance of the sufferer.

The kindness of strangers, drawn to him by his general air of respectability and the plausible story which he told, had him removed to the Free Home for Consumptives in Dorchester, where notwithstanding the crowded condition of the home, he was admitted and provided with a lounge to rest his weary and diseased frame, every bed in the institution having an occupant at the time. Here he will be permitted to remain, and receive every kindness until, perhaps, death, which sometimes as an angel of mercy steals upon the afflicted, to relieve him of that suffering which only the grim destroyer can remove, visits him.

The City Hospital, from which this man was discharged, is supported by the people in Boston, the taxpayers ; the Free Home for Consumptives is a private institution, founded by young women, managed by them, and supported through their successful appeals to the charity of the people for the support of their noble charge, wherein consumptives are admitted, regardless of creed, race, or color.

This is but one of many instances where this comparatively new institution has extended the cloak of charity over the emaciated form of neglected and suffering humanity.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

FOR WOMEN BY WOMEN.

WHAT SHALL I DO TO SUCCEED?

III.

Shall I Be a Stenographer?

IN the good old days — some ten or a score of years ago — when woman was not so generally "emancipated" as she now is, and it was a rare sight to behold her perched up in a high office chair, with a pencil in her chignon or over her ear, stenography was about the most attractive, from a pecuniary point of view at least, of all the different branches of business to which femininity could aspire, and an expert writer could not only make a comfortable livelihood, but also manage to hoard, with some economy, a soothing "layer-up."

But in these days of declining wages and over supply, with the dollar alone growing dearer and dearer, when it is equally a matter of course as well as necessity, that the sisters in a family should enroll themselves among the bread-winners as their brothers, so many women naturally wishing to be occupied, in as refined and respectable positions as possible, have been led to turn their attention in one direction, and enter perhaps the widest, yet most crowded, avenue of female occupation — that of shorthand writing and typewriting.

The innumerable colleges and "universities," so-called, established often men and women who merely understand the rudiments of stenography well enough to teach others, guaranteeing to teach all sorts and conditions of strugglers for bread shorthand and typewriting, drilling them thoroughly in a number of very modern and esoteric improvements in the art, for the very moderate fee of perhaps $25, have turned out so many undesirable, incompetent people, calling themselves stenographers, that the market is glutted, and both employers and employés suffer. The short term of three months often guaranteed to equip any one wishing to earn a respectable and remunerative living, has attracted to these schools many girls and women previously distributed in different employments, as waitresses, apprentices in milliners' establishments, cash girls, factory operatives, that part of the school population which carries off the prizes for good conduct, punctuality, and sometimes "application to study," etc. This tends towards damaging the good name of the stenographic business for those qualified to fill positions, as a business man requiring the services of an amanuensis, on applying at these benevolent cheap shorthand schools, is supplied with a graduate from their classes, who proudly informs him that she "knows shorthand" or "knows the typewriter." After giving such misguided young people a week's trial, the business man discovers that the schools do not bother their brains about those belonging to their students, and, ignoring the fact that many of their pupils had not the elements of a common school education, simply put them through a course of pot-hooks and gymnastics on the machine. When they enter an office they are found to be hopelessly incapable, and only a "central" girl on a windy day can try one's patience like an incompetent stenographer.

The employer becomes so disgusted

that he oftentimes declines to give a trial to another who may be worthy.

Some of the primitive stenographers, whose memories are stored with the resounding and melodious chink of the golden essence of life, which used to make pay-day a day of good cheer, are among the experts of to-day; and although forced to be much more chary of their pin money than heretofore, still, when employed, receive such remuneration as would bear favorable comparison with almost any other department of business into which the fair sex have made any headway. This applies only to those experts who occupy positions of trust, such as secretaryships to public men, official positions, court reporting, etc. But these lucrative berths are few and far between, comparatively speaking, and such experts — through the rivalry of speaking machines, invented for the purpose of superseding human talent in this direction — correspondingly limited in number.

Up to within the past year or so, one of the most coveted fields of stenographic effort was in reporting speeches for the press. The stenographers engaged for this purpose were obliged to be more than ordinarily skilful at their trade or sub-profession. It was necessary for them to be backed up with a wide experience in all lines of shorthand work, and to possess a general knowledge of current topics and questions, an extended vocabulary and acquaintance with the mots d'usage, as they had to be prepared to "take in" as well as "take down" speeches on any subject, at a moment's notice, from a talk on the uses of the kindergarten to a discourse on the differential calculus.

This particular work called for good judgment and facility in expressing one's self clearly and intelligently. One of the stenographer's requisites was to be always ready diplomatically to collaborate with the speaker — rounding his sentences, filling his pauses, and turning the ungrammatical license of many public speakers into English. Grammatical errors pass unnoticed on the platform, just as incorrect spelling is often concealed behind unintelligible or bad penmanship. If "in his customary brilliant fashion," the Hon. Mr. So-and-So's speech appears next morning in cold type without the stenographer's dressing up, there is danger of a libel case against the newspaper employing such stenographer, or an imperative demand for immediate retraction. And God help the stenographer who has not tact enough to avoid such a catastrophe; for the managing editor would prefer to give an order to his staff to tell "the whole truth" about everything in the evening edition than retract a printed sentence.

But this choicest field for the ambitious stenographer's pencil has been reduced to a narrow lane, wherein a few salaried men or women, controlled by one or two news agencies, to-day do the work that a hundred have hitherto been engaged in. These agencies, with the aid of labor-saving machines, manifolding many copies at a time, are enabled to supply all the newspapers with the speeches at a much lower figure, but with a good profit to themselves, than the papers were in the habit of paying their special and regular free lance experts by space.

So it would seem that in this particular department of the business that the "survival of the fittest" is doomed, and the evolution of the stenographer must henceforth halt at routine office correspondence and such work. Where there is no spur to ambition for the many, where there is a lack of opportunity "at the top" of any profession, only the golden (?) mean of mediocrity can exist; and to-day many experts are obliged to retrace their steps and be grateful for the privilege of being allowed to do routine mechanical office work. The pencil, therefore, which used to flit like lightning over the notebook is gradually losing its cunning.

But in dealing with a subject like the one in hand, it is not my purpose to be a raven that bodes naught but evil, and it is not my wish altogether to discourage those hundreds of eager young people who are anxious to make a living

at whatever they have the most capacity for. It will be noticed that I have confined my remarks more to the experts than to the average stenographers. And as under the brightest conditions, the ninety-nine per cent are willing to accept positions calling for average ability, I hasten to add that the average intelligent stenographer, in view of the above facts, has more reason for contentment than the expert, who, after years of experience and success, in filling a lower and more subordinate position, is only in a mood to "hang up" the philosophy that teaches resignation.

There are certainly many stenographers required, and they are now recognized as necessary office adjuncts — as necessary as a telephone, or gazeteer, or letter press. The wages of the average stenographer, while not as high as they were before the shorthand manufacturing colleges swamped the market, rank a trifle higher than those received in the minor trades, such as stitching, or as saleswomen, etc. The average stenographer (and an employer generally prefers an average to an expert, from an economical standpoint) can make from $4 to $10, sometimes $12, per week. There is a small percentage, who, after several years employment in certain large law firms and large corporations, make $15. But these latter are gradually becoming rarer, as the cheaper element, willing to work for mere pocket money (high school graduates, etc.) easily undermine them. This has worked such disastrous results to the rank and file of stenographers, who depend altogether on their pencils for the necessaries of life, that to-day while thousands of women are filling positions there are as many more out of employment waiting for engagements, the chances for obtaining which, owing to the ever-increasing competition, are growing more and more remote every day.

Stenography is not a desirable pursuit for the girl with an ambitious temperament, filled with enthusiasm to "conquer worlds" and start a bank account. The general routine work of most business offices is neither educative nor mentally elevating, but instead tends to automatizing her. No doubt it has a moral influence, and produces a Job-like patience, which, if not an heroic, is held to be an angelic virtue. The ever-cheerful believer in the "what is, is right" doctrine preaches that the automatic routine of the office stenographer will leave her mind free to think great thoughts. At this I can only shrug my shoulders, believing that there are more great thoughts in action than in passivity — generally speaking. Where a born genius can turn his minutes in to poetry, the average stenographer will play with her fingers. If an ambitious shorthand writer could choose her chief, and it fell to her lot to be amanuensis to a Platonic, a Socratic, or Shakespearian mind, it would be a grand education to her, and I cannot imagine a pleasanter occupation. But a great number of employers are illiterate and uneducated men, and to be continually writing out the dictation of such does not aid her ambitious energy, to say nothing of the evil influence on her literary style. There is not even a minimum of inspiration in continually acknowledging cheques — always to one's employer's order.

But, before I close, I would add that while stenography per se, like most other feminine pursuits in this work-aday world, is not lacking in its share of disappointments, bitterness, and even at times despair, it has also its collateral advantages, which must not be lost sight of. The most apparent one — indeed the crowning virtue of stenography as an occupation (to which I hope, and do not doubt, that 75 per cent of the sisterhood will not object) is that as a "bridge to matrimony" it has no equal. GRACE H. HARTE.

IV.

Shall I Be a Proof-Reader?

No, my dear girl, not unless you possess, or are willing to acquire, knowledge, fortitude, wisdom, perseverance, and some other indispensable gifts; not

unless you have nerves of steel, an iron physique, an angel's temper, and a worldling's capacity for seeking solace in thoughts of pay day.

If you modestly confess that all these qualifications are already yours, you have indeed one grand essential for success in this progressive century. Splendid audacity makes even a proof-reader superior to the malice of fate. Job-like meekness is a more general characteristic of the craft, and even the most gifted tyro would do well to cultivate it. It is the prerogative of youth to undertake anything or everything; but if you can conceal this assumption of ability under a mantle of real or pretended lowliness of spirit, you will have a better chance of being allowed to live and possess the land in a printing office. Turbulent despotism is the reigning form of government in the proof-reader's realm; every one from the most remote out-lying stockholder to the office boy possessing a certain modicum of power, and using it mercilessly on the reader.

Do you still wish to enter where anarchy reigns?

If you do you would better begin at the case and work upward, — a type-setter's practical knowledge of the printer's art is invaluable. An apprentice must possess at least a grammar school education, above all be a good speller, know something about punctuation, and be fairly quick at reading poor manuscript.

COMPOSITOR.

For the first three months the privilege of learning is all the compensation made for your services, after that you will receive from $3 to $4 a week, and in a year's time you will be earning at least $1 a day; at the close of the second year, if you have real ability, you will be an expert worth the highest rate of wage, rarely exceeding $12 a week, though there are exceptional cases where on newspaper work, a skilled workman may average $20 a week. The hours are from eight to six. The work demands mental and physical activity, close attention to detail, and infinite patience in obeying orders. Of course, there are many who do not give all these requisites to their work; but they are the unfortunate incapables doomed to life-long drudgery. Alertness and thoroughness are qualities essential to success in every field of labor.

If you are ambitious to read proof, during your time at the case you will seize every opportunity to increase your stock of knowledge of the art. A miscellaneous store is invaluable, and much will come under your eyes that should be hoarded up in memory for future use.

COPY-HOLDER.

Thus equipped, in addition to your technical knowledge of printing, you are fitted for the position of "copy-holder," by no means a sinecure. If I were a believer in the doctrine of discouragement, I could so depict that unlucky mortal's woes that the ambitious tyro would flee in terror from so sad a fate. However there is a gleam of light broadening on her path, there is a day coming when even she may smile; that day when the type-writer reigns supreme, eclipsing the prettiest "hand" ever taught in a seminary, or the most diabolic scribble expressing man's unbalanced mind.

The copy-holder of to-day is subjected to intense mental strain; the minutest mark may not escape her; every word, every point in punctuation, must come under scrutiny, and woe betide her if the proof-reader should find her lagging behind. "Rush" is the motto of modern life, and nowhere is it more recklessly followed than in the printing world. The copy-holder who can't or won't "rush" is soon out of the race.

But if she can stand the crucial test, she will read re-print and manuscript, and receive for her first year from $6.00 to $8.00 a week, learning also to revise, that is, revising the proof-reader's marks from the first proof to the revise.

At the end of two years she will be, or should be, an expert in her art.

Considering the harassing nature of the work, and its demand on the worker's intelligence, the compensation is miserable.

But there is a height above, and on its summit the ambitious copy-holder sets her yearning eyes.

During her years of servitude, in her leisure hours and odd moments, she acquires a thorough knowledge of grammer and rhetoric, rules of punctuation, and different uses of words, a certain familiarity with French and Latin, and the works of those authors who are the best exponents of good, pure English. Thus qualified, on the first opportunity she ceases to be a copy-holder, and slips into the proof-reader's chair.

You ask, are her troubles things of the past?

Well, yes, my dear girl, at least some of them are, but new ones spring up, compared with which, the old ones are as childhood's joys. The full-fledged proof-reader is an important individual, but she pays for her importance with her popularity. There is no human being so generally and unjustly execrated as is the vigilant, conscientious reader. She is continually between the horns of a dilemma, and turn where she will, some one is waiting to devour her. It may be the irate chief, offended author, or furious compositor, one and all wreck their wrath upon her. She may take it on herself to "query" an author, and be engulfed in the whirlpool of his indignation at her presumption, or she may let the error go before the public, and be deafened by the editorial war at her colossal stupidity.

In either case censure is certain. Taken as a class, the writer is a thin-skinned animal, with an abnormal talent for coining words and phrases and originating grammatical puzzles for the special aggravation of the conservative reader. The amount of energy thus spent might perhaps be better employed in such trivial things as careful punctuation and correct spelling, but the average genius scorns these homely accomplishments, leaving them to the low-down employé paid to do literary chores. Some manuscripts are so notoriously bad in form that it requires all a reader's skill to rescue a thought from the debris of misplaced marks and erratic spelling. What wonder if she sometimes fails to read the thought aright, and as a consequence genius is subjected to ridicule!

Perspicacity, concentration, alertness, are the proof-reader's watch-words, and acquired indifference to abuse must be her shield.

The scale of wages for an expert reader ranges from $10 to $20, the latter exceptionally high; $16 is considered very good.

Pleasures?

They are few in number and solitary in character. The proof-reader stands alone, her copy-holder is merely an adjunct, rarely a companion, there is no time and less opportunity for forming those lasting friendships that brighten other lines of work. The chivalry that makes glad the life of the woman-journalist casts no spell on the proof-reader's destiny. The doughty chief or gallant reporter who would take up the lance in defence of the woman-journalist is equally ready to spear her proof-reading sister with a javelin of biting sarcasm, or level her to earth with the blunderbuss of uncontrollable wrath. The dear, friendly fellows are endowed with a dual nature, or it may be that the proof-reader's discernment renders disguise impossible.

To laugh at other people's blunders is not the loftiest form of amusement, but it is less harmful than settled melancholy or chronic ill-temper, and some errors are irresistibly funny; if collected and issued in book form they might make a fortune for the enterprising compiler. The proof-reader has a wealth of such material supplied from sources great and small, the whale and the minnow in literary waters alike contributing, and alike wrathful if the contribution be gratefully acknowledged.

The truest and most abiding pleasure brightening the reader's isolated life, is

the sense of mental growth, — the gradual expansion of intellectual forces, till the mind is stored with treasures of learning. This is possible only where the copy handled is of a high order. The average newspaper or job office supplies little to feed intellect, or to make life other than a dull, monotonous routine. Still, there is a living to be made, even at hack-work, and for that we should always be grateful.

We women are wofully in the majority, and should tender thanks for being allowed to live at all. We should cultivate a cheery, sunshiny disposition; greet our brother-workers with a "good morning," blithe as the song of birds, and bid them "good evening" with a little ripple of gratitude blending sweetly with the words. Even a proof-reader should smile her way out and in between bristling lines of foes. It is a little like running the gauntlet, — and ink may not be blacker than the countenances you smile upon, but remember the plurality of your sex, and, like Uriah Heep, make capital of being "'umble."

ADDIE SMITH.

The Woman Bore.

SHE abounds in all parts of North America, and in those parts of other continents where the death penalty is not too freely enforced. She is more abundant than that other pest, the man bore, and having more time is infinitely more aggravating.

She appears in many guises, and thus increases the difficulty of exterminating her. She may appear as a round, cheery little woman, with an empty head and voluable tongue, or she may loom upon you with solemn visage, and lank, bony structure encasing her specialty — brain; or she may rise before you in the majesty of a stolid countenance, imperturable dignity, and massive personality.

These are the three prominent types, each with many variations that experience and instinct will aid you to recognize for yourself. Have you a choice?

The dignified bore is the most difficult to get on with; she petrifies you with her silence, and hypnotizes you into enduring her hour after hour, till you are ready to shriek with nervousness, or weep tears of pity for your luckless self. The only consolation she affords is that her colossal proportions and heavy tread give warning of her approach, and if you are at all nimble you can flee before her. If she once gets in the doorway you are done, escape is hopelessly cut off.

She is generally a prominent public character, and as such has divers business in city offices, where men meet her with the stoicism of an Indian, or the faint-heartedness of a chicken, according to individual character. Not even "an engagement to meet" will free them from her ponderous presence, and few of them have the nerve to hew their way out. It's a noble revenge for all the wrongs, real or fancied, inflicted by man, just to see one master-mind growing helplessly stupid, eyes gazing pitiful into the corridor looking in vain for relief, collapse indicated in every line of an erstwhile athletic figure. She is like a blunt battle-axe, kills by sheer weight.

The brainy bore ranks next in destructibility. It's a fearful experience to have her bear down upon you, freighted with ideas, and equally possessed of words; her topics may range from "Thought reduced to its elements," to "Elections as factors in developing man's spirituous nature." There's a crumb of comfort in the thought that you are not expected to do more than listen and exclaim, now and again, as the profundity of her depth forces you to speech.

Sometime ago one of the species bore down upon two helpless women, hurried with work, and for two mortal hours harangued them on herself, her thoughts, and works. She read them extracts from countless pages of manuscript, and called for opinions that she wouldn't let them express. At last, having done her wicked best to aid the heat in making life intolerable, she gathered up her literary tools prepara-

tory to departure. "We've had a delightful time," she remarked, blandly. "I'm so glad we met; you're so congenial" (this to the elder woman; the younger one had gradually changed from the "at bay" attitude of a deer to an apathetic, numb condition). "I'll know now where to find a kindred spirit when my thoughts begin to flow."

"If they flow here again," muttered the younger woman, suddenly rousing to life as the bore vanished, "they'll drown us out of business. Two of the best hours of our day gone for nothing."

"Leave her to me," remarked the "congenial" one. "If she comes round again I'll settle her."

She did come round in a few days, bland and affable as usual, with a bag and bundle of manuscript for the mental improvement of her compulsory audience.

"I've a few little things here," she began pleasantly.

"Oh, excuse me," interrupted the "congenial" one, rising grandly to the occasion, "but I'm so afraid I'll forget again, if I don't tell you just now. We are quite a literary family ourselves, and I do so want your expert opinion of some of our productions, little gems that we threw off at odd intervals. Why, even our baby when she was only eight years old wrote the most remarkable poem, — every one commented on its cleverness; but there, you shall judge for yourself. I have it here somewhere, with some other grave and gay thoughts woven into verse," and, with a movement as rapid as her speech, she dragged into view a formidable-looking box, bulging with the stored-up school-exercises of a family of nine.

The bore looked at the collection with undisguised alarm, and the sisters exchanged a guileless, happy smile.

"Some other day," began the visitor, feebly.

"Why not to-day?" asked the "congenial" one forcing her advantage. "It's so sweet; the originality is startling; the darling had some difficulty in getting a line to rhyme with 'Walking on the lea,' but you see she rose to the occasion by imagining a voice interrupting her muse, 'A-calling me to tea.' Think of the fertility of resource in so young a brain! Now, here's something entirely different. You wouldn't think that quiet little girl over there," — nodding to her sister — "has poetic aspirations, but she has. This ode on Easter is like hidden jewels, wanting only the light. You needn't blush, Belle; the time will come when you must obey the divine impetus to put forth your soul."

"I must be going," gasped the bore, reaching for her bundle and bag. "I — "

"Oh, no," protested the "congenial" one, "not till you have seen some of my work; it's strong. I believe that to be effectual we must supplement tenderness with strength. Now here's this 'Wails of Women,' there's almost a martial ring stirring its depths — marring its pathos some, critics have said. I should like — "

"She's gone," gasped the Easter poet, as the bore took advantage of her proximity to an open door; "but don't ever do it again, Blanche, you might get into the way of it."

"I won't have any need," the strategist made answer; "that woman will never again darken our doors."

And she hasn't.

The merry, empty-headed bore is a tenacious creature, but more easily grappled with than the heavier type. It may be said of her that she commands more love and less respect. Women handle her without gloves, and for that reason she selects men as her prey. She comes among them in their busiest moments, and drives them to the verge of madness with her bubbling laughter and senseless remark.

"You must think I'm a little silly," one of the species murmured, five times in a half-hour, to a man pressed with work, and five times he courteously assured her that he didn't think she was "silly."

Now that man may have been chivalrous, but he wasn't either sensible or truthful. He should have accepted her opinion of herself, and confirmed it by showing her how much better employed both parties might have been.

The domestic bore is, perhaps, a type apart from the other three. She is the woman who waylays you on the street, drops in before your breakfast dishes are washed, or may be after supper, and discourses for hours on her family affairs, the peculiarities of her husband, the many perfections of her children, and the superiority of her housekeeping methods. If you aren't too dead sleepy to absorb knowledge, you will acquire a varied stock, from the brand of tobacco smoked by Jack or Fred, to the reason why Tottie's toes turn out or in. You have no doubt about the direction you would like her to take, and can't keep from yawning; the meaner members of the family sneak away one by one, and as they stretch themselves luxuriously on their beds, chuckle with glee at the thought of the clock and you keeping the bore company.

An instinctive knowledge of this fact doesn't add to your comfort. You feel your wrath rise, and when at last the bore does likewise, and departs, you find a little difficulty in saying your night prayers with the proper amount of fervor. If she should happen to leave her rubbers or gloves behind, you hastily extinguish the light, crawl into bed, and dream that she is breaking down the door in her efforts to recover her property. She may be trying to ring you up, and if she doesn't succeed, will probably return with the milkman at break of day, and unctuously explain that new rubbers may be replaced by ones gone in the heels, and that gloves have been known to change in a night, from brand new to a shocking all-over shabbiness, suggestive of years of wear.

If you are thin-skinned or sensible, you will pick a fight with her then and there, and rid yourself, for a time, at least, of her aggravating presence.

It would be impossible to go into detail on the doings and different varieties of feminine bores, and besides it would, perhaps, be more pertinent to suggest some means of defence. We all know them; but, to our sorrow, be it said, we don't all know how to get rid of them.

There's just one point where you can get a grip on bores — through their selfishness. That makes them vulnerable.

The next time the bore drops in upon you, take the initiative; talk incessantly of yourself and your own affairs; don't give her a chance to get in a word. Talk sense or nonsense, it doesn't much matter which, but talk — and the bore will speedily vanish to babble elsewhere about your unsympathetic nature and disgusting self-conceit; that won't hurt you half as much as the loss of your time.

Garrulity is your only safeguard, til some genius shall spring upon a grateful public a patent fender or improved barbed fence for arresting the course of the greatest obstacle to human progress — the merciless, unmitigated bore.

Highest Award.

MEDAL and three diplomas have been given to the New York Condensed Milk Company for the superiority of its Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, Borden's Extract of Coffee and Unsweetened Condensed Milk, exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition.

A Bright Juvenile Journal.

"THE ACORN," a bright little "journal for young people, by young people," published at Roxbury, Mass., of which Joseph O'Gorman is editor, James J. Reynaud, business manager, and Vincent O'Gorman, treasurer, has just completed its first year. It reflects exceeding credit upon its young managers, and should have the elements of growth that are the characteristics of its namesake.

DON'T you want to save money, clothes, time, labor, fuel, and health? All these can be saved if you will try Dobbin's Electric Soap. We say "try," knowing if you try it once, you will always use it. Have your grocer order.

HOPE OF OUR HOMES.

Summer Holidays.

A SONG for summer holidays! Our year of school is done,
And one and all we rally now for lots of play and fun.

We've studied hard, we've done our best, we haven't thought of play,
For weeks and months we've given to tasks the core of every day.

And now we've earned vacation, and we'll frolic all day long,
The summer holidays shall keep the measure of a song.

There isn't any pleasant thing but we are bound to do,
While summer winds are gentle and while summer skies are blue.

To swim, to dive, to row, to drive, to climb, to jump, to ride,
To run on races with the waves and dare the flooding tide.

Whatever other boys and girls in other years have done
We mean to do with might and main, and so have lots of fun.

— *Harper's Young People.*

Percy's Berry Crop.

PERCY lay on a heap of hay which had been pitched down from the mow, singing at the top of his voice, and beating time with his heels against the front of the cow's manger. Jennie sat in the old covered wagon, with the kitten in her lap, softly humming to herself and thinking. At last when Percy's voice gave out, and he stopped drumming for a minute, Jennie said, —

"Percy, I want to take a magazine."

"And I," said Percy, "want a bird book like Mr. Smith's."

"I want a writing-case," said Jennie.

"I want a gun," said Percy.

"I want an organ," said Jennie, "and some music, and to take lessons — "

"Hold on!" said Percy. "I want a fiddle and some skates, and a photograph outfit, and a magic lantern."

"What we really want is money," said Jennie, "and I don't see why we can't earn some."

"How?" said Percy.

"I don't know," said Jennie; "let's go and ask father."

So Jennie dropped the kitten and jumped down from the wagon, and Percy scrambled to his feet, and the two started on a race to the house. They met him just starting home and asked their question. Their father joked them a little about wanting to earn money, but when he found they were in earnest said he would take a day or two to think it over. Two evenings after he told them he had thought of a plan.

"I think you can raise strawberries," said he. The two children thought that would be splendid.

"No," said their father; "you will find it is not very splendid. There will be hard work and plenty of it; and you will get tired of it, and there will be a

great many times when you will hate it worse than poison. Now I will let you take it, and will plough it and manure it and harrow it; and you must furnish me with a quart basket of berries a day through the berry season. Now you can talk it over together and decide whether or not to take up with my offer. You must bear in mind that if you once start in it will be dishonorable for you to withdraw, for then I should lose the use of the land, my labor, and the manure."

Jennie and Percy discussed their father's offer seriously. Percy was afraid he would get sick of it, "and just think," said he, "it will be a whole year before we get a berry."

"Well," said Jennie, sagely, "it will be but a little while before it is another year, and then we will say what fools we were not to do it."

They finally told their father that they agreed to his proposal, and then began a ransacking of all the old agricultural papers in the house, sending for catalogues, and such a catechising of their father, that at last he advised them to go and see their Uncle David, who had raised strawberries for years, and talk the matter over with him.

"Can we have the horse?" asked Percy.

"Yes," said their father, "any day I am not using him."

"Well," said their father, after thinking a minute, "you can go to-morrow."

It was ten miles to Uncle David's. The children had never been trusted to go so far alone before. They took turns in driving and enjoyed the ride immensely. Their uncle gave them plenty of good advice.

"You ought to have a wheel hoe," said he to Percy, "then Jennie could hoe just as easily as you."

"Mr. Baker has one but it is broken, and I don't believe he will ever mend it," said Percy.

"Look it over," said his uncle, "and if it can be mended, buy it and fix it up. You had better have one, even if your father has to buy one outright."

When they were ready to start home Uncle David said,—

"Now, remember, have that piece of ground manured heavily, and make your father go over it three times with a plough, and twice with a harrow, and when that is done, come over here again and I will give you some plants."

In due time the ground was prepared, and then the children took another trip to Uncle David's for the plants. He showed them just how to set them out, and told them to keep the roots of every plant wet till the instant they were set in the ground.

"Now," said he, "boys are more apt to shirk than girls, and I advise you to divide your land into two pieces, and each take the care of one piece. Then there will be no danger of either going more than his or her share. You, Jennie, are a little bit the older, but Percy is stronger, so I think you are about evenly matched. I am coming there some time next summer," he added, with a twinkle of his eye, "and I will see which keeps his piece the best."

The two children thought it great fun setting out the plants, and seeing them start and grow so fast, but when the hot days of summer came, and the weeds refused to stay conquered, and the runners grew almost as fast as they could cut them off, they became very tired of the strawberry patch; but the thought that their Uncle David might come any day to see it kept them up to taking care of it, and it really looked very well and free from weeds.

At last, in the fall, they gave their strawberries a final good hoeing, and then one pleasant day they took the horse and wagon into the woods and scraped up many basketfuls of pine needles and brought them up and dumped them by the strawberry patch, and when the ground froze they spread them over the rows of plants. Then they breathed a long sigh of relief, for there was nothing more to be done to them until spring

The long, cold winter finally came to an end, the birds came back, the weather grew warmer, and the great leaves of the strawberry plants began to peep through the mulch. Then the children thought it time to take the pine needles

away. After this how the plants did grow!

Soon, to the intense delight of the young farmers, buds and blossoms began to appear and multiply. Such bushy rows of plants and such a host of blossoms are not seen on every farm. Indeed, one neighbor thought them bush beans, and was slow to be convinced of his mistake. In an incredibly short time green berries began to show, and one eventful morning a berry with one side red was discovered. Uncle David had given them a lot of baskets, and two disreputable old crates which Percy had mended with hammer and nails and painted a dark green, making them look almost as good as new.

The third week in June Percy and Jennie went over the strawberry bed for the first time and picked three baskets of fine berries. The marketman told them he would take all the berries they could furnish of that sort, and pay an extra price for them. Many of the neighbors engaged a box a day during the season, and then the children were in high spirits. The berries increased in quantity until the end of the second week when they began to grow less. At the end of the four weeks from the time they picked the first ripe berry not one was left on the patch.

The marketman paid them and so did the neighbors, and then Jennie and Percy counted up their profits. There were twenty-nine dollars and twenty-eight cents. Fourteen dollars and sixty-four cents apiece.

I cannot tell you exactly what they did with it, but I know they both had brand new bank books soon after, and they kept some of it to buy baskets and tools for the next crop of berries. I think I saw a new magazine on the table the last time I was there, and if I mistake not Percy was looking at the picture of a yellow tanager in a new looking bird book.

The children's father told me that crop of strawberries was the most profitable crop ever raised on his farm. "For," said he, "it has given the youngsters an interest in the farm, taught them valuable lessons of perseverance and application, given them some idea as to the value of money, interested them in natural history, and given them a taste of the solid pleasures that come from work well done."

What Was It?

It happened one morning a wee baby girl
Discovered what seemed like a cunning, white pearl.
But when her friends hastened to see the fine sight,
She closed its small casket and locked it up tight.

Excuses.

No wiser remark was ever made by Dr. Benjamin Franklin than a severe sentence which he once uttered to a young man who had an appointment with him, and missed it. Next day the young man came, and began to make a very fluent excuse to the doctor for his absence the day before.

"Stop!" said Franklin. "You have said too much already, my good boy, for the man who is good at making an excuse is seldom good at anything else."

An easy excuse made by a delinquent for a flat error or failure to do a duty seldom, indeed, softens the heart of an employer or superior. Of course an account of the reasons for a failure should be given when a demand for them is made, but they should be given simply and briefly, and without any attempt to make the case appear any better than the plainest statement of the facts make it.

A youth who is beginning a round of duties in any place which has any responsibilities may as well make up his mind that his employer will look with some disfavor, if not with suspicion, upon his explanation of failures.

He must be perfectly honest about them, and never slow to admit his mistakes. And there are few employers who are not willing to allow a beginner a liberal number of blunders and failures as a part of his education.

When Baby Goes to Sleep.

When Katie takes the baby, and the nodding little head
Gives token that it's weary and would like to go to bed,
An air of death-like stillness 'bout the house begins to creep,
And everybody's silent when the baby goes to sleep.

Sometimes I get so frightened that I almost lose my breath —
If I chance to make a bit of noise it scares me most to death,
When from 'neath a tiny eyebrow I see a half-way peep
From big blue eyes, when baby has almost gone to sleep.

And when at last the twinkling of a tiny smile appears
On lips that angel kisses softly touch as dreaming nears,
I give a sigh of gladness that is full of thanks, and deep,
That the world can once more move on, for baby's gone to sleep.

— *Atlanta Constitution.*

Baby Blue Eyes' Guardian.

Bouncer was an ugly dog, even before bad burns had scarred his brown, shaggy-coated body. He came one night to Mrs. Link's kitchen door, asking, dog fashion, for a home. Nobody wanted a dog, but the Links were kindly people. Mamma said: —

"I cannot turn the poor fellow out in this storm."

"Mamma, if God cares for sparrows he can for dogs," added Robbie.

Bouncer was not driven away. He was so glad and grateful, and Baby Blue Eyes loved him so much, that Mrs. Link said, "Let him stay."

Baby was able to sit alone. Bouncer would lie beside her for hours, and watched her faithfully. Mamma Link began to find the dog a real help. He was a guardian to be trusted.

Baby learned to creep, and loved to play with the coal in the hods. One evening when Mamma Link was busy in the dining-room, baby crept to the coal hod in the kitchen. Bouncer followed close behind, his bright eyes seeing the mischief that a match carelessly dropped by Robbie was doing.

The blazing match fell upon Baby's thin gown. Bouncer barked sharply. No one saw that the little gown was on fire. Robbie went to the cistern for a pail of water. Bouncer's sharp teeth gripped lightly a portion of the gown. He quickly dragged the baby, screaming and frightened, into the dining-room.

Mamma Link was able to prevent a serious burn, thanks to Bouncer's watchfulness and intelligence. The little dog's shaggy coat was burned in patches, but in two weeks Baby Blue Eyes and he were entirely healed of their burns. Our faithful dog friends deserve kind treatment.

An Incomplete Story.

Correctly completed by Richard Kiernan, Roxbury.

Four children walking over a (Rocky) road were talking about their school picnic.

"I (Fear) that we shall have rain," said little (Ann) looking anxiously at the (Skye).

"When the (Skye) is red there is (Good Hope) of a fine day," said jolly (James) as he bit deeply into an (Orange).

"I want so much to wear my (Mull) dress, and gather some (May) flowers," confessed quiet (Virginia).

"I shall (Lookout) of my window the first thing in the morning," laughed impatient (Ann).

"And as I'm not a (Great Slave) to dress, I shall just wear a strong gingham, and compete in a (Friendly) way with the boys in the half mile (Race)."

"And ride round in a (Barrow)," suggested (James) "and help (Cook) dinner in the woods."

"You're the right kind of a girl to go to a picnic, not trigged out in your best duds and (Coral) necklace."

Little (Virginia) looked angry and pouted her (Red) lips, but didn't say anything, so jolly (James) felt ashamed, and tried a little (Flattery) to make his (Peace) with her.

"You look so (Fair) in your (Mull) frock you should (March) at the head of the procession."

Little (Virginia) smiled brightly, and said, "I will help you get (Worms) for bait, and keep your tackle (Clear) of snarls."

"We'll wade (Down) the brook to the (Little Rock) where it falls in a (Cascade)," planned (Charles), who could cut lovely boats out of pieces of (Cork).

"That will be (Grand)," agreed jolly (James), "and the girls can (Peel) willow rods to make a cage for that lame (Crow) we found in the field."

"I don't like his (Sable) feathers," said little (Virginia). "I prefer a yellow bird like my (Canary)."

"If I had my choice of a pet," said jolly James), "I'd choose a young (Bear) and teach it to dance."

"I saw a (Bengal) tiger in the circus," said merry (Virginia), "and several (Lyons), one very fierce one shook his (Maine) and roared with (Wrath)."

"Those wild animals make me tremble with (Fear)," confessed little (Ann). "I'd rather watch the monkeys, and feed a (Sandwich) to those lovely gentle (Deer) in the park."

("Lawrence Lowell) caught a (Cod) out on the cape," said the boy who made boats, and knew just where to look for (Great Fish). "I hope it will be my good (Fortune) to hook one."

"I (Hope) we won't havean accident," said merry (Virginia). "The last picnic (Lawrence Lowell) ran a hook through his finger, his (Wales) of pain were pitiful."

"Why, here we are at home;" cried little (Ann).

"That (Rocky) road never seemed so short."

"And the (Oder) of coffee never as good," laughed jolly (James), "it makes a fellow (Hungary) just to think of all the good things we'll have to-morrow. Don't forget a (Horn)," he shouted after the other two children who lived on the upper (Rhodes); "we must make noise enough to be heard to the (Land's End)."

Lady-Bug's History.

ALMOST any boy or girl can tell you what a lady-bug (or lady-bird, as they call it in England) looks like, and there are very few who cannot and do not repeat the old rhyme: —

"Lady-bug, lady-bug. fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children will burn," —

whenever they see one; but there are not many, if any, who know why the bug is called lady-bug, or why her house is always supposed to be on fire.

I remember asking a very clever man once if he could tell, but he only shook his head and said he did not know, and he did not think any one knew. Lately, however, I have discovered that there is a little of lady-bug's history known, and, although incomplete, it is very interesting.

Lady-bugs are supposed to appear suddenly on St. Barnaby's Day, June 11, and for that reason were first called St. Barnaby's bees. Now, St. Barnaby was noted for his good works and for administering comfort to the afflicted, and it was thought that he sent the bugs and taught them to be useful to man by destroying plant-lice and other insects that feed upon trees and flowering shrubs.

After some time they became known as Bishop Barnaby's bees, and it was discovered that there was a likeness in the insect's garb to the full-dress gown of the Oxford doctor of divinity, which is scarlet with black velvet sleeves; and I have no doubt there is many a little English girl who remembers the old rhyme: —

"Bishop, Bishop Barnabee,
Tell me when will your wedding be?
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away."

In the winter months lady-bugs congregate by thousands in barns, and if you look in the cracks along the beams you will find them tucked away for their long slumber during the cold weather.

I believe it is not known, or has been forgotten, why they are connected with

cows and burning buildings; but that they were is proved by the numerous rhymes that are still sung by the boys and girls of the West Riding of Yorkshire, England, where they are called cush-cow-ladies; and in the North Riding one of the children's songs says: —

"Dandy-cow, dandy-cow, ride away home;
Thy house is burnt and thy bairns are ta'n,
And if thou means to save thy bairns,
Take thy wings and flee away."

There the most mischievous child is afraid to hurt a dandy-cow, for it is thought very bad luck.

In other places they are known as "Our Lady-bird," evidently called after the Virgin Mary; also golden-bug, May-bug, blessed bee, golden-knap, lady-cow, barn-bee, cush-cow-ladies, and dandy-cows.

One of the old rhymes says: —

"Lady-bug, lady-bug, sigh thy way home;
Thy house is on fire, thy children all roam,
Except little Nan, who sits in her pan
Weaving gold lace as fast as she can.
Then fly to the east and fly to the west —
Fly to those that I love best."

There are several species of these little bugs, and all of them are said to be useful in destroying insects so small that the human eye cannot see them. One variety, found very far south, is said to entirely destroy a scale insect that feeds upon the orange tree.

But no matter whether they do good or not, I think there are very few children who would wilfully kill a lady-bug, or forget to say whenever they find one: —

"Lady-bug, lady-bug, fly away home;
Your house is on fire, your children will burn."

To Our Philadelphia Friends.

THE publishers take pleasure in announcing that Mr. P. B. Conway, of 1811 Stiles street, Philadelphia, will act as general agent for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE in Philadelphia and the surrounding territory. All business relating to subscriptions may be transacted through him, or at his Catholic Supply House, 1811 Stiles street.

President of Boston College.

THE appointment of Rev. Timothy J. Brosnahan, S. J., to the presidency of Boston College is a deserved tribute to the abilities of Father Brosnahan, and an assurance of additional glories of Christian education in the career of this honored institution of learning. With a thorough knowledge of the needs and possibilities of the college, a mind grandly equipped for the work that lies before him, and the educational zeal that distinguishes the true son of St. Ignatius, Father Brosnahan will, as was the case with his distinguished predecessors in the presidency, stamp upon the career of the college the impress of his uplifting personality.

Evangeline's Land.

"HAVE you been to Nova Scotia?" is the question asked of nearly every returning vacationist nowadays, and nine times out of ten the reply is, "Yes, and I'm glad I went, too!"

A summer trip to the land of Evangeline is just now as natural an event to the average New Englander as is the journey to Newport or Bar Harbor to the aristocrat, and this season's exodus has been so great that the various transportation companies have been unable to find accommodations for hundreds of would-be tourists.

The natural beauties of Nova Scotia, together with the healthfulness of its climate, are too well known now to require description. All these are admirably supplemented by the splendid accommodations furnished tourists by the principal railroad line, "The Land of Evangeline Route," which intersects the prettiest part of the province from Yarmouth to Halifax. This company runs the famous "Flying Bluenose" express between these two points, attached to which is a Pullman buffet car, in which its patrons may take "solid comfort" as they are whirled through the beautiful and romantic scenes of the Annapolis valley and Grand Pré, and be served with the daintiest of luncheons by the most polite of attendants.

A trip over this line is a positive satisfaction, and the running time is arranged so that trains arrive and depart at the most seasonable of hours. A well known American writer refers to it "as fine and almost as sumptuous a train as runs on rails in the United States." Guide books and all information desired will be furnished on application to P. Gitkins, General Passenger Agent, Kentville, N. S.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this new department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith and God's Church that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the 8th of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass."]

FROM another Cambridge inquirer comes two questions, the first asking the meaning of a Papal bull, and the second what part Catholic Ireland took in the Crusades.

The seal with which Papal, as well as imperial, letters were signed in the earliest Christian ages showed a capsule or bull in the centre; and this was designated by the Latin word bulla, whence our English bull. This term first applied to the seal itself, afterwards became attached to the letter to which the seal was affixed; and in the course of time its use was limited alone to letters emanating from the Vatican, and bearing the signature of the Sovereign Pontiff. A Papal bull, therefore, is simply a letter or document issued in the name of the Holy See, and bearing the Holy Father's name and title, together with his arms and the seal of the Church. A Papal bull, of which there are various sorts, treats of more important subjects than are considered in a Papal brief or rescript, issues from the apostolic chancellor, and, unless it be addressed to the United Greek church, is written in Latin, with Gothic letters, on the rough side of parchment.

In reply to our correspondent's second inquiry, it may be said that while, without any doubt, numbers of gallant Irishmen marched with the Crusaders to rescue the Holy Land from the Saracens, there does not appear to have been any part taken by Ireland as a nation in the Crusades. This is not strange, however, for the reason that Ireland, during the period of the Crusades, had her own difficulties to contend with and her own persecutions to endure. The Crusades, moreover, were largely continental enterprises; but there is no doubt that many an Irish Catholic knight and soldier responded to the call for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre, even though he was compelled to enlist under some other banner than the green flag of his own land in order to do so.

A Cambridge correspondent wishes information regarding the significance of the dog, with a lighted torch in its mouth, that is shown in the representations of St. Dominic in the act of receiving the rosary from the hands of the Blessed Virgin.

This representation refers to the interpretation placed upon the word "Dominican" by some of the admirers of the zeal and piety shown by the first disciples of St. Dominic in combating error and defending Catholic truth. Although the real significance of the word in question means a member of the order which St. Dominic instituted, it is also, by a fanciful interpretation, capable of being translated into a watch dog of the Lord; and this is the interpretation which the representation to which our correspondent refers puts upon the word. The torch which the dog holds in its mouth, is emblematic of evangelical truths, of which the Dominicans have always shown themselves zealous and eloquent defenders; and which it is their especial mission to preach to the whole world. The rosary, of course, on the Dominican shield is easily understood, for tradition has it, that St. Dominic was taught by the Blessed Virgin the manner of reciting the beads which we now have; and in addition to the representations of which

our correspondent makes mention, the Dominicans also display, around the shield of their order, scrolls whereon their especial functions are described as being "to praise, bless, and preach the truth."

A New York inquirer wishes to know whether the saying that "outside of the Church there is no salvation" is to be rigidly and strictly interpreted.

That depends upon circumstances. Of course, any person who culpably, knowingly, and deliberately puts himself outside of the pale of what he believes to be the true church, forfeits his claims to eternal bliss by that act, if it be persevered in. Even non-Catholics, if they be candid, will admit that such an act of disobedience and rebellion against God constitutes a sin of sufficient enormity to merit the greatest condemnation. If, without any fault on his part though, a person finds himself outside of the pale of the Church, salvation is not always by any means impossible to him, though it is always more difficult of obtension than it would be in the Catholic fold. A Protestant, for instance, who lives in good faith and invincible ignorance of the fact that Catholicity is the only true form of Christianity, who avoids mortal sin, or, after having fallen into such a sin, sincerely repents and adequately atones for it, is believed by most Catholic theologians to be on the road to heaven; and the same assertion may be made of other non-Catholics who profess some other creed than Protestantism. Then, again, pagans, who are unbaptized and ignorant of the simplest revealed truths, if they follow the dictates of their conscience, and lead that manner of life which their natural reason tells them is the best and most pleasing in the sight of Heaven, are not by any means to be despaired of as regards their salvation, since St. Thomas clearly teaches that there is hope for them. Cardinal Manning once declared that he believed that many Anglicans are in good faith in believing that their church is the true one; and the saintly first bishop of Boston, Monsignor Cheverus, expressed a similar opinion of Protestants in general, many of whom, he said, "can be in good faith and invincible ignorance which excuses before God." Our correspondent will see, therefore, that a rigid interpretation of the saying he quotes, is not insisted upon by learned Catholic divines, exception made of the case where one wilfully and culpably ignores the truth, and separates himself from the Church.

A subscriber from this city is desirous of knowing whether "a young girl who desires to enter a convent is required to have any certain sum of money, or is it sufficient if she furnishes her habit?"

Generally speaking, no entrance money is required from candidates for admission to Catholic Sisterhoods; though there are a few exceptions to the rule. Even in such cases, however, a certain vocation for the religious life and other considerations, such as marked piety or abilities in the candidate, frequently are accepted in lieu of what may be termed her dowry when she seeks to become a bride of the Church.

A handbook of history in use in the public schools informs us that the name "Protestant" originated in a protest against the interference in matters of conscience of the Pope and Emperor Charles V. Is this the correct origin of the word?

No; in the year 1529 an assembly of Lutheran and Catholic princes and nobles was convened at Speier in Germany for the purpose of establishing a peaceable *modus vivendi* between Protestants and Catholics. It was decreed that both religious parties should be permitted the free and undisturbed exercise of their religion throughout the various provinces of the empire. The Lutheran princes protested against this arrangement as conflicting "with God and His holy word." These were known as "Protestants", and in course of time the word came to be applied to the different sects which had broken away from the Catholic Church.

During the Cultur Kampf against the Church in Germany, planned and conducted by Bismarck, the charge of

religious intolerance was brought up against the Church in the course of a debate in the German Reichstag. The great Catholic leader, Windhorst, made answer as follows: —

"Have you then forgotten why it is that you are called Protestants? Have you forgotten what took place at the Diet of Speier in the year 1529? It was there agreed that all disputes should be suffered to rest until the holding of a general council, that the princes who had introduced the so-called reformed religion should be free to maintain it, but that their Catholic subjects should be guaranteed religious toleration and protection. And though the project found favor with Melancthon, the mildest of the Reformers, the Lutheran princes came together and drew up a protest, in which they expressly declined to accede to the clause regarding tolerance towards Catholics, inasmuch as it was contrary to the teachings of their preachers. They furthermore declared that they could not permit the 'Romish' mass in their dominions, their preachers having proven that the same was contrary to the Gospel. From this protest has sprung your name; and when we consider its origin and its purpose, it must ever remain as a proof that you were intolerant from the beginning."

From St. John, N. B., comes the inquiry if there be not a seeming contradiction in the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, verses 18–19, and St. Matthew xxvii. 8, regarding the reason why the field, purchased with the thirty pieces of silver, is called Haceldama.

The Question Box sees no contradiction in the two passages. The text of St. Matthew says that the "field was called Haceldama, that is, the field of blood, even to this day"; and in the Acts it is written "that the same field was called in their tongue Haceldama, that is to say, the field of blood." Both writers evidently intended to convey the idea that the reason why the field was called by the name bestowed upon it, was because it was purchased by the blood-money which Judas received for betraying Christ to His enemies. It may be that the text of the Acts also gives the impression that one reason why the field was so called was because of the manner of Judas' death; but commentators agree in accepting the other reason which finds no contradiction in the version given in the Acts of the Apostles.

A Montreal correspondent wishes to know how many Popes have ruled the Church from its foundation down to the present time.

The most authentic list, the one that is based upon the series of portraits that adorn the walls of St. Paul's Basilica in Rome, where the portrait of each Pope is added shortly after his death by the orders of the succeeding Pontiff, makes Leo XIII. the 263d occupant of St. Peter's chair. There are lists which make the total number of Popes vary somewhat from this; but as the figures here given are those of the Gerarchia Cattolica, the official directory of the church that is published at Rome, they can be accepted as correct.

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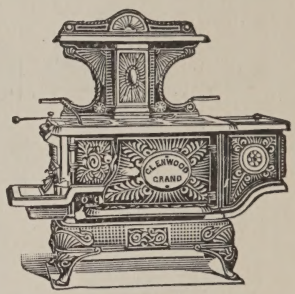

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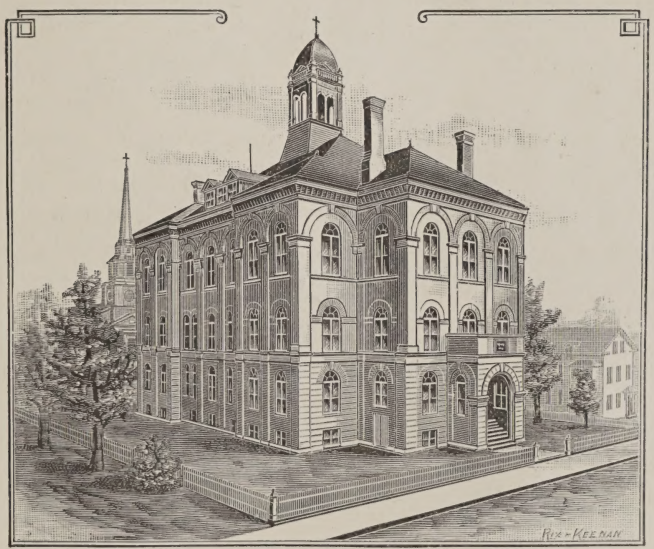

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BETWEEN PORTS.

BY LUCILE LOVELL.

THE mother sat on the steerage deck cradling her baby on her arm. His head, in its white crochetted cap, was pressed against her breast in such a manner as to hide his face, but his hand, falling lifelessly away from his body, was blue and thin and as transparent as though a flame burned in its tiny palm. Two boys, and a girl with the troubled gaze of a woman who has known grief, were near. Their mother had forbidden them to play, so they sat at her side patient, without strife, not prattling at all.

The surgeon of the Lurania, on his morning rounds, paused before this group. He asked absently, his eyes fixed on the sea's misty violet,—

"How is he to-day?"

The mother stammered.

"He is — he is better."

The oldest boy volunteered: "He hasn't cried once this morning."

The surgeon withdrew his gaze from the sea; without losing his air of professional unconcern, he bent nearer the baby. The mother drew back; she cried brusquely,—

"Don't touch him!"

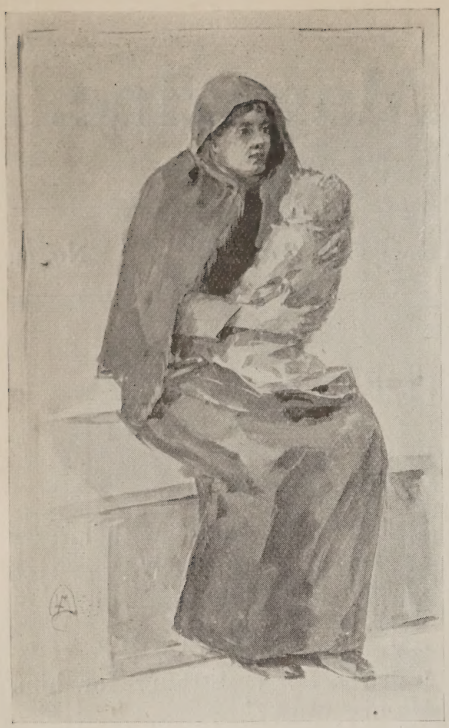
"Oh, he's asleep?"

"Yes."

"That's the best thing for him. Keep him warm."

The surgeon's smile and nod included the children. The eyes of the boys followed him as he moved away. The physician they had known in their English home had been small and old; he had worn shabby clothes, as sombre in hue as a rook's outfit; he had closed his mouth with a snap after speaking, as though fearful of giving too much advice for his fee. The surgeon of the Lurania, tall, erect, in all his splendor of dark blue and gold, seemed a noble figure. They felt that he must be good because he was imposing. As for the girl she had not looked after him at all. She was thinking. Presently she said in that half-voice, which one uses unconsciously in the presence of a sleeper,—

"Mother, why did you look so cross at the doctor? Don't you like him?"



Cradling Her Baby on Her Arm.

The mother cried passionately, "I don't like anybody!"

They took it home. Wounded to the heart they chorussed: "Oh, mother!"

She extended her free arm and drew them, one by one, within its embrace. She kissed them, then thrust them away, though not ungently. She said brokenly,—

"I don't mean you, God knows!"

She spoke no more, nor did they question her further. She loved them; that was enough. So they continued to sit at her side rehearsing under the breath that legend — believed by the poor of all countries save our own — of the freedom and plenty of the new land whither they were sailing.

Unswerving the sun kept on its way. The morning violet of the sea grew gray. There was no air; the still, dead heat of the August day beat down upon the steerage deck, and rose again in an exhalation of tar, of food, of herded humanity. The children, tired of talking, overcome by the atmosphere, grew drowsy and finally slept, leaning against one another.

The baby did not move or moan; the mother did not sleep. From time to time she laid her hand on the little head pressed against her breast. She rocked gently to and fro, but she did not change her position. She was as silent as a woman of stone, not complaining at all, not even sighing. Her companions marvelled at her endurance, but they made no comment; the sympathy of the lowly is wordless — it has not found its phrases.

At noon — the surgeon's hour — the mother rose, still clasping her babe and began to pace the deck. She moved with difficulty, but when she saw him approaching she steadied herself; she extended her arms, making a hollow into which the baby slid; she swung them from side to side with a motion soothing and monotonous. She nodded over her shoulder reassuringly, convincingly; her faint smile said, "He is getting on." The surgeon, glad to accept this report, hurried on; an Armenian, burning with fever, was giving him some trouble. When she knew that he was out of the way, the mother resumed her former position, sinking upon the deck as though the effort to stand and move had been too great for her. Disturbed by her movements the children awoke and demanded their dinner. The mother refused all food — she had become a statue again — but the boys devoured her portion greedily.

The hours passed. It was one, it

was three, it was five o'clock — the children ate their supper, not greedily now; their mother's silence depressed them, filled them with terror which they could not understand. When they questioned her she bade them be still. She sat quite motionless, looking straight ahead, except when some one drew near, when she would shift the baby from one arm to the other, or lay him against her shoulder, patting his back softly, as though to reconcile him to a strange position. At such times the children saw his face, but they were not permitted to touch or caress him. Once a friendly peasant extended her strong arms to carry him about, but the mother repulsed her roughly.

"I wish you would leave me alone!"

The woman went away, affronted and angry. Presently she returned, and the eyes of the two women met, the peasant's moist and inquiring, the mother's fierce and defiant. Then, without a word, with the gentleness of a refined woman, this rough peasant drew the wondering children away.

It was now twilight. Sheltered by the friendly hour, released from the presence of her children, the mother permitted herself the luxury of breaking down, of weeping silently. Tears eased her overcharged heart. For a brief space thought ceased almost entirely; her mind was an empty frame, from which the images — her tyrants all through the long day — had vanished. But one by one they crept back into their places, phantoms in the dim light, from which her imagination shrunk but could not escape.

Unable to restrain her emotions, she sobbed aloud; she rocked to and fro; she told in broken phrases all the truth she had been striving to conceal. It was thus that the surgeon surprised her. When she saw him she sprung to her feet; she confronted him determinedly, struggling to regain her self-control. She did not resist when he took her child from her; she followed him quietly enough into the light, but she shuddered violently, from head to foot, when the pitiless rays from the lamp in the companion-way fell upon the baby-face, its lips helplessly apart, and blue with the shadows of death.

For an instant the surgeon was silent before the piteous duplicity of this ignorant woman, then he turned upon her quickly. "Didn't you know that you had no right to conceal this from me?"

She began sullenly,—

"No one heard, perhaps, but I screamed, 'My baby is dead!' It was near midnight, and all night I thought if I could only keep him! And this morning I couldn't tell you,

Leaning Against One Another.

The Surgeon Began in that Quiet Tone.

for I've heard what becomes of them that die at sea — I can't, oh, I can't have my little boy, my baby, put into the water! I can't, I can't."

Her voice rose in a shriek, she caught frantically at the surgeon's arm, she fixed her haggard eyes on his, she repeated, drawing her breath sharply between the words, "I can't — I tell you I can't have it so."

The surgeon did not reply at once — he was looking over the situation. He thought of placing the case before Mrs. Behring-Wells. She was philanthropic; she had spoken to him more than once of the antipodes of the steerage; she would do something. Here he searched deeper: that something would stand as charity; with the help of American dollars and his art the little body would be preserved for a numbered corner of the earth. He looked at the face resting in the hollow of his arm; it seemed to him to shine with protest, and his thought snapt suddenly. He began to question her so pertinently that he soon had her story. While he was speaking she penetrated his reasoning, she understood all that he did not say, and when he had finished she said reasonably,—

"Yes, I see. It costs so much to bury even a baby, and when I get to America I shall need all the money

I've got for the others. Do you suppose I haven't reckoned it all up, over and over again? It is the only way, I've known it all along." She added brokenly: "Oh, if 'twas only laying him away in the earth — the sea is so terrible — and he's never slept out of my arms in his life."

The surgeon said simply, "Be sure he is taken care of even now."

For a moment the poor mother seemed to see the shining ones who come and go continually between their world and ours, bearing her baby in their arms, but the lash of the wind-vexed waves against the ship's side smote her ear and she cried fiercely,—

"If it was your baby — "

The surgeon began in that quiet tone which one uses when one wishes to reach the reason: "Think, the sea is clean and sweet; it is unchanging, because it cannot be wrought upon by man; it is free — it is, I believe, more truly 'God's acre,' than the earth which must be portioned out and bargained for before it may be used for His dead. Now I will tell you something. My brother lies in this ocean; for many years I have believed it to be a more honorable burial place than ground set apart and stamped with poverty's seal. He, too, died when he was young, when my mother was widowed and alone. You see there are other mothers — "

He became suddenly silent. He turned abruptly and left her. It had cost him something, this surgeon, who was, perhaps, a trifle proud of his rank, to disclose a dark page of his past for the comfort of this obscure woman; but his words had found their mark. She was strangely moved. This man, who fared well, who was somebody, understood what she suffered — he pitied her! He had said "other mothers." He had touched upon the sorrow, the loneliness, the poverty, of his own mother. He had linked her, all wretched as she was, with humanity, with motherhood. She felt soothed, comforted, her heart expanded, and she murmured —

"Oh, how good he is!"

But when she returned to her former place on the deck her mood changed; it became rebellious again. She said, aloud —

"What does he care?"

When her children and the peasant joined her, she told them savagely, without attempting to soften her words, that the baby was dead. She continued, with terrible irony: —

"Yes, I was too happy; I hadn't enough to bear, so my baby was taken away from me."

At first the children were dumb before the mystery; then the younger boy strove to understand the meaning of death. He began to question, to prattle, to wring his mother's heart. "Where is baby? is he all alone? He cried when he was left alone; he was always afraid of something we couldn't see. What will he do without Johnnie, and me-and Lizzy? He can't walk by him, self — unless we hold the back of his skirt he falls, and somebody has to lift him over the threshold."

The mother, overwhelmed by memories, moaned: "Don't, Willy."

But the little fellow persisted. "He used to sit on the floor and catch the sunbeams; they twinkled so at him, then he would laugh. Won't he ever laugh any more?"

The peasant said softly, "He's dead, lad."

The oldest boy spoke: "Will there be a funeral when we get to America?"

The mother shook her head.

"Hush, Johnnie, dear, mother can't bear it," she said.

The peasant mumbled: "They are going to sink him down into the water, then!"

Johnnie caught at this: "I won't let them! Father told me to look out for the baby, and I won't have him put in the ocean — there's dreadful things in it."

The mother broke down. "If father was alive we'd never be here, never, never! When we were married he had some money laid up, he didn't drink, we thought we should get along — I didn't think I'd lay him away — and now our baby — here."

The girl had been quietly weeping. She was nine, one of those young, loving souls which from time to time traverse the earth like a ray of heavenly light. She was ignorant, but she had been taught at the parish school something of human life and the destiny of its imperishable part, something of the all-lovingness of God. From her store of knowledge, nebulous, full of the imagery of religious instruction, she was able to draw in her mother's need. She whispered: "God will take care of him, mother; I'm sure."

The poor mother was silent. Her soul, tormented, appealed but did not seize upon God. She said, helplessly: —

"I can't, Lizzie — it may be so, but I ain't sure."

Lizzie did not insist. Her faith was large, but she had not the power to impose it upon others. She took her mother's hand and held it, not knowing anything better to do. Presently her childish treble, made womanly by love, by sympathy, rang out: "We'll be just as good as we can be, mother, if that'll help."

The peasant, deeply moved, said: "She's a real comfort, that girl."

The mother said nothing; she had not even heard. Her eyes were raised; the stars wandering in the pale ether magnetized her, drew her away from earth, and her soul, ignorant, corroded by doubt as it was, struggled to rise above its bondage.

It grew late. Willy was sleepy and the peasant lifted him to her knee. The other children nestled at her side, trembling, frightened at they knew not what, not daring to sleep. No one approached them; they sat apart, unnoticed. Fused sounds from both decks reached their ears: the shuffle of dancing feet; hoarse sounds of mirth; the agony of an accordion, tortured beyond endurance; light laughter; the sailors' monotone, as they tugged at the ropes; a man's voice singing to the tinkle of a mandolin. They themselves were silent. Once the peasant spoke attempting consolation.

"It will be one less mouth to feed."

At one o'clock the surgeon came the second time. They rose and followed him; the mother first, then the two heavy eyed children, last, the peasant carrying Willy who slept against her shoulder. They moved aft, a noiseless procession. Two sailors were waiting for them: against the feet of one a tiny shape rested, and the mother seeing it turned away her head. Observing this movement, wishing to remove the terrible strain of the moment, the surgeon opened the small book he had all along carried in his hand. He was about to begin a simple form of burial service when Lizzie, not clearly understanding his intention, obeying one of those Heaven-sent impulses of childhood, began to sing: —

"Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;

Children whose sins are all forgiven
A ransomed, happy band,
Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high!"

Her voice ceased: the words of the next stanza had escaped her memory. Before she could recall them, the mother, her face streaming with tears, caught the child to her heart, sobbing: "Oh, you've made me see, Lizzie! I'm sure now. God takes them all and keeps them safe. He won't forget our poor little lad."

The surgeon closed the book. There was no longer any need for it: a more direct message than any it contained had been sent and received.

THE WEARIEST HOUR.

[From the German.]

BY RT. REV. J. L. SPALDING.

In the afternoon at three o'clock,
The weariest hour sounds;
Its stroke, a paralytic shock,
Through moveless air resounds.

The sweltering world all speechless lies,
As mute as is the grave;
The sun alone from burning skies,
Outpours his glowing wave.

Like winds which from the desert blow,
His breath brings listlessness,
And takes from life its healthful glow,
Leaving but weariness.

The songs of birds have died away,
The shrill cicadas, too,
Have ceased to sing their tuneless lay,
And doves have ceased to coo.

The lazy wave, with its moist lip,
Scarce wets the blistered shore;
All motionless the anchored ship
Dreams of the ocean's roar.

The mountain, like a giant slain,
Is hushed in silence deep;
The thoughts and hopes which thrill man's brain
Have fallen fast asleep.

No sound, no stir, no whispered breath,
No faintest sign of life, —
As though Earth's spirit, sunk in death,
Had given o'er the strife.

THE SOUTH MAY SAVE THE NATION.

BY A NORTHERN JOURNALIST.

ERTAIN Northern editors would think their professional equipment incomplete without a weather gauge for testing the economic temperature of the South. They make a specialty of signs of the New South and are particularly strong on comparative tables of business conditions, and sage advice as to the future.

It is always dangerous for laymen to attack specialists on their own ground; but in this case it is a question whether our Northern editors are compiling the right kind of signs.

The Boston Herald, in the course of a recent editorial on the "Southern Farmer," has this to say by way of forecast: —

> But the Southern farmer, whether in Virginia or in Tennessee or in the Gulf states, has had inferior labor to depend upon for the cultivation of his crop, has been out of the line of competition for the best returns to his labors, and, whether he has raised cotton or corn, he has been obliged to content himself with hard labor and small returns. The struggle has been long and arduous, but it is reported by parties who have had good opportunity to observe that in Tennessee, in Georgia, and in Alabama, the Southern farmers are beginning to rise out of their lethargy, are practising more rigid economy, and are making their crops cost much less than they did formerly. The situation is slowly improving, and the colored people are responding to the demands for regular labor much better than they used to. All over the South the farmers are beginning to be more forehanded and progressive.

The Herald has fallen victim to a fantastic, though perhaps harmless, imagination. The Southern farmer has not had to depend upon inferior but decidedly superior labor for the cultivation of his crops. The Southern farmers are indeed "practising more rigid economy, and are making their crops cost much less than they did formerly." They are also rising from their lethargy; but this rising is the effect of an enforced economy and not the cause of it. Moreover, it is not an agricultural, but a mental, rising. The Southern people are doing a deal of thinking these days in consequence of economic conditions that demand an economy so rigid as to exhaust the endurance of reasoning beings.

The Southern people are to all appearances fast approaching a crisis, in which they are destined to act a prominent, if not a determining part, in the national drama, and it is doubtful if the science of agriculture will be materially advanced in the process either. In fact, the South is not studying "rigid economy" so much as political economy. This remark, however, applies not to the leaders or men who figure in the newspapers, but to the great body of the people. The new energy is not to discover how the cost of cotton can be reduced to the lowest peg, but to discover the secret of the workings of a business and currency system by which as the seasons go by they work harder and grow poorer. They have tried commercial fertilizers; they know how to drive a one-horse planter, and can cultivate with a plow, without the

use of a "jerk line," and they have tried reducing the wages of cotton hands to 50 cents a day, and yet they cannot force the cost of raising cotton below the market price. It is now an open secret on Southern plantations that "rigid economy" cannot save the farmer under these conditions.

In response to questions as to the actual cost of raising cotton, a Georgia farmer of wide experience has been kind enough to give some interesting particulars from which the following table is constructed: —

COST RAISING COTTON IN GEORGIA AT A BALE TO THREE ACRES.

Breaking	$1 00
Bedding	1 00
200 pounds guano	2 20
Distributing do.	25
Planting and seed	80
Harrowing	50
Cultivating with plow	2 00
Cultivating with plow	1 50
Picking seed cotton	2 50
Ginning, bagging and ties	1 25
Transportation to gin and market	1 00
Tax and interest on land	78
Total	$14 78
Co. by 10 bushels cotton seed	1 50
Cost of cotton	$13 28
Cost per pound	08

This table does not take into account the services of the planter as superintendent, and even then he must get at least 8 cents per pound for his cotton to make him as good financially as he was the day the seed was put into the ground.

The market price of cotton at the present writing is 7 and 7 1–4 cents per pound, and it has been below 6 cents within the twelve month.

If such a condition of business will not make a planter "rise from his lethargy," what will in all conscience? These planters have account books, and they are reminded in looking over the record that 25 years ago their cotton brought 19 and 20 cents. This memory, too, would make quick work of any lethargy hanging about the plantation.

In response to the question what the planters proposed to do about it, our Georgia friend did not reply in the language of the Boston Herald that they are "practising more rigid economy, and are making their crops cost much less than they did formerly," for it would not have been quite true. What he did say was, that "we people of the South are sinking as fast as time will permit, and it will be but a short time before we will be compelled to tip our hats to the money power," which being interpreted means that the farmers propose to fertilize their cotton fields with a better grade of politics

As things are now in the Southern states the man does not live that can make money in farming there. The price of cotton has dropped for a quarter of a century with a regularity that eliminates the element of chance, and points to some law of markets that is out of the reach of fertilizers or any device of agriculture. It is this law that the planters are looking for.

There is a fine spirit of scientific discovery abroad in the Southern states. If it does not amount to a great intellectual awakening, then the signs that have always attended popular movements do not apply in this instance.

It is the manifest destiny of the South to proclaim some cardinal principles of political economy in the near future. It might seem extravagant to say that the hope of the nation rests with the South; but in these days of political and commercial consternation much more

extravagant things are afloat in the prints. In working out the destiny of the South the problem of the nation itself may indeed be solved. There are qualities in the character of the South that will inevitably bring these people to the front.

It was generally observed that neither the "industrial army" idea, nor the Debs programme of sympathetic strikes found any response in the South. It cannot be inferred, however, that the people there are listless spectators of the drama of class contention upon which America has now fairly entered. Organized labor has but a slight hold upon the South. A trade union is not a weapon that can be used there.

The South is indeed silent, but silence is not slumber.

Time was when Southern statesmen were important, if not controlling factors, in organizing the elements of the New World into a mighty nation. Then came the restless, conquering genius of the North, with its mastery of business details, its fine sense of commercial supremacy, its magnificent blindness as to the perils of the mercenary spirit, its faith in splendor, its dearth of splendid men. The North cannot see itself; nor could the Romans see themselves in amphitheatre days when they drove into the arena, first, prisoners of war, then freemen, then noblemen, then women. New York is our capital city, and Washington visits New York before it legislates. There is nothing in all the annals of brutality more revolting than the gross pageantry of wealth in a city like New York, where nine out of every ten persons upon their death beds, we are told by statisticians, have not accumulated enough to pay their funeral expenses. Wanton opulence, set in a framework of almost Asiatic penury, is a picture that rises as the century closes. The North does not seem to see it. The same North, which, decades ago, scornfully said that the Carolinas 'fine a man a hundred pounds for killing a nigger and hang him for stealing one," is now making laws for property interests at the expense of whole classes of human beings.

In Hamilton's "Men and Manners in America," printed years ago, occurs this remarkable passage: "Nature in framing a Yankee seems to have given him double brains and half a heart." The chances were that the average Yankee of that day rather enjoyed the description. He did not know what a deadly mixture it was. When life becomes a game of the counting room, civilization stops. Daniel Webster detected plainly enough the peril of the American republic. In 1834 his political opponents reported on the hustings that he had said: "Let congress take care of the rich, and the rich will take care of the poor." Webster immediately wrote an indignant denial. For 20 years, he said he had maintained "that all measures of government ought to be adopted with strict regard to the greatest good of the greatest number; that the laws should favor the distribution of property to the end that the number of the very rich and the number of the poor may both be diminished as far as practicable consistently with the rights of industry and property, and that all legislation in this country is especially bound to pay particular respect to the earnings of labor, labor being the source of comfort and independence to the greatest portion of our people."

America was not able to legislate

in a way that the number of the very rich and the number of the poor might both be diminished. Webster saw the peril, but could not propose the remedy, and so it has come about, that the sentiment of human brotherhood and the equities of a substantial equality in the conditions of living, which was the light of the last century, is the byword of this.

The North cannot see itself. Personal greed has darkened the vision and dulled the sense of democratic justice; while prejudice, that birth-marked child of perverse judgment, is visiting upon the poor producing classes a contempt as of an alien race.

The Southern people were not born with half a heart. In that fair land there is, as it were, a subsoil of manly sentiment and sturdy sense that can grow men and commonwealths. The hour of the South is fast approaching. The spectacular temperament, associated with the Southern character, which, at its worst, was the result of a functional disorder of society, and a grotesque and superficial phase in the development of a great people, need not be taken into account in any serious forecast as to the destiny of the South. The great mass of its people is, in fact, notably conservative and matter-of-fact. Southerners are slow in thought, given to hospitality, and disinclined to rush into speculations; and the range of topics upon which they have generally decided opinion is rather limited; and it is fortunate indeed for the South and the country that this is so. Many involved questions, which Northerners have thought out, or have dogmatic opinions upon, have never disturbed the average Southerner. His warmth of noble blood has not been chilled by the intellectual co'd storage of university towns and by cruel political economies that drop the unemployed by the wayside as a bothersome but necessary bi product of our business system.

It would not be correct to say that the Southern people can see the way out of our economic entanglements; but they have both brains and hearts; they can feel and think, and, other things being equal, they will be able to see farther and act wiser than a people with double brains and half a heart.

No one who has visited the South can escape the impression that a deep revolution in opinion is at work there. For several years it has been their habit to hold modest, unheralded meetings, mainly in the rural districts, sometimes weekly, sometimes monthly. They are usually opened with prayer, and it is not unusual, after harvest time, for the planters to maintain camp-meetings a week together. Speaking begins between nine and ten in the morning, and the slow declining sun is still a spectator to these intense congregations. There is even a fine illumining vein of religious fervor in it all. The opening prayer, the political song set to church music, the two-hour harangue at a stretch, the patriotic cheers, like strains from a new anthem, — these are not the committee-bought demonstrations of common campaigns. It is a rising of the people, and in due time the newspapers will make a discovery; for they will hear these people sing, — and after that the ballot.

Now looking upon the breaking up of the solid South politically, the new movement promises to be of the greatest tactical importance. It has not escaped the revolting planters, who, by the way, are now beginning to receive no little support from the cities, that a union of the South-

ern and Western states in 1896 would capture the presidency.

After much interviewing through the South, the writer is convinced that such a combination is not only possible, but that even prominent Democrats really expect it to be tried.

The art of making laws for all the people has nearly become extinct, and this new movement will at least have the field pretty much to itself. The grandeur of it will grow upon the minds of men, the moment it is once more realized that no nation can be happy and prosperous so long as one class is unhappy and poor.

"What an aim! To construct the people!" was Victor Hugo's exclamation.

It may be the destiny of the South to be inspired by an aim quite as noble as that.

MADELON.

BY REV. J. A. O'B.

A WILD, soiled daughter of the Godless town,
With more than woman's beauty in her face,
Queen of the streets, she wore her beauty's crown,
As to the manner born, with queenly grace —
The wild, free grace of panther or of fawn.
She lived for living's sake, for love and joy,
In laughter and in singing from the dawn
Till eve, and through the night, till joys would cloy,
And leave the heart with quiverings strange and flutterings,
And blind, dull aching for some higher, better things.

Into her vision, as a white-winged dove,
Or white rose falling from a casement down
Into the black, dank mire of the old town,
A woman came, a being fair as love —
The love we dream of when for rest we pray —
With soft, deep eyes, where wondrous lights would play,
Now grave, now gay, as tenderness might move,
Or love or pity, or the pain suppressed
Of some swift sorrow that the eyes confessed,
Although the lips ne'er hardened to reprove.

The wild, soiled daughter of the Godless town,
Like white bud breaking from its dark-green sheath,
Rose up to meet, as flowers leap to breathe
The sunshine, this fair vision, and the sweet,
Warm atmosphere of purity that shed
A glory round her, and transformed the queen
Of the soiled streets, till, round her glorious head
The nimbus of true womanhood was seen.

THE WARFARE WITH AGNOSTICISM.

A PLEA FOR A MORE THOROUGH STUDY OF SCIENCE IN OUR ECCLESIASTICAL SEMINARIES.

BY THE REV. J. A. ZAHM, C. S. C.

[Read before the International Catholic Scientific Congress, Brussels, September, 1894.]

THE distinguishing characteristic of our age, aside from the eager pursuit of the almighty dollar, is the intense ardor it displays in the cultivation of the natural and the physical sciences. In no period of history has there ever been manifested anything which approaches the interest which is now centred in the study of the inductive sciences, and often to the exclusion of other branches of knowledge which are of equal, if not of greater, importance. What the Renaissance was for art and letters, the period of which we have witnessed the beginning seems destined to become for the sciences of observation and experiment. The science of the earth and the science of the stars; the science of animal and vegetable life; the science of matter and the science of the divers forces of nature; the science of the infinitely little and the science of the infinitely great in the material universe,— these are the sciences which at the present moment are absorbing almost entirely the best energies of the master intellects of the world.

Theology and philosophy are still studied, it is true; art and literature have yet their votaries as of yore, but their importance, in the estimation of the general public at least, is quite eclipsed by the sciences of physics and chemistry, geology and biology, astronomy and paleontology, ethnology and archæology. And more than this. Not only are theology and philosophy, art and literature, dwarfed beside the newer sciences of these latter days, but they are tinctured and modified to a degree that would seem almost incredible to one who has not kept abreast with the giant strides which science has made especially during the past few decades.

As an illustration of the effect which science and scientific theories may have on philosophy and theology, as well as literature and history, I need only instance the important role at present played by the theory of evolution. We have now not only a philosophy of evolution, but evolutionary philosophies, and evolutionary theologies as well. A majority of our contemporary writers now assume evolution as a demonstrated fact, and their works are written in the light which evolution is supposed to shed on every branch of knowledge sacred and profane; and great as is the number who have already given in their adhesion to the theory of evolution the number is still increasing, and at a pace which is almost bewildering. The spirit of evolution is ubiquitous, and its

influence not only permeates but dominates every department of thought. But the spirit of evolution is the spirit of modern science; since evolution, as now understood, is the direct offspring of modern scientific research. To see to what an extent philosophy, theology, history, and literature have been affected by contemporary science, and by evolutionary teaching, one need only take up any of the countless works on these topics which have appeared during the generation just ending. The influence is especially conspicuous in the works of non-Catholic authors, but even in the case of Catholics, who are naturally more conservative, the effect is noticeable and often striking. The zeitgeist with which we must now reckon — and we cannot realize this fact too soon — is the spirit of science, the spirit of evolution, and the spirit, too, of most of the scepticism and materialism and atheism which are now so rife, and which have been engendered by false views of nature, and erroneous inductions from facts observed.

And this zeitgeist — this spirit of false science, this spirit of error — is, be it remembered, the greatest enemy against which we have to contend. In the early ages of the Church the war was against paganism, and its protean errors; during the middle ages it was against a false philosophy, and the dangerous teachings of Mohammedan doctors, while during the period of the great apostacy of the sixteenth century, and the times immediately subsequent, the war was for the conservation of the religion of Christ against those who would impose on the Church the fictions of men. In every age, from the dawn of Christianity until the present time, the battle fought was one of true against false religion. It was a battle of the Church of God against the superstitious practices of paganism, the perverse doctrines of Mohammet, and the religious errors of Luther and his asseclæ.

Now, however, it is different. The contest is no longer between religions true and false, but it is a contest of religion with irreligion — a contest with infidelity, agnosticism, atheism. The issue is no longer one between Catholicity and Protestantism. Protestantism as a system of religious error is practically a thing of the past so far as the Church is concerned. The issue is now between Catholicity on the one hand and agnosticism in its various phases on the other. And this issue, let us bear in mind, is not one which has arisen from theological controversy, nor philosophical speculation, but one which has originated in the multifarious scientific discussions which have followed the investigations and discoveries of modern inductive science.

Knowing, then, what our enemy is, and the nature of the forces on which he relies for ultimate victory, it behooves us to take measures accordingly. The time of reconnoitring is past; the conflict is imminent and threatens to be long and desperate. Our duty is manifest. It is to arise in all haste, and to prepare to defend the Christian citadel which has withstood so many onslaughts in times past, and which, if her custodians do their duty, we know beforehand will pass unscathed through the mighty assault now impending. The battle is, as before, one against the spirit of darkness, and the Lord who has promised protection to His Church, will not fail to come to the assistance of those who invoke His name.

But although our enemy — the spirit of error — is the same as that against which the soldiers of Christ have been obliged to contend in every age of the Church's history, the arms employed are different. Of this fact, too, we must take cognizance. As it would be madness in our age of machine guns and high explosions for an army to take to the field provided only with the old-time pike and cross-bow against an enemy equipped with heavy artillery and all the latest munitions of war, so, too, would it be futile for the soldier of the Crucified to hope to achieve victory by the use of arms and methods which, although good in their day, are now

no longer available. As the methods also of combat have changed with the advance of military science, so, too, has the basis of the intellectual struggle in the religious and philosophic arena been shifted in order to meet the exigencies of modern science, and in order the more effectually to nullify the assaults of agnosticism and monism, or scientific atheism.

These statements are of universal application, but apply specially to the Christian ministry in whose keeping has been placed the precious deposit of the faith. In referring to this topic in his admirable work, De Sacerdote, the golden-mouthed prelate of Constantinople, the illustrious St. John Chrysostom, declares that: "We must take all pains that the doctrine of Christ dwell abundantly within us. For the preparations of the enemy's battle are not of one form; for the war is in itself various and waged by divers foes. All use not the same arms, nor conduct their assault on the same plan. He, therefore, who undertakes to fight them all, must understand the arts of each. He must at once be an archer and a slinger, subaltern and commander, soldier on horseback or on foot, equally able to fight in the ship or on the bulwark. For in ordinary warfare each one opposes his adversary after that manner whereunto he hath been trained; but in this conflict it is far otherwise; since should he who must gain the victory be not intimately acquainted with every separate art, the devil well knows how to take advantage of some unguarded point, and introduce his despoilers to seize and tear the flock. This is not the case where he knows the shepherd to be provided with every acquirement, and aware of his deceits. It behooveth us, therefore, to be prepared on every side."

Cicero declares that no one can hope to attain to eminence as an orator "unless he shall have acquired the knowledge of all the sciences."* The same is frequently asserted of the lawyer and physician. With far more truth, however, can it be said of the ordained defender of the faith, the priest of the living God. He, indeed, should be versed in all science, sacred and profane, and should be thoroughly familiar with all the wiles and artifices of his antagonist. Clement of Alexandria, that great light of the Christian school of Egypt's noted capital, beautifully illustrates this thought by a striking passage in his Stromata: "And as in agriculture and in medicine, he is considered the best educated who has applied to the greatest variety of sciences, useful for tilling or for curing, so must we consider him most properly educated who makes all things bear upon the truth; who, from geometry and music and grammar and philosophy itself, gathers whatever is useful for the defence of the faith; but the champion who has not trained himself well will surely be despised." "Varied and abundant learning," he insists, "recommends him who proposes the great dogmas of faith to the credit of his hearers, inspiring his disciples with admiration and drawing them towards the truth."

So much importance did Origen attach to a knowledge of profane science that he taught his disciples physics and astronomy before he had them study the Sacred Scriptures. And we all know how eminent in every branch of secular learning were those great lights of the Greek and Latin Church, St. Basil, St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. Athanasius, St. Gregory Nazienzan, St. John Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, and St. Augustine, not to mention scores of others. These illustrious saints and doctors, to use the words of St. Gregory of Nyssa, "presented learning as a gift to the Church." "In their youth having seized on the spoil of Egypt, and consecrated it to God, they adorned with its wealth the tabernacle of the Church." They considered truth, in the language of St. Augustine, "wherever

* "Ac mea quidem sententia, nemo poterit esse omni laude cumulatus orator, nisi erit omnium rerum magnarum atque artium scientiam consequutus." De Oratore, Lib. 1.

found, to be the property of Christ's Church." Again observes the bishop of Hippo, in speaking of the requisites of the theologian: "If they who are called philosophers have said any true things which are conformable to our faith, so far from dreading them, we must take them for our use, as a possession which they unjustly hold." And St. Jerome, in commenting on the words of Ecclesiastes, chap. ii., v. 8, "I heaped together for myself silver and gold and the wealth of kings and provinces," declares that "by the wealth of kings we may understand the doctrines of philosophers and profane sciences, which the ecclesiastic understanding, by his diligence, he is able to catch the wise in their own toils."

Those great lights of the Middle Ages, Albertus Magnus and the Angel of the Schools, held the same opinion in respect of the value of mundane science as did Augustine, the Gregories, and their confreres. Both were not only dowered with extraordinary intellectual gifts, but were equally remarkable for their profound knowledge of profane as well as of sacred learning. Indeed, in the works of Albertus Magnus, which are now being republished by that veteran editor, who has deserved so well of Catholics throughout the world — M. Louis Vivès, — we find that much which is often supposed to have been discovered in comparatively recent times was known by the great Dominican and his co-workers over six centuries ago. So great, indeed, is the treasure of knowledge disclosed in the works of this wonderful man that Leo XIII. in referring to them truly observes, that far from contemning the teachings of antiquity as so many are wont to do, true philosophy while seeking new truths, retains the wisdom of the ancients.*

But we need not go back to the remote past for striking examples of Churchmen who were remarkable for the variety and extent of their attainments in every department of sacred and profane knowledge. We are all familiar with the great work achieved in the cause of religion and science by that distinguished prince of the Church, Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman. And not to go beyond the living, have not two other princes of the Church, the venerable Cardinal Archbishop of Tours, Mg. Meignan, and the late erudite Cardinal Gonzalez, for the restoration of whose health petitions are being offered to God at all the altars of Spain, shown what a world of good can be accomplished by men who are learned in the science of the world as well as in the science of the saints?

It were easy to multiply examples of this kind; to give a long list of the names of learned ecclesiastics, not to speak of eminent members of the Catholic laity, who have shed lasting lustre on the cause of religion as well as that of true science and true philosophy. My object, however, is not to give a history of what has been achieved by the sons of holy Church in the cause of science and religion, but rather to exhibit by a few telling examples and quotations the great importance which the most illustrious representatives of the Church, and the most successful exponents of her doctrine have ever attached to a thorough knowledge of profane science in the work of the ministry — in the preaching of the Gospel as well as in the instruction of youth and in the preparation of her future levites for holy orders.

Knowing, then, the influence wielded by modern science in the world of contemporary thought; the character of the warfare in which the defenders of the faith are now, and henceforth shall be engaged, and realizing, too, how necessary it is that the chief custodians of the faith — the priests of God's Church — should be men of varied and profound knowledge, how, especially, they should excel in that knowledge,

* "Utique videntur hodie nimis multi ponere ingenii laudem in fastidio antiquitatis: sed omnino illa est philosophandi ratio optima, exquirere meditando nova, unaque simul sapientiam veterum non relinquere." Epistola ad Ludovicum Vives de Nova Editione Operum B. Alberti Magni.

which, for the nonce, the world sets such store by, I need make no apology for urging the plea that I now present for the consideration of the International Catholic Scientific Congress.

Under ordinary circumstances I should feel great delicacy in broaching the subject, and should probably hesitate to make it, as it might by some be construed an impertinent suggestion, or as savoring somewhat of implied dictation to ecclesiastical authority. Nothing however could be farther from my mind than any such sentiment. We are all of us here assembled in the interests of both religion and science, and our object, I take it, is not only to discuss the latest results of scientific research, but also to inquire how science may be made to subserve the cause of religion and extend the sphere of her usefulness. We are here, not merely to review the achievements of science since our last meeting, and to investigate the latest scientific theories and speculations, but have met for a nobler and a higher purpose — to offer suggestions, to devise ways and means towards making science subservient to the wants of the Church, and towards enlisting its votaries in an active crusade against the multifarious forms of scientific error which are now so prevalent in every part of Christendom.

All who have the interests of religion at heart — and what loyal son of holy Church has not? — must be of one mind on this subject. There can be no difference of opinion in a matter of such grave import. The question is no longer what is to be done, but how to do it. Bishops and superiors of seminaries the world over are alive to the importance which attaches to a thoroughly educated priesthood — a priesthood versed in natural and physical science, as well as in divinity and metaphysics — but the difficulty which confronts them in most cases is lack of means and lack of subjects. The vineyard is large and the laborers few. They cannot even with the best will allow their seminarians to remain at study as long as they would desire. They must content themselves with what is indispensable, and forego what all concede to be eminently desirable. While countless souls are thirsting for the elementary truths of salvation it seems unreasonable — almost criminal — to withhold from them the bread of life in order to give the aspirants to the priesthood an opportunity to perfect themselves in purely secular knowledge.

And then again, it is urged, and with truth, that the vast majority of those who come under the ministrations of the priests are not the wealthy and the learned, but the poor and the illiterate. What these want is not arguments against the false teachings of contemporary scientists, but the instruction and the consolation afforded by the gospel of Christ. The work of God's minister among such people consists in teaching the catechism, explaining the principles of Christian doctrine, in urging them to lead pure, moral lives rather than in learned disquisitions on the controverted questions of the hour.

All this is true — very true. But we should not forget that there is also a very large number — and the number is daily augmenting — who are interested in the controversies originated by scientific research and discovery; that there are many who are more or less affected by the prevailing scepticism, due in great measure to the teachings of modern science; and that there are also many who are earnestly seeking for light in the darkness of doubt and infidelity; craving for a knowledge which might be given them, but which is not forthcoming.

We close our eyes to the facts if we imagine for a moment that our young men and women are indifferent to current discussions in geology, biology, astronomy, ethnology, and archæology; that they are ignorant of the bearing of these discussions on Scripture and dogma; or that they are always proof against the allurements of false science, when seen in that brilliant and fascinating guise in which she is always made to appear. "The reason," says Cardinal Wiseman, "why infidelity proved so mischievous in France during the

last century, was, that its emissaries presented it to the acceptance of the people, tricked out with all the tinsel ornaments of a mock science; because they dealt in illustrations and in specious proofs drawn from every branch of literature; because they sweetened the edge of the poisoned cup with all the charms of an elegant style and lively composition; while unfortunately they who undertook to confute them, with the exception of Guenée, and perhaps a few others, dealt in abstract reasoning and mere didactic demonstration." *

Great, however, as was the danger to the faith during the period indicated, it is greater now because more widespread. The arguments now advanced against religion are more plausible, because urged in the name and with the authority of science; the poison of error is most subtle and most potent where its existence is least suspected. It is found in books, newspapers, magazines; in works of art, history, literature, philosophy, and religion, as well as science; it is concealed in sermons and public discourses, and ofttimes plays havoc in the simplest social gatherings. Everything that comes under the magic spell of science — and here I mean infidel and agnostic science — is affected by the ubiquitous poison. The whole intellectual atmosphere is polluted with it, and the only saving antidote is a strong, healthy, intelligent faith.

I lay special stress on intelligent faith, because this it is which is often, alas! so sadly lacking. If our people were better instructed in the errors and methods of the dominant teachings of the day, they would not be so exposed as they now are. Forewarned, it is said, is forearmed, but forewarning in the present crisis is not sufficient. We must arm those who look to us for help and guidance with the helmet of faith and the shield of impregnable truth. We must meet the enemy on their own ground, and assail them in their chosen coigne of vantage. A priori reasonings and metaphysical argumentations, which are good enough in their place, and with those who are capable of appreciating them, must yield to discussions conducted on a different basis. The geologist, the biologist, the archæologist, and the astronomer, we must meet on their own ground, and turn their own arms against them. This has been done before, it can be done again. We must show to the world that there is, that there can be nothing in true science — not sciolism or fantastic theory — which is opposed to faith, or the explicit declarations of the Inspired Record. We must evince that physical science, in the language of Bacon, is, of a truth, "the voice of God revealed in facts," — Vox Dei in rebus revelata; that the Council of the Vatican was right when it solemnly declared that there never can be any conflict between reason and faith — "nulla unquam inter fidem et rationem vera dissentio esse potest." We must show that the science on which the enemies of the Church are wont to rest their case is sham science, or a science misapplied; that their proofs are but assertions without foundation in fact; that their premises are fallacious, or that their conclusions are false and unwarranted.

Nowhere, indeed, do we meet with such shallowness and superficiality; such pride and pretension; such quibbling and such assertiveness; such declamation and such ignorance of the simplest rules of logic, as in many of our scientific works designed for general readers. From such a "distortion of facts," says Count Tolstoi in a recent paper, in reply to certain questions put by the German Ethical Society, "arises the curious circumstance that no people have more entangled ideas as to the essence of true knowledge, religion, morality, and existence than men of science," and yet no class of people make greater demands on our faith, than these self-same people who would destroy all faith in the Gospel, and banish religion from the

* On the Connection between Science and Revealed Religion, Lecture XII.

world as a relic of an ignorant and superstitious age, but give us nothing in return.

But who are to point out error, to distinguish true from false science, to save the souls of the unwary from the machinations of the enemy, if it be not the bishops and priests of the Church? And how are our future levities to meet the enemies of religion, those whom the world salutes as the leaders of advanced thought, and the high priests of science, if they be not specially prepared during their course of study in the seminary? Some, it is true, have an opportunity of making serious studies in science before entering the seminary; but they constitute only a small minority. The aspirants to the priesthood must, therefore, acquire their knowledge of science in the seminary, if they acquire it at all. The elementary knowledge which they get in the public schools, or gain by general reading, will serve them but little when they are called upon to discuss the great questions of science and religion which in our day are considered to be of such paramount importance. Certain questions of astronomy, geology, paleontology, biology, ethnology, and archæology, they must study not cursorily and superficially, but carefully and profoundly, if they would hope to cope with their adversaries with any hope of success.*

I do not, however, mean that they should become specialists in these sciences; that they should sacrifice the more important branches of philosophy and theology. Far from it. What I do mean is that they should obtain a good working knowledge of these divers branches of science; that they should thoroughly understand the nature of the objections which are urged in the name of these sciences; that they should adequately realize their bearing on faith and morals, on dogma and Holy Scripture.

By properly directed and systematic effort every student in our seminaries could have these advantages, and that, too, without detriment to the more important branches of his course. I would not be satisfied with mere book knowledge. This is not sufficient. Give the seminarist specimens to examine and instruments to experiment with. Teach him how to observe for himself; how to interrogate Nature in the laboratory, in the quarry, in the field, and in the forest. Such training will be of priceless value to him in after life, whether he be a professor in one of our colleges, a preacher in one of our city pulpits, or a simple cure in a country parish. He will thus be better qualified to instruct those confided to his care, and better prepared to confute the enemies of religion, and more competent to win from danger those who have become weak in the faith, or bring back to the fold those who have strayed from its sacred precincts.

There are, I am aware, difficulties in the way of accomplishing what is here outlined. To equip museums and laboratories requires money, and our seminaries are poor. Our bishops and clergy have so many demands on their charity; so much to do for the poor and the sick, the widow and the orphan, that they consider themselves fortunate in being able to accomplish as much as they do. But although all this be true the case is not hopeless. By no means. The Church, despite the number of those who would wipe her out of existence, has everywhere many devoted and zealous friends. Let it be known that specimens and apparatus are particularly desirable in order to carry on the work of ecclesiastical instruction, and I have faith enough in the good will and coöperation of Catholics to believe that they will come to the rescue. I can speak from experience in this matter. For over twenty years

*In revising this article for the press, I am glad to take occasion to add a sentence from a recent discourse of the eloquent Metropolitan of San Francisco, Archbishop Riordan, who, speaking of the necessity of a higher education for the Catholic priesthood, declares: "We have here in America a great work to perform in the interests of religion and for the good of the people; but we can do nothing unless we can send out into the field men fully equipped by knowledge to meet all the objections which the science of the day may suggest against religion, and to take a leading part themselves in the investigation as well as in the defence of truth."

I have had charge of the scientific department of Notre Dame University, and I am therefore in a position to testify, from experience, what may be expected from the friends of religion and education when they once become interested in such an important matter as the one we are now considering.

Of course I should count much on the coöperation of the members of this Congress. If they collectively and individually give the matter their endorsement, and engage not only to encourage the good work themselves, but also to interest their friends in it, we shall, I promise you, soon behold results as surprising as they will be gratifying.

Something, it is true, has been done already, but much more remains to be accomplished. Much has been done even by distinguished men here present — both lay and clerical — to aid Catholics in their warfare against false science and false philosophy, and for this all are duly grateful. Works of acknowledged value — from small handbooks to exhaustive treatises — on various controverted questions of science and religion have been published from time to time, and numerous excellent magazines, in America and Europe, deal learnedly and effectively with the questions of the hour. Indeed I need not go beyond the limits of this fair city of Brussels to find a publication, the Revue des Questions Scientifiques, which is an honor to religion as well as to science, and of which the Catholic world may be justly proud. As a thorough, accurate expositor of the most advanced thought of the day in every department of science, it has no superior in any language. God reward with an exceeding great reward that noble soul, Father Carbonnelle, S. J., — now gone from our midst — who so auspiciously inaugurated it, and bless a thousand-fold the labors of those in whose hands the great undertaking is now entrusted! May they live to see realized all their fondest anticipations, and to know that the Revue des Questions Scientifiques is prized in all lands according to its transcendent merits and the unquestioned good it is destined to achieve.

Other reasons why we should devote special attention to the study of science — why the youth in our ecclesiastical seminaries should excel in science — is that the Holy Father wishes it, because our enemies fear such study on our part as the greatest calamity which could befall the unholy cause to which they are committed.

The learned Pontiff, now gloriously reigning, while yet Bishop of Perugia, gave an adumbration of that po'icy respecting the study and advancement of science which he has so consistently and so successfully followed since his accession to the Chair of Peter. Time and again since he assumed the tiara he has spoken of the advantage accruing to religion by the study of Science. But in no instances, probably, has he given better evidence of his love of science and of his ardent desire to see it specially cultivated in our colleges and seminaries than in his two admirable encyclicals, the Æterni Patris, in which he recommends the study of the philosophy of St. Thomas, and the Providentissimus Deus, urging a special and profound study of the sacred Scriptures. His observations in the latter encyclical are so weighty, and bear so directly on the contention I have been making, that you will, I know, pardon me, if I quote somewhat in extenso. In referring to the value of a knowledge of natural science to the student of Scripture the illustrious pontiff declares: "It is necessary to meet the attacks of those who abusing their knowledge of physical science, investigate the sacred books with minute care, in order that they may expose the ignorance displayed on this subject by the authors and may vilify their writings. And since these contentions are concerned with sensible objects, they are all the more dangerous, falling, as they do, into the hands of the masses, and especially those of youth who are fond of literature, and who, when they have once lost their

reverence for divine revelation in any of its parts, will easily give up all belief in the whole. It is beyond doubt that the more suitable natural science is, if rightly taught, for ensuring the perception of the glory of the great Maker stamped upon creation, the more effectually it may be employed, if instilled in a wrong way into the minds of the young, to uproot the first principles of sound philosophy and corrupt morals. Wherefore a knowledge of natural science will afford valuable assistance to the teacher of sacred Scripture by enabling him the more readily to expose and refute the fallacies of this kind also which are brought forward against the authority of the sacred Books. Indeed, no real difference can arise between the theologian and the physical scientist so long as each keeps to his own province, both, in accordance with the warning of St. Augustine, being on their guard against 'making any rash statement or asserting as known what is unknown.'"

Further on he observes, and with truth, that "to strive fully to establish the sanctity of the Bible with every aid from the deeper sciences is far more than can be justly expected from the skill of interpreters and theologians alone. It is to be desired also that those amongst Catholics who have attained any reputation in external sciences should join and assist in this work. As in the past, ability of this kind has never been, so it is not now, thank God, wanting to the Church; and it is to be hoped that it will increase for the benefit of faith. For we ought to consider nothing of greater importance than that the faith should have more numerous and more powerful defenders, and that they should understand the tactics of her adversaries; and nothing could be more effective in impressing upon the masses the duty of accepting the truth than to see it publicly professed by those who have gained distinction in any particular walk of life. Nay, the ill-will of disparagers would quickly cease, or at least they would not dare so boldly to accuse faith of being the enemy of science, if they saw the highest honor and reverence paid to it by distinguished scientific men."

But the most forcible, and at the same time epigrammatic, statement of Leo the XIII.'s views on the study of science, is to be found in his letter to Mgr. Goossens, the Cardinal Archbishop of Mechlin, regarding the establishment of a new chair of philosophy in the University of Louvain. His words are: "Since the Church is falsely accused of detesting science and of desiring to spread the darkness of ignorance, it behooves Catholics to make it manifest that they do not contemn the lights of science, but covet them earnestly, because they do not subvert the dogmas of faith but wonderfully illustrate them, inasmuch as both the one and the other have their origin in the same God, the author of faith and the Creator of the world." *

I have said that the enemies of the Church dread a learned priesthood — especially a priesthood which is profoundly versed in profane science. It is true. They dread nothing more, and declare their apprehension by words and deeds. One of the first acts of Julian the Apostate after he had made shipwreck of the faith was to issue "a decree whereby Christians were debarred from attending public schools and acquiring science."

Professor Huxley, the noted hierophant of Agnosticism, makes no secret in declaring what he regards as the one great enemy of science from his point of view. In his "Lay Sermons" in an interesting chapter on "Scientific Education" he compares the Protestant with the Catholic clergy, and referring to the former he says they "are at present divisible into three sections: an immense body who are ignorant and speak out; a small proportion who know

* "Quum porro Ecclesia eo falso nomine in crimen vocetur, quasi perosa scientiarum lucem ignorantiæ tenebras studeat offundere, eo conniti oportet Catholicos homines ut præ se ferant palam, se veræ scientiæ lumina haud fastidire sed appetere, quippe quæ fidei dogmata non evertunt sed mirifice illustrant, quum utraque ab uno dimanent auctore fidei et rerum mundarum Conditore Deo."

and are silent; and a minute minority who know and who speak according to their knowledge. By the clergy I mean especially the Protestant clergy. Our great antagonist — I speak as a man of science— is the Roman Catholic Church, the one great spiritual organization which is able to resist, and must, as a matter of life and death, resist the progress of science and modern civilization, manages her affairs much better.

"It was my fortune some time ago to pay a visit to one of the most important of the institutions in which the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church in these islands are trained; and it seemed to me that the difference between these men and the comportable champions of Anglicanism and Dissent, was comparable to the difference between our gallant volunteers and the trained veterans of Napoleon's Old Guard."

Coming as they do, from the high-priest of Agnosticism these words are significant and deserve pondering. They declare that the enemies of the Church to-day, as in the past, regard her representatives as the sole antagonists worthy of her steel. The various Protestant sects give them little or no concern. From Protestant ministers agnostic and infidel scientists have nothing to apprehend; they have a free field and nothing to impede their progress. It is the Catholic priesthood which they fear; which they have always feared, as they are the only body of men competent to stem the torrent of error which now threatens to overwhelm the land. Strong in the certain truths of a divine faith, endowed with the courage which comes from the spirit of knowledge and fortitude, they form a solid phalanx against the advance of scientific as well as of religious error, and constitute a bulwark for the faith which is as impenetrable as a wall "of tenfold adamant."

But, be it remembered, the priesthood to which Huxley refers is an educated priesthood; a priesthood specially trained to combat the errors of the day, errors which are advanced in the name of what the British scientist euphemistically designates "scientific thought." He, then, supports my plea, and his words, just quoted, makes for its validity in the most eloquent manner possible. It is our enemies who not infrequently tell us the most wholesome truths, and if we are wise we will profit by them as well as if they came from the most tried and trusted of friends.

I could wish to enter for our colleges a similar plea to the one I have just been making in behalf of ecclesiastical seminaries, but it does not come within the scope of the present paper. For in good sooth — let us be honest with ourselves — we must admit that, with few notable exceptions — grand, historic old Louvain is one of them — the scientific standing of our Catholic colleges is not what it should be.

There are, I know, serious difficulties in the way of raising them to the plane on which we would desire to see them, but these difficulties are not insurmountable. If we were to devote as much time to science as we do the classics, we could exhibit better results. It is not my purpose to decry classics; by no means; but rather to insist on the truth of the old saying, "Hæc facere et illa non omittere." All who are conversant with the facts in the case, will, I think, confess that we are warranted in claiming for science a greater consideration than it has received in our Catholic schools and colleges either in Europe or in America. Emendemus in melius quod ignoranter peccavimus. Yes, by all means, let us improve where betterment is so obviously demanded.

But although an improvement in the status of science in our schools and colleges is a "consummation devoutly to be wished," I am, for the present at least, content to rest my case with a consideration of the necessity, if not of the ways and means, of imparting a more thorough knowledge of science in our ecclesiastical seminaries. The hope of the Church in the future lies, under God, in the thorough education of the

youth who are now preparing for the sacred ministry; and in the present needs of religion their education cannot be considered complete unless they have at least a good working knowledge of the natural and physical sciences.

The question, however, may be asked, Why do I bring the consideration of this subject before the International Catholic Scientific Congress? Might it not more properly be discussed in an assemblage of Bishops in provincial or plenary councils? Doubtless; but there are countless other things which, in these days of doubt and unrest, imperatively demand the attention of the hierarchy. And far from finding it an impertinence on our part in discussing the topic in such an assemblage, as the one I have now the honor to address, the Prelates of the Church, who rejoice in every good work, by whomsoever inaugurated or achieved, will, I am sure, be only too glad to know that this Congress is interested in the matter, and have at heart, what they themselves prize more than aught else — the education and welfare of those who are to be the future shepherds of Christ's flock. They will be gratified to learn that they, in so important a work, can count on the sympathy and coöperation of such a distinguished body of men, and have the benefit of their wisdom and science.

In union, it is said, is strength. I question, however, if any of us fully realizes what may be accomplished in the direction indicated by the concerted action of such a body as the International Catholic Scientific Congress. When we call to mind what has been effected by organizations which were numerically much inferior to ours, but which were actuated by zeal and an insatiable love of learning, it would be almost rash to assign limits to what the combined efforts of the members of this Congress can achieve when they set about an enterprise in dead earnest. The Christian School of Alexandria, of which Origin and Clement were such shining lights; the schools of Syria and Antioch and Cæsarea, rendered so famous by the achievements of Sts. Ephrem, Chrysostom, Basil, Gregory of Nyssa, and their collaborators, are ample evidence, if any were required, of what can be accomplished when faith and science are dominated by zeal for truth and love of Holy Church.

The attribution of omnipotence to this Congress is, of course, something quite foreign to my mind. I do not expect of it impossibilities, but I do look to it for great things in matters both of science and religion. And in this hope I am sure there is among those who know what the Congress has already effected during its short existence but one opinion. In these days when steam and electricity have practically annihilated time and space; when the printing-press brings within the reach of all, even the poorest, the latest acquisition of science, and renders possible a diffusion of knowledge among the masses, that was undreamed of a few decades ago, and which our forefathers, if any one had predicted what has actually come to pass, would have pronounced Utopian, if not impossible — in these days of inventions and marvels, we may, I say, hope, and hope reasonably, to achieve what no one but a visionary, a few generations ago, would have attempted, or deemed even feasible.

In America we have carefully watched the career of this organization ever since its inception. We have been interested in its proceedings, and have scanned its published reports with eagerness and pride. We have all along recognized its power and influence for good, and from the bottom of our hearts we have thanked God for giving to the Church an instrument so potent and so universal in its sphere of action. We have noted with pleasure and gratitude the interest which the Father of the Faithful, and the Princes of the Church, the members of the episcopate, and the most distinguished representatives of science, have displayed in the meetings of the Congress, and have felt that a bright day is dawning both for science and religion.

Let us then be up and doing. Let us realize the power of the instrument which Providence has placed in our hands.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

We have before us the traditions of saints and doctors; the teachings of holy and learned pontiffs; the appeals of countless souls invoking our assistance; the declared fear of our enemies that we shall press into the service of religion the one agency whose power they recognize, and shall we hesitate as to what we shall do? Ah! no. The situation is too critical; there is too much at stake; the issues are too far reaching, — embracing not only time but eternity — to permit any delay or vacillation on our part.

The work will be arduous, indeed, but it is bound, in the very nature of things, to be prolific in mighty and far-reaching results. Lay and cleric, we can all of us join in the undertaking, and work hand in hand for a common purpose; for the furtherance of a cause in which we are, or should be, equally concerned, the salvation of souls, and the glorification of the Church militant. To those of us, on whose shoulders have been placed the burdens and responsibilities of the sacred ministry, can be addressed individually the words of the poet Browning: —

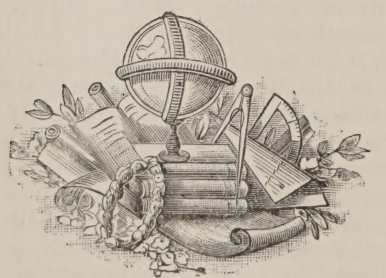
"God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign."

As to our confreres of the laity, they should not forget the words of another bard who tells them,—

"Not a truth has to art or to science been given,
But brows have ached for it, and souls toiled and striven."

And furthermore and finally, we should, all and sundry, bring home to ourselves the full significance of Longfellow's beautiful lines on "The Ladder of St. Augustine:"

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."



ENTRE NOUS.

BY M. F. NIXON.

I.

Two souls there are upon this earth
  Whose daily lives touch mine.
The one is steady, full of worth,
  With thoughts almost divine.

II.

The other is a rogue, perchance,
  A villain, yet so bright
He like a meteor seems to glance,
  And dazzle all in sight.

III.

The one has kind and genial ways,
  The other's full of ire,
The one gives me long, happy days,
  The other, moments dire.

IV.

To one, I talk of many things,
  Birds, books and flowers and rhymes ;
His comrade gives ill-tempered flings
  And rasps me, oftentimes.

V.

These two are quite as far apart
  As Ghibelline or Guelph,
Yet — here's a secret, in my heart,
  I think they're both myself.

THE PULPIT AND THE STAGE.

BY REV. MORTIMER EDWARD TWOMEY.

THE ideal in life is that we shall be helpful one to another; and according to our endeavor to approach to this ideal shall be reckoned the good we accomplish in our transition upon earth. The preacher in his pulpit inculcates the lessons of faith and of morality; he addresses his people listening about him, and he hopes that his too feeble words may bear fruit in human lives, that men and women may be ennobled, and in their striving after better things, may be lifted up. The actor upon the stage speaks to his audience. His motive may be only to please, to help the listeners while away an idle hour, and forget in mirth and laughter the cares of the busy day; or his motive may be to teach invaluable lessons of human existence, and the inevitable triumph of justice, of patience, of morality, of right. Shall the two, the preacher and the actor, stand away away from each other, the one frowning in stern and sad visage upon the other; this other smiling in contentment, satisfied with his lot and aim in life? Or shall they come near together, and, laying aside their robes of religion or of art, sit down as men to talk the matter over, to learn in what way they can be of aid to each other in the doing for their fellow-man?

Be it said in the beginning, that, on the part of the clergy, there is a vast difference of opinion regarding the stage, its representations, and its representatives; and be it said too, that, owing to the numerous scandals so freely circulated through the daily press, regarding actors and actresses, and the highly sensational and wicked features that are now claiming the public's purse and attention, any prejudice that religion may have against the stage is only too well grounded. Yet, withal, there is a goodly number of the clergy who are firmly persuaded that the stage is capable of much good, that its influence over the minds and hearts of men is a great influence, and that their duty is to enter into the spirit of the upright and honorable men and women, whose life-work is on the stage, to the purifying and ennobling of its associations. Laying aside for the nonce all prejudices, and even all well-grounded opinions, let the question be plainly asked, Whether it is the part of wisdom for the pulpit to coöperate with the stage or to antagonize it. For my own part, I am bold to say that to coöperate is wiser and more beneficial.

What is to be gained by antagonism? We are all actors in a greater or less degree; we all believe there is a measure of truth in Shakespeare's word: —

> "This world is all a stage,
> And we but actors on it."

The child even in the cradle is learning its role of actor. The universal doll is its early lesson in imitation, in representation, in the making of fiction a reality. We are all through life acting out our little parts in a drama, that varies itself into tragedy and comedy.

The world admires the dramatist — a Sophocles, a Molière, a Shake-

speare — and crowds the theatre where his immortal works are presented True, too, it admires the ephemeral farcical composer, and throngs where the low, the lewd, and the depraved are set forth to the public gaze.

Taking as established by the experience of all ages and of all nations, from the artistic and highly cultivated Greeks of the olden days, down to the theatre loving multitudes of our own times; from the romantic savage to the perfect production of highly educated and civilized life; from the cruel, maddened hordes of the Roman amphitheatre, to the danger and blood-loving frequenters of the Spanish bull fight; taking as established, I say, the innate love and enthusiasm for dramatic representation, for the art of mimicry, is it not wise for the men who stand aloof, for the preacher, the moralist, to study well the situation, and to condemn only wherein he must?

General condemnations carry little persuasion. Wholesale denouncements sometimes irritate, sometimes provoke a laugh, but they do not convince. The gentle stream will flow on its way, and join itself to the mighty river. The vast, unbridled torrent will fashion its own pathway, and no feeble obstacle will check its march. Barriers piled up before it may only heighten its impeded waters, until these overflow and sweep on in uncontrolled destruction. The prudent, and they to whom the severe lesson of personal loss has been given, recognizing the inevitable, construct dikes and levees, where well-informed science dictates, and as well-trained knowledge directs. Thus the power of the mighty waters will not injure, but turn the wheels of mills and factories, beautify the landscape, enrich the river banks, and bring joy and compensation to the skill and care of patient men. At times, the river may rebel, and the overflow may come, but this will be the accidental, not the normal phase. Then, too, the breaches may be repaired, and experience inform wisdom to better provide against future dangers.

And so should the preacher look upon the dramatic profession. It is right to deplore the sad evils attendant upon it. But it is also right, while correcting these, to direct the general flow into regions of safety. It is surely no easy task to find the just medium, and especially in the presence of so much danger, of so much wickedness, as the stage of to-day affords, to lead the course aright. The moralist may well fear that any word of approval offered by him will be only too zealously seized upon, and converted into applause for depravity and sin. There are, unfortunately, always those who await only the half-said word of truth, that they may fashion it in their own way, to the furthering of their own unlawful aims.

Still, for this, one should not hesitate. The Divine Master sat at table with publicans and sinners, and when the proud and corrupt Pharisees blamed Him, He told them plainly that He was come "to call not the just, but sinners to repentance." And so, no matter what interpretation be put upon one's words or conduct, when these are honestly given by him whose life is devoted to the betterment of his fellow-man, he should go on fearlessly to the attainment of a good end by good means.

Nor will he be alone in this. He will find his most willing and most able allies even in the ranks of that profession he would reform. The records of the past, as

well as those of the present, bear witness to the noble character of many on the stage, whose ambition has been ever for the upholding of truth and morality. There is more than one woman like Mary Anderson, whose name is a bright glory to her profession ; more than one man like Edwin Booth, to withdraw from the theatre, and leave behind an unsullied reputation.

Such as these will be true and competent helpers, for none so well as they are cognizant of the good and the evil that surround them ; none so well fitted to find and to use the necessary means for a systematic and thorough reform.

And, herein, is the great mistake of those zealous churchmen who are so intolerant of the stage, as utterly to condemn it, or who, at least, hold themselves absolutely apart from all its influences and associations. Good men and women on the stage — and again be it well understood that of these there are large numbers — will rejoice in being credited with upright views, and will lend themselves to any useful project for the promotion of morality and of art.

And thus, union with those whose profession is the stage will bear fruit with managers and with the people. If the churchman all alone advances his views, he is likely to be looked upon as a fanatic, or as one unacquainted with his theme ; but if he be received by the actors, and his views approved by them, and if, especially, pulpit and stage act in harmony, there will be a general change all along the line. Is it not worth the trying

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GYPSYING.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

I AM a gypsy ; didn't you know ?
Free as the daisies, or winds that blow,
Picking my fruit as the squirrels do,
Roaming the woods and the pastures through,
Having no care for the hours that fly,
Leaving all that till the by and by ;
Darkness and hunger will come at last,
And gypsy and gypsying be past.

Holy Family Institute, Holyoke, Mass.

THE DIOCESE OF SPRINGFIELD.

BY REV. JOHN J. McCOY.

"A nation's greatness lies in men, not acres."

NOT long ago, a Baptist minister, then of the town where the writer is the parish priest, was displeased by some Catholic claims advanced in a public discourse, and bitterly spoke and wrote against the Catholic Church, describing her as "a church which has now waxed strong and powerful in the freedom we have allowed, but which came a few years ago a mendicant to our shores."

There seem to be men of that minister's mould about us on every side to-day. They know little of the early history of this land, beyond the public school accounts of the Plymouth Colony, and they would be unhappy in learning more.

In the marvellous growth of the Catholic Church, they see only menace to every national institution; and they spend their days in making great mouths declaiming against her, and telling the world how good they prove themselves to be in suffering us, her children, to remain here.

Catholic people could make this kind of reply: We are not here on sufferance from you. We did not come to you. We were here before you. Waiving the bright story of Catholic discoverers and explorers, waiving the conquests, which though cruel and unworthy in many ways, yet made straight the paths for civilization; waiving the sailors and traders of the beginning, who brought to the old lands the wealth of the new, and with golden lines of commerce connected shore and shore; waiving these and others all, and speaking of Christianity as taught by ordained and properly accredited teachers, who built temples to Christ, and organized Christian congregations in savage or civilized commu-

nities, then were we here an hundred years before you.

"In 1556 Dominicans reared a chapel on the banks of the James in Virginia; 1539, the Italian Franciscan, Mark, from Nice, penetrated to Florida and Georgia with their mission chapels." *

And here in our own New England, waive again the story implied by the fact that in 1508, Indians, who had been brought from the

Bishop Beaven.

New Mexico; and soon after, Father Padilla, of the same order, died by the hands of the Indians, near the waters of the Missouri. By 1559, Dominicans were traversing the territories of the Mobilian tribes from Pensacola to the Mississippi; and when Melandez founded St. Augustine, it became a mission centre, whence the Jesuit Missionaries threaded the Atlantic coast to Chesapeake Bay and the banks of the Rappahannock, before they left that field to the Franciscans, who dotted north of the new lands, received baptism within the walls of a cathedral in France, let us tell what is authenticated.

In 1611, Father Peter Biard and Father Enemond Masse came to Port Royal. Father Biard soon after visited the coast as far as the Kennebec, and tried to teach Christianity to the Abenakis.

A missionary settlement was soon after built, a cross raised, and mass publicly said on Mt. Desert Island, Maine. This settlement of St. Sa-

* John Gilmary Shea in "Narrative and Critical History [of America," J. Winsor, Editor, Vol. IV., chap. 6.

viour was battered down in 1613 by the cannon from the ship of the English captain Argall, from Virginia, who destroyed the town, robbed the inhabitants, stripping them of all they possessed, enslaving some, turning others adrift in open boats upon the sea, and abandoning the remainder to the mercy of the wild beasts and men of a savage country.

The Pilgrims were yet working in the woollen mills of Holland. Seven years shall have passed before they see the Rock of Plymouth (1620), nine years before the building of "a strong palisade and a substantial fort (used also on Sundays as a meeting

St. Jerome's Church, Holyoke.

house"), and not till 10 years afterwards (1629) shall they rejoice in

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas Griffin, D. D., Chancellor.

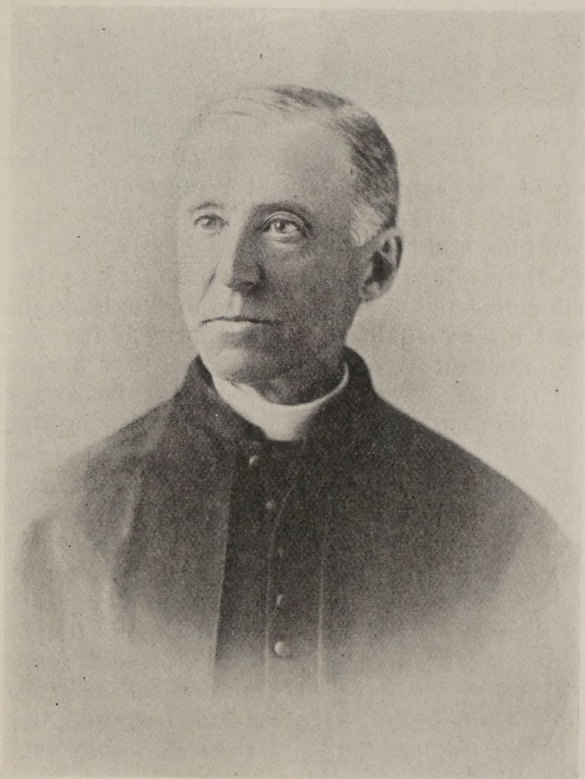
the ministrations of Ralph Smith, the first ordained minister whose teachings shall be acceptable to them.

It appears, then, that if right be given by priority of presence, the right from a hundred counts is ours. But we claim no right, and we concede none. We ask no favor. Give us a fair field, and put aside the passions and prejudices that have root in ignorant malice, and for which you will speak words of shamed-faced sorrow by and by, and take us as neighbors and countrymen, who, in love of God and native land, are the peers of the best amongst you. Hatred and mistrust do not make converts. The flame of ten persecutions did not destroy the early Church; and the blind hate which put a price on the head of the saintly missionary Sebastian Rale and butchered him in the midst of his neophytes at the foot of the missionary cross, and made his reeking scalp an occasion for a Boston holiday, with public thanksgiving by her ministers, did not kill the Church in New England; neither did the burning of the convent at Charlestown, nor the tarring and feathering of Father Babpst at Ellsworth, nor did all the hate and fury of the Know-nothings of years agone, nor will now the hissing in the night of the

new reptilian brood, the treasonable order of the A. P. A.

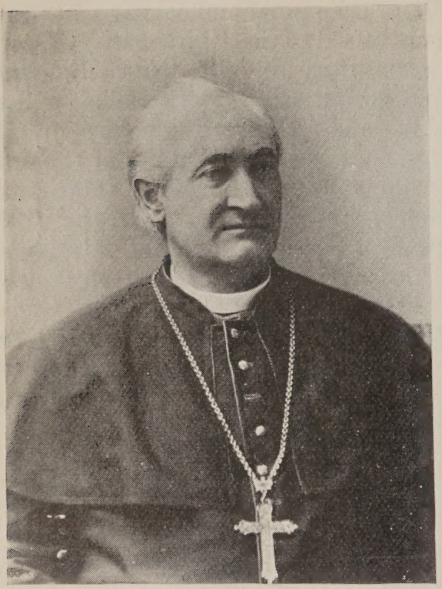
"Go into the whole world," said Christ . . . "and behold I am with you." Therefore, when the dust of each new conflict settles, the Church is seen the more resplendent, and the people in every land where she battles only marvel the more at the steadiness and certainty of her majestic advance. Nowhere has prejudice been more furiously blind, and nowhere has the growth of the true Church been more remarkable than here in what is called the Province of Boston, embracing all new England.

In the year 1805 there were 94 baptisms in Boston. This was five years before the great and saintly Cheverus was raised to the Episcopate. There were then in all New England but two priests. Father Thayer had died, and the broad vineyard of the Lord knew but the labors of the two zealous Fathers, Francis Matignon and John Cheverus. On the 10th day of April, 1805, Dr. Matignon baptized a child of the Fitton family. This child, James, became in God's time the great missionary of New England, and the builder of the first church within the lines now marking the diocese of Springfield.



Very Rev. John J. Power, V.G.

Three great priests, Matignon, Cheverus, and Fenwick, had to do with the building up of Father Fitton's character, and each in turn



The late Bishop O'Reilly.

gave something of his spirit. Matignon baptized him, Bishop Cheverous confirmed him, and began his education for the ministry, and Bishop Fenwick completed his training and crowned his young life by ordaining him a priest in the ember days of December, 1827.

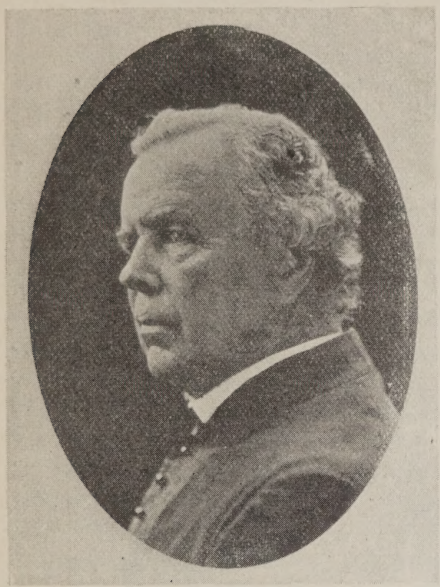
At about this time Bishop Fenwick had applied to the Propaganda for priests who would devote their lives to the Indians in Maine. The Protestant missionary, though uninvited, was amongst them with his Bibles and gold and schools, doing all he could to draw them from the old faith. This made necessary the immediate presence of a priest with them; and, while waiting the missionaries from Rome, Father Fitton was sent into Maine. In this blessed work, he spent a year; then came the Fathers from Rome, and he was left free in the broad building of God's house in New England. He passed and repassed, time and again, through each of the New England states, wherever he heard of a Catholic living, or thought that his priestly administrations would be required.

To-day, in six states, six great diocesan cathedrals lift their lofty spires to heaven, and six mitred bishops hold spiritual sway, where, hardly more than half a century ago, he stood with uncovered head by the wayside, and preached to a handful of gathered Catholics. Stations were established by him in many places throughout Connecticut and Rhode Island; and in Massachusetts, at Springfield, Amherst, Barre, Blackstone, Chicopee, Barrington, Northampton, Ware, Warren, Webster, Westfield, and Worcester. Under his care the corner-stone of the first church in the now diocese of Springfield was laid July 7, 1834, at Worcester.

The church was called Christ's Church. It was a small frame building 62×32 feet. The people were unable to do more than lay the foundations the first year. Over the altar was a rude covering of a few rough boards, but the rest of the place was absolutely unprotected.

The writer has known people who assisted at that first mass, made memorable among other things by one of those sudden and terrific summer storms of thunder and lightning. It burst over the people at the time of the Elevation. Three men of the congregation, who had noticed the swift gathering of the storm, hastened for umbrellas, and, when it broke, held them over the head of Father Fitton, moving as he moved in the progress of the sacrifice, and so continued till the mass was over. The unprotected congregation remained upon its knees; not a soul stirred, though every one was drenched to the skin.

In 1835, the walls were raised and the building roofed. In two years



The late Rev. James Fitton.

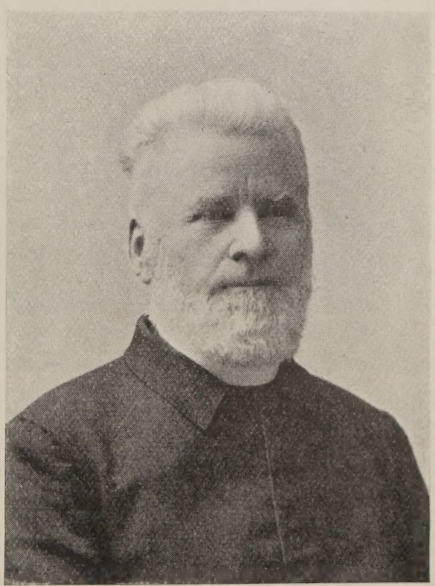
from the beginning, it was completed, and "paid for by the Irish laborers employed upon the railroad." In 1836, Father Fitton made his home at Worcester, and thus we have the first church, and the first settled pastor within the confines of the Springfield diocese.

The diocese of Springfield, embracing the counties of Worcester, Hampdem, Hampshire, Franklin, and Berkshire, was set off from Boston in 1870; and Rev. Patrick Thomas O'Reilly, Pastor of St. John's Church, Worcester, was named its first bishop. He was consecrated, Sept. 25, 1870, by Archbishop, afterward Cardinal, McCloskey, at Springfield. There were then 38 parish churches, 43 priests, 2 parochial schools, 12 sisters, 1 college, and 1 orphanage.

RT. REV. P. T. O'REILLY, D.D.

The county of Cavan, in Ireland, has been called by a prelate, "the county of virgins," and indeed it appears to deserve the title from the great number of able and pious priests it has given to the Church throughout the English-speaking world. In Ireland and the British Isles, in America, Australia, and wherever in India and Africa the English flag is unfurled, there are known the good works of the priestly children of Cavan. At least two of our New England bishops, both of the name O'Reilly, were sons of Cavan; and scores of our priests in the dioceses of Hartford, Providence, and Springfield, had the souls within them first fired in missionary zeal by the stories of the works done for God by their kin, told them on the hillsides of old Breffini.

Full of this spirit, so common to his race, was Rt. Rev. Patrick



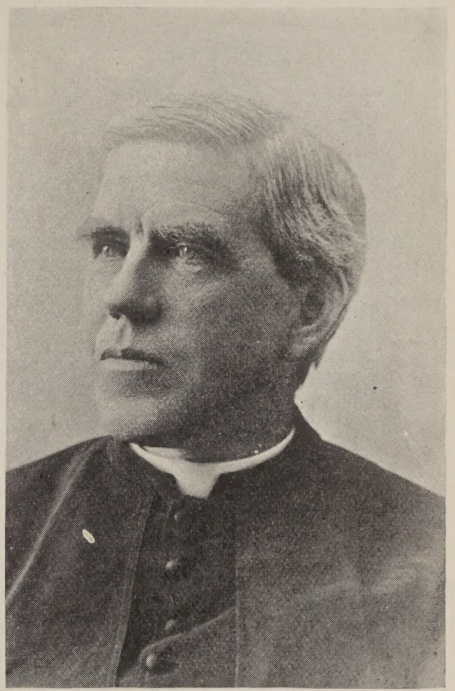
Rev. L. J. Gagnier, Springfield.

St. Paul's Church, Worcester.

Thomas O'Reilly, first Bishop of Springfield. There are those yet living in St. John's parish, Worcester, who remember as yesterday, when the young priest came amongst them, and made them all his own by his gentleness of soul. He was then of striking and unusual comeliness of person, tall, of good proportion, dark-haired, beautiful of face, with notably high arched brows, from under which looked out pleasantly those keen gray Irish eyes, which we have seen a hundred times flash with fun or spirit, or soften like a woman's, when a tale for sympathy was told. One who wrote of Bishop O'Reilly, said that he was fortunate beyond

other exiles, in that "friends of influence and wealth welcomed him," when he came to this country a boy. He was more fortunate after ordination, when he was sent as curate to Rev. John Boyce, the famous "Paul Pepergrass," a man of extraordinary literary talents and eloquence. The writer has heard the Bishop say, that he considered Father Boyce, when at his best, the most eloquent preacher he had heard, and, in his judgment, superior to the great Dominican, Father Tom Burke. Be that as it may, the association with such a man would beget a love for letters and sacred oratory; and, where the natural disposition existed, as in the case of Father O'Reilly, the soil with little labor brought abundant fruit. The young priest was soon known as an easy and graceful writer and speaker; and to the end, spite of cares and illness, the Bishop retained these powers.

He was consecrated when 37 years of age, and was then the youngest bishop in the country. Some one says that Rome, though not infallible in her choice of bishops, seems guided by a marvellous wisdom, and ever puts the right man in the place. It was the case with Bishop O'Reilly. He thoroughly knew the nature of the work his priests had to do. Every kind of priestly labor had been his own, — controversy, preaching, lecturing, catechising, and the mission with its long drives, its cold, and wet. When, therefore, he became a bishop he had, above all other qualities, compassion. He was never heavyhanded with his priests. He was the father rather than the chieftain, and his priests saw the gentler side of his character oftenest in all their dealings with him. We all knew how sweet peace was to him, and every man made effort to ward away trouble. His rule was singularly free from scandalous quarrellings. "I have the best priests in the world," the writer has heard him say a score of times, and he rejoiced that God had so blessed him; but we knew that his own gentleness had

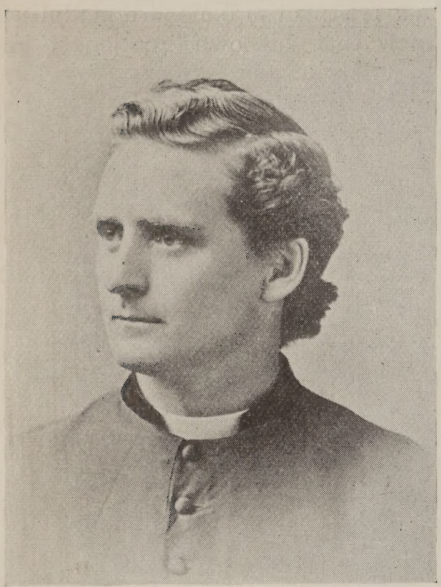


Rev. Dr. T. J. Conaty, Worcester.

quickened our loyalty and glad obedience.

Though his eye was on every end of his diocese, his disposition was to leave his priests unhampered in their work, and each man dependent on his own resources. The result of this confidence has been shown in an unusual development of business energy in the pastorate, so marked that his diocese came even in his life time to be rated with the best of the land both in the capacity and character of its priests, and in the varied excellence of its institutions. The bishop had large capacity for work. In the 21 years of his episcopate, he confirmed the remarkable number of 77,000 persons; he ordained priests,

laid corner-stones of church and chapel and school, dedicated 45 temples to God, and opened the doors of



Rev. D. F. Feehan, P. R., Fitchburg.

hospitals and orphanages to sick and poor, and the thousands of God's little ones. He died May 28, 1892, mourned by priests and people, and Oct. 18th, the same year, Dr. Thomas D. Beaven, of Holyoke, was consecrated his successor.

Thomas D. Beaven is the second son of Thomas Beaven and Nancy Kelly, and was born in Springfield 43 (1851) years ago.

Springfield then had one church and 35 Catholic families. If God that day had lifted the veil of 43 years into the future, from the eyes of that Catholic mother, and given her their story to tell, how she would have amazed and thrilled the gathered neighbors! The one little church will have grown into a magnificent cathedral, the tens of Catholics will be counted in the thousands; a great brown-stone church, a near neighbor, will shelter the overflow from the cathedral, a third great church, for the French speaking people, will lift its head into the light, and three parish schools, with 1,400 children, under care of 30 nuns, will learn the way to God through right learning; a shelter for Magdalenes will bless the city, and, near by, shall be the broad acres and generous roof of a home and industrial school for orphans, whose walls shall be put in place by that baby's own hand, when God shall have touched his brow with chrism and flame, and shall have lifted him to a bishop's throne in his native city.

The day of Bishop Beaven's consecration, Oct. 18th, 1892, the venerable archbishop of Boston facetiously remarked the "abundance of episcopal timber" to be found in the diocese of Springfield. Very complimentary was it to the priests of the diocese that during the vacancy in the see a score were mentioned as having the make-up of a good bishop; and perhaps any of the score would have wisely ruled if God had called.

The total absence of any unseemingly electioneering was noted to the great credit of the diocese, and won the praise of the whole province. Preëminent among those mentioned for the office, all recognized four or five, any one of whom would have made an excellent bishop, and would, when consecrated, have come to the rule of a willing priesthood; but from the four or five, the priests hailed the Church's choice as theirs, and, in great rejoicing, proclaimed their loyalty.

Bishop Beaven is of English and Irish blood, and has in him the best qualities of both races. He is recognized as calm and strong; shrewd,

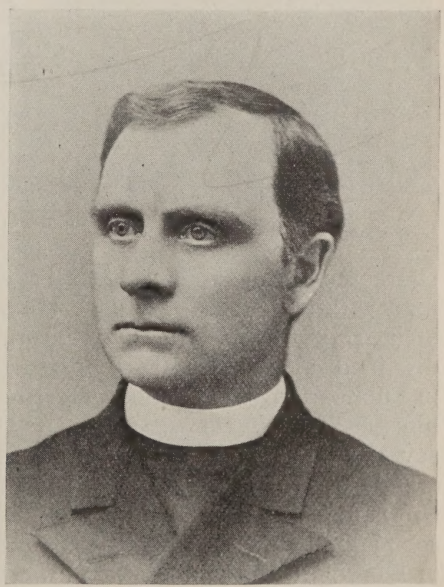
without smallness; a good judge of character, who speaks of the best side of a man oftenest; deep, and, in the concerns of his high office, a Sphinx; but, in hours of recreation with his priests, of abundant spirit of good comraderie, enough to satisfy the social soul of the warmest Celt amongst us. Nowhere in the world, or at any time, has there been a closer or fonder union between a Diocesan and his priests, based upon a mutual respect and trust, than exists to-day between Bishop Beaven and those he rules in the diocese of Springfield. What the future may hold for him, the youngest Bishop of New England, is a matter of interesting speculation with his priests. That great works await his hand, and that God has made that hand strong, is their fond belief; but we are yet too near the mountain to accurately judge its height.

VERY REV. JOHN J. POWER, D.D., V.G.

"Let there be justice though the heavens fall," was the cry of a great Roman. Had the Vicar General of the diocese of Springfield, Very Rev. John J. Power, D.D., been that day by the Tiber, and had he heard that cry, he would have applauded, and then as now, and all through his life, would have let the heavens fall before consenting that an injustice be done. He squares his life by what he believes the rule of justice. Bright he is, and learned he is, and, as a preacher, has a charming and simple style, so peculiarly his own, that all the city which can get past his church's doors, gather at his feet in the lenten time. Year after year, now for forty years, their interest and his reputation have been growing.

He is cautious and shrewd in business, has method and system in all he does, thinks out his line of action, then adheres determinedly. His first appointment was to St. Ann's in Worcester. The parish property was then in the hands of the mortgagees. He rescued it, paid the debts, and left it to his successor free from the shadow of a human hand.

He is the builder of the finest church in Worcester, the founder of the first public hospital the city ever knew; he has erected a school and orphanage; is the patron, and sometimes the main support of the sisters of mercy; he has held civic office in the school board, and the Public Library board, to his own credit, the city's, and ours; he has been the instructor of more converts



Rev. Dr. Philip Garrigan.

than have the other priests of Worcester; in a word, Dr. Jno. J. Power, or "Father John," as his own love to call him, is to-day, and has been for two decades or more in the minds of the Worcester people, both in attainments and weight of personal

St. Bernard's Church, Fitchburg.

character, the most eminent clergyman within the city's walls. He is of a retired and studious nature, dignified and distant, seldom seen in public, and will give one meeting him at times, the impression of severity; but he is not severe. In a body of priests he can be most companionable, and will in such social hour take his turn at a song or story with the youngest and most democratic of his brethren. He has never been robust physically. "Take good care of this young man, he will not trouble you more than a few months at best," ran the Bishop's note to Father Boyce, when Dr. Power was first sent to Worcester. The months have lengthened out into years. By system and rule again, Dr. Power has husbanded his strength, till, now, he is in the last decade of his 50 years of a scholarly and eminently useful life as a priest.

RT. REV. MGR. GRIFFIN, D.D.

The hardest worker in the diocese of Springfield is Rt. Rev. Thomas Griffin, D.D., pastor of St. John's Church, Worcester. This is the largest parish of the diocese; and Father Griffin, in addition to the enormous labor of this pastorate, has since the consecration of Bishop O'Reilly, in 1870, borne the extra burden of the chancellorship. He has built and maintained since 1872, under the care of the sisters of Notre Dame, and at a high standard of excellence, the largest schools for girls in the diocese. In 1891, he built for boys a school capable of answering the needs of six hundred scholars, a building, perhaps, the finest and best apportioned for school purposes in the city. He now awaits the coming of the Christian Brothers to take charge of his boys and building. When this is accomplished he has right to feel that he has done his duty along educational lines to church and neighbor, and has earned title to Catholic gratitude and some of the sweets of rest. When a curate and hardly a year ordained, he purchased a church for the people of Holden; next he built a church at Stoneville, and when Shrewsbury was taken from Worcester, and attached to West Boylston, the new pastor found a neat sum in the bank, left there by Father Griffin as a nucleus for a mission church.

In 1871, he began the formation of the parish of the Immaculate Conception in Worcester; and, in 1880, reared the walls and roof of the Church of the Sacred Heart.

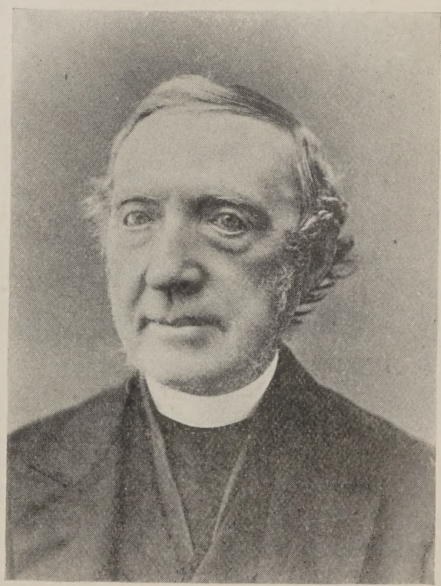
His last work in parish building was the choosing of the site for St. Stephen's. The Bartlett estate on the heights opposite Mariemonte, on Vernon street, was purchased by Father Griffin in 1886; and in the fall of '93, Bishop Beaven helped the fulfilment of Father Griffin's long-cherished hopes, by sending the sisters of Providence to found there a hospital for the sick, and an asylum for the old. In recognition of his great labors, and at the earnest solicitation of Bishop O'Reilly, the Holy Father, in 1889, made Father Griffin a domestic prelate, and in the next month his alma mater honored him with the Doctorate of Divinity. Monsignor Griffin is now in his 58th year, and has been about 27 years a priest.

He is a strong man, of clear head and honest heart. His learning is more solid and serious than showy; hence it is that many inferior men have more reputation. He is not an orator; but no man of the Springfield diocese can talk sounder sense or fill his sermons with greater weight of truth's real gold. He works morning, noon, and night. The old Bishop, who was his closest friend on earth, used to playfully find fault with him for expecting his assistants to work morning, noon, and night, when, as the Bishop would add, "God did not build them on the same lines."

Monsignor Griffin does not work for self. He has had the revenues of a large and generous parish for years; yet those who know him best, know him to be a poor man, who has spent his means in God's work, and is now wearing out a good life in ceaseless watching of church and school and convent and hospital. He will work to the end. He says of himself: "I shall fall in the harness."

REV. PATRICK CUDDIHY.

"Half priest, half hussar," the people used to say at Hopkinton, when Father Cuddihy, in his young days, came dashing over the hills to attend them. That was in the days of long rides and wide missions. Any one to-day, looking at the lithe figure, tall and straight as an Irish pike-staff, and noting the springy step and fresh countenance, and, perchance, catching the firm accents, telling of mind and tongue yet bright and keen as a flashing scimitar, would be puzzled to say whether the man was near to 50 or to 90, and whether the man was priest or trooper, and how any man could have so survived the hardships



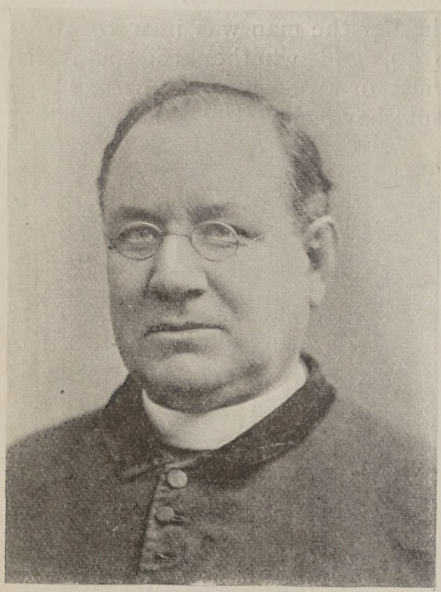
Rev. Patrick Cuddihy, Milford.

of a missionary priest's life to this day. Father Cuddihy was ordained in Rome in December, 1831. He was 62 years a priest last Christmas, and is, therefore, the oldest priest in the country. He is now in his 86th year; but age does not seem to take the edge from

his interest in life or to dim the fires of his spirit. He is yet as young as the priest ordained last Christmas. It is only when one hears him talk familiarly of four popes, and reads his name with O'Connell's in Irish history, that you marvel at the man beside you.

REV. P. J. HARKINS, P. R.

The completest parish in the Springfield diocese is St. Jerome's, at Holyoke, and the most eminent



Rev. P. J. Harkins, Holyoke.

priest of the diocese west of the Connecticut, both in years of service and in success of achievement, is Rev. P. J. Harkins, its permanent rector. He was the second man of the diocese to build and successfully maintain parochial schools. The Very Rev. Patrick Healy, V. G., the lamented pastor of Chicopee, was the first. At Father Harkins' call, the sisters of Providence came to this diocese.

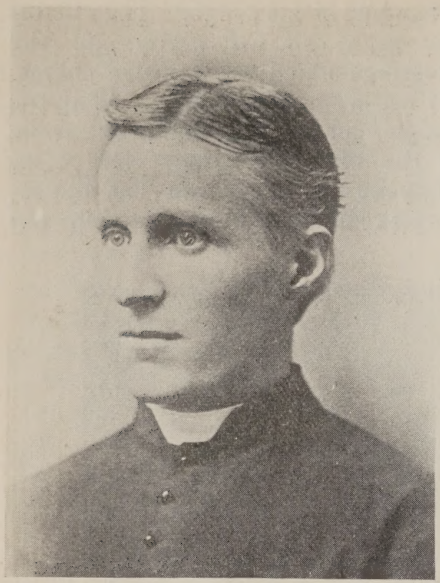
His parish has one of the finest churches and best parochial residences in the diocese, a splendid school for girls under the care of the sisters of Notre Dame, another for boys, taught by the sisters of Providence, an excellent and spacious hospital for the sick and old, a retreat for orphan boys and girls under charge of the same sisters, and a grand Mother-House for themselves, and a Novitiate for their postulants.

Bishop O'Reilly early made Father Harkins a permanent rector, and his brother priests in 1893 showed unmistakably the measure of their respect and his worth by giving him the unanimous vote of the diocese as first choice of three names within their privilege for the Bishop's council. He is now 60 years old, and has been 29 of them a priest. Holyoke is his first pastorate ; and all the works enumerated above, with the sole exception of the church, have come into existence under his care ; even the church has been enlarged and beautified beyond any conception of its original designers. His great credit lies not alone in these institutions, but in the fact that they are, through the hearty support of his people, practically out of debt. But he has done more. He founded the parish of South Hadley Falls, and built its first church. The magnificent site, whereon sits sits the fine property of the Church of the Sacred Heart, at Holyoke, is his choosing ; the walls of the church were erected by him, and its Basement finished for the becoming worship of its congregation. He has been a man of deeds, not dreams. He is hot-headed and hot-hearted, with all the impulsiveness, boldness, and dash, yet, in cool hours, all the canny good sense of the hardy men of his native Donegal.

That he never makes mistakes, his dearest friends will not claim. He has made hundreds. Every positive nature does so. No man, or measure, or body of men, are assured of immunity from his tongue or swinging lash, if there appears to him a good reason for attack. He is a power in Holyoke's public life, and is feared and respected accordingly. Yet even those who have smarted while he struck will admit his sincerity; and every one knows that, if quick with the whiphand, he is equally quick to repair a wrong, and will do it as publicly as he offends. As the years come upon him, he mellows and sweetens and grows into the honest affections of his people. They better see each day his worth and the blessings which his positive character has wrought for them. With the people, he is still the first, as he is the oldest, of their clergymen. Holyoke has had, and has to-day, priests eminent in scholarship and in capacity for affairs, and of high respect in and out of their own congregations; but in the public estimation of his own city, Father Harkins is like Saul among his brethren, "head and shoulders above the rest."

House of Providence Hospital, Holyoke.

Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Conaty, pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, Worcester, is, perhaps, the most widely known priest of our diocese and,



Rev. W. A. Power, Blackstone.

beyond any other, enjoys reputation as a public speaker. He is now about twenty-two years a priest, and has been from the first a public man. By nature he is an agitator, and loves the work of multitudes. We can easily imagine him a Peter waking up Europe to the crusades, but would find it hard to see in him the same Peter in a hermit's cell. God made him an active man; and in every agitation for the people's health, he is the angel, who, stronger than the rest, can best stir the waters. Every great movement in Church and State toward public reform, popular education, or charity, within the last two decades, has found Father Conaty's name in places of honor, and has heard his strong voice lifted up for the right and the true and the good. His fellow priests, in 1893, made him one of three to represent them on the Bishop's Council. He has always been counted amongst the eminent men of our diocese. The other member of this board after Father Harkins is Rev. William Power of Blackstone, brother of the Vicar General.

"Father William," as priests and people call him, is very unlike the two men chosen with him on this board. While Father Harkins is aggressive and honest, Dr. Conaty, resourceful and strong, Father Power is the very soul of sweetness; Father Harkins has breeziness, and sometimes blows, blizzard-like, hard blasts for health wherever he comes; and Dr. Conaty brings the hum of assemblies. Father Power has sunshine, and the soft rains of spring, and the voices of children gathering flowers for our Lady's Altar.

The most eminent of our Canadian priests, in learning, in piety, and in honor with his bishops, is Father L. G. Gagnier, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Springfield. He is a member of Bishop Beaven's Council, as he was of Bishop O'Reilly's, and is respected as highly by priests and people as is any priest of the diocese.

When the assembled prelates of the country called Rt. Rev. John J. Keane to leave the dignities of a great diocese and come to the presidency of the new Catholic University of America at Washington, the same voices invited, to the second place, Rev. Philip J. Garrigan, then permanent rector of St. Bernard's Church at Fitchburg. The Bishop gave up his diocese, and the priest his parish; and both have worked early and late with marvellous success, until now the University is the pride of American Catholics. Father Garrigan has been recognized since his ordination as an ideal priest; and in the years of his pastorate made Fitchburg, her church, schools, and convent, models worthy the copying. His successor, Rev. Daniel F. Feehan, is the youngest of the permanent rectors of our diocese, and is univer-

sally recognized as a clever man. He is strong, ardent, pious, and eloquent, fond of work, and capable of doing a large amount of it, a man, who for fourteen years and more in the priesthood, has been an inspiration for moral effort, temperance, and education, and is to-day in all that makes up a good man's life, a splendid example of the best type of the American Catholic priest.

One hundred and eighty-eight priests, attending 107 churches and 9 stations, do the spiritual work of the diocese.

Fifty ecclesiastics are in the Seminary preparing for the priesthood. The priests are assisted in their work, especially in teaching, catechising, and the charities, by communities of religious men and women. There is a house of the Christian Brothers at Chicopee; five houses making home for 78 sisters of Notre Dame, who teach 2,892 girls in schools at Holyoke, Chicopee, Springfield, Worcester, and Milford; two bodies of the Sisters of Mercy, at Worcester and North Brookfield, eight convents of the Sisters of St. Joseph, of whom we have 105 in the diocese, at Springfield, Chicopee Falls, Holyoke, North Adams, Webster, Southbridge, and Lee. At Worcester, Southbridge, and at Ware labor the Sisters of St. Anne; and at Fitchburg and Clinton, the Sisters of the Presentation. Attached to the Church of St. Denis, East Douglas, is a house of the third order of St. Francis, and another at Notre Dame, Worcester. In addition, we have three orphan asylums, one at Holyoke, under charge of the Sisters of Providence; one in St. Paul's parish, Worcester, cared for by the Sisters of Mercy; and another for orphans of French extraction particularly, looked after by the Grey Nuns at Worcester.

There are two public hospitals, one in St. Jerome's Parish, Holyoke, the other in St. John's, Worcester, both in the capable hands of the Sisters of Providence. We have one college, Holy Cross, the oldest and best of our faith in New England, wherein the ablest teachers in the world, the members of the Society of Jesus, do the work.

Twenty-four convents shelter the religious teachers of 10,000 children, who daily attend the 23 parochial schools of the diocese. The splendid property of Brightside on the Connecticut, at Holyoke, is now the Institute of the Holy Family. There Bishop Beaven has laid the broad foundations of an Industrial School, and 100 orphan boys are already gathered into the gentle control of the Sisters of Providence.

We count 175.000 souls, who in thrift, education, and sobriety need not fear comparison with any other people. The general educational movement among Catholics, as evinced in literary, alumnæ, and reading circles, has strong life. The Catholic Benevolent Societies count up membership in the thousands. The charities, notably the St. Vincent de Paul, have every day a growing energy and a widening reach; while the diocesan temperance agitation has found men and numbers of such individuality and strength as to make the Springfield Union third in numbers, yet equal to the first in influence among the Catholic temperance unions of America.

A large proportion of the priests are total abstainers. All the priests are friendly to sensible methods of temperance work. In no other part of America has the success of the cadet or military feature of the work been equalled.

From first to last, within the last dozen years, perhaps 5,000 boys and

youth have received in the temperance halls, gymnasiums, and drill sheds, the rudiments of a military training. On our great field days, the sight of marching thousands, armed, uniformed, and in knowledge of the soldier's duties, equal in many ways to the state militia, caused great concern in the breasts of some timid patriots. Therefore, last year, a law was sprung by the state legislature, making the carrying of arms by such bodies unlawful. We prophesy that when the state needs defenders, she will find them willing, trained, and true in the sober manhood of those she now disarms.

Our people are mainly Irish, or of Irish blood, with a large contingent of Canadian French, some Germans, and, of late years, a goodly number of Italians and Slavs. There is held a separate service for the Italians every Sunday in the Cathedral parish, under the care of Rev. Bernard J. Conaty; lately, special attention is also given them at St. Stephen's Church, Worcester, by its rector, Rev. R. S. J. Burke.

The Slavonic Catholics, made up of 3,500 Poles, 200 Bohemians, 200 Lithuanians, with 50 Hungarians, have two congregations, one at Webster, the other at Chicopee, both in the able care of Father Chalupka, whose eyes first opened in their own heroic Poland.

All the Irish and their sons are citizens, or becoming such, as rapidly as the law allows. Time was when the Canadians came here to work only to return to Canada when the day for earning was over; not so is it now; they, too, and mainly through the influence of their priests, are following the example of their Milesian brethren, making here their permanent homes, and eagerly taking upon themselves the burden and the glory of citizenship. So, too, are the others, so that in a short time we shall have ceased to hear the words Irish parish or French parish, or Pole or Italian parish. All will be of one tongue. All will be Catholic and American, and most American when most Catholic.

In common with priests the country over, our priests are sometimes spoken of as having strong hands in politics. Any priest who tinkers with party politics is a rara avis in terris, and one who would talk politics from his pulpit, would be thought by his fellows to have taken leave of his senses.

A body of busier men is not on earth than our average Catholic pastors. We are in and of the building age. The making of plans, therefore, collecting, expenditure of monies, superintendence of work, belong to us, together with the watchful care of our people — the teaching, catechising, baptizing, marrying, and burying. What wonder, then, that we have few orators and fewer writers! Some people might say that we have not in the Springfield diocese, one, in the high sense. The writer knows, however, a score who could win distinction in the pulpit or in the world of letters, if time and quiet, always so necessary for the perfecting of natural gifts, and for high mental effort, were granted them. We are now gathering for the material church the timbers, the stone, the cement. Under God's direction we raise it high and build it strong. The next generation of priests will be the scholars, and their mission to fill God's temple with the radiant glory of Catholic wisdom.

PENSIONERS OF THE SEA.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

AFTER the tide comes in at La Pointe there is a period of rest, and the waves only rise and fall with the throbbing of the great sea heart; then the water begins to fall away, slowly and reluctantly at first, then swiftly and silently, as though what must be done had best be done quickly.

So it was with Jean Perrete. He had been one of the strongest and most successful of the La Pointe fishermen. He was daring, even to the verge of rashness, and conversant with all the best methods of salting and drying. He had spent a month in the great fish-markets and learned enough to make him shrewd in his dealings with the wily merchants beyond the channel. He purchased his salt in bulk, and never sold fish that he was not sure would give satisfaction. His boat was among the first to leave for the shoals and generally the last to return. And his strength and knowledge were always at the disposal of less fortunate neighbors.

So it was natural that Jean Perrete should prosper. Almost before he reached manhood his old boat was exchanged for a new one from the great firm of Polonceau. Then he sold his little house near the fish-stalls and built a larger one on the hillside back of the hamlet. This overlooked the harbor, and gave him room for a small garden and a tiny stable and pen. Around the house and the stable and the pen he built a strong fence, and into the house he put a fine lot of furniture which he brought from St. Pon de Leon in his boat, and into the stable he put a cow with a white star on her forehead, and into the pen he put two little white pigs which he brought from somewhere up the channel.

This done, he stood back and surveyed his work critically. But something was lacking, so he went away and bought a dozen fine pullets and a rooster that carried his head so high that he stumbled when he walked. And the rooster showed his acceptance of his new quarters by mounting the stable and crowing defiance to the neighborhood generally.

By this time the neighbors began to look at each other sagaciously and nod their heads. Of course, what else could it mean? It was what they had been expecting ever since he began to build the house. What would a fisherman want with a cow and pigs and hens if it was not for that? He could not look after them when he was away on his long fishing trips. It was foolish to make a secret of anything so plain.

But Jean met their wise looks calmly and went on with his work until everything was arranged to his satisfaction. Then he hired an old woman to look after the cow and the pigs and the hens, and took his boat and sailed out of the harbor. And the neighbors watched the sail vanish into the horizon and gazed at each

other blankly. It was the breaking up of all their conjectures.

But one day Jean returned, and with him was a fair young girl whose eyes were as blue as the sea in mid-autumn, and whose lips were a gracious blending of sweetness and decision. Jean took her directly to his home on the hillside, and a few days later there was a reception that brought together all the people of La Pointe and the outlying farms. But among all the young girls who took his hand that day Jean saw no one so sweet and gracious as the fair young bride he had brought from St. Nazaire.

And so the weeks and the months went by and it came time for the fleet to return to the shoals. Therese accompanied Jean to the wharf and then went up on the headland and watched his sail until it disappeared in the mist. There were others on the bluff beside herself: old women and young women and little children who were led by the hand; and when they returned to the hamlet they walked apart and were silent, and some of the women were crying under cover of their aprons. But Therese did not cry, only on her face was a look that made the little children touch her dress softly as they watched her with their big, wondering eyes.

All through the long summer months she looked after the cow and the pigs and the hens, and made fragile little things to adorn the house. In the morning she worked in the garden, or among the flower beds that Jean had arranged for her. Sometimes she went down on the beach and brought back a basket of fish, or a lobster, or perhaps some of the curious sea-weed that coast-women know so well how to cook. In the afternoon she sewed, or made the delicate lace that is so famous at St. Nazaire. And sometimes, when the days were long and dreary, she made low, plaintive music on the little cottage organ she had brought from her home on the Loire.

But in the evening she always went upon the headland, and gazed out over the dreary reach of water; and into her eyes would come an infinite longing and tenderness, and sometimes she would stretch out her strong, supple arms, as though she would cleave the distance and draw her loved one from the dangers of the awful shoals. But only the dull, sullen roar of the breakers would come to her, and after awhile her arms would fall drearily to her side, and she would walk back and forth, back and forth, and listen to the weird song of the breakers, and think of the raging waters that surrounded the fishing grounds And only when the darkness came and hid the sea from her sight, would she return to her lonely home on the hillside.

At last the air grew chill, and heavy masses of clouds began to drift down from the stormy northwest. The roar of the breakers grew louder, and white caps could be seen far out at sea. The summer birds disappeared, the trees lost their leaves. Then the women began to make frequent trips to the headland. It was time for the fleet to return.

But again and again they returned with sad eyes. No sails were in sight. And the clouds became storms, and the storms grew thick with snow and ice, and were hurled against the houses of La Pointe by the fierce winds of the pitiless northwest. There had been nothing like it for years, and the women looked at each other with growing terror in their white faces. Every year the

shoals had claimed victims from the fleet — what would it be this year?

One day they saw a little, weather-beaten vessel coming into the harbor. Her sails and spars were shattered, her bulwarks stove, her flag at half-mast. From deck to cross-trees, from shroud to shroud, from stem to stern, she was covered with ice; her very sails were coated with it. The women gathered about the landing-place in silent dread. Whose boat was it? and what tidings did it bring?

Before night the story was known to all the children of La Pointe, and they gathered in groups and discussed the dreadful things the fishermen had seen. They spoke in whispers of the two vessels that had crashed together, and gone down with all on board; of the large fishing-schooner drifting to leeward, bottom up; of another lying on her beam-ends, with part of her crew clinging to her ice-covered sides, and the rest swept away; of the two men rescued from a drifting spar; of their own men who had been carried away by the terrible seas that had swept over the vessel.

But the women did not talk. They wandered along the beach, and into their houses, and back again to the beach, and up to the headland; white and silent, the rain splashing their faces and stiffening into ice upon their clothing; all through the day and all through the night, the suspense driving the blood from their faces, and leaving their eyes inclosed by dark circles and their lips white and drawn. Young women lost their youth, and old women aged from hour to hour. And out of the darkness came only the rush of the storm, and the roar of the breakers upon the reef and the wild beating of the hail upon the rocks.

The next day another battered vessel came into port, and the next day another and another. At the end of a week nearly two-thirds of the fleet had returned. But each vessel brought its own tale of disaster and loss — joy to one household and sorrow to another.

And all this time Therese wandered from group to group, from her house to the beach, speaking to this one and to that, and trying to smile now and then, but with a look in her eyes and a quiver on her lips that made the women look at her tenderly and the men turn away with a choking sensation in their throats.

One morning a small wreck drifted into the harbor, and in it were two men who were nearly dead from cold and exposure. But when they saw the white, eager face of Therese bending over them they began to speak hurriedly. They had seen Jean but a few hours before, they said, and had spoken with him, but had been too weak to offer assistance. His boat was drifting outside.

Therese did not wait for them to finish. With a sudden light in her face she hurried to the wharf. But strong men were there before her, and when she sought to enter the boat they put her back gently. If Jean was to be saved, they said, it was their part to do it. She would only be in the way.

Oh, the long hours that followed! None of the waiting had been like that. Up the beach and down, up and down, her fingers clasping and unclasping, and her face growing sharp and expectant. When the boat drew near she did not wait for it to land, but sprang forward with a sudden whitening of her face. Several recumbent forms were there, and one of them was Jean. Motioning the fishermen back, with a quick, im-

perious gesture, she leaned over the boat, and, with the icy waves curling about her ankles, lifted the unconscious form in her strong, loving arms. Then up the beach and across the white sands, swiftly, fiercely, as though she feared the black waves would sweep up and complete the work they had almost accomplished; and the fishermen and their wives stood back and gazed at her wonderingly. What miraculous strength the good God gave to his creatures in times like this!

After awhile some of the women followed her up the hillside. Jean was in bed, sleeping peacefully, and on the floor beside him was Therese, her face buried in the bedclothes and her form shaken by wild, passionate sobs — the first since his departure in the spring. The women gazed at her a moment and then closed the door softly and went away.

When the doctor came he looked grave. "Too much cold and exposure," he said. Jean might recover in time, but the process would be slow and uncertain. He must have nourishing food and constant attention.

And now it was that the tide of Jean Perrete's fortunes began to go out swiftly and silently. There was nothing ahead, and Therese was lavish in her expenditures for his comfort. First the pigs went, and then the cow and the hens, and after awhile articles of furniture from the house. When Jean was able to sit up, he began to notice empty spaces in the rooms, but he said nothing. Only his eyes would follow Therese wistfully, and every day he would make vain endeavors to regain use of his poor, rheumatic limbs, and would talk of the time when he could return to the Shoals.

One terrible day a man came with a paper for them to sign, and the paper said that if they did not pay a certain sum of money in a certain time the house would no longer be theirs; but when he went away he left a roll of bills upon the table. Therese slipped outside a moment to choke back the sobs in her throat, so that Jean might not see. But when she came back she found him crying — not as women cry, with low repressed shudders, but with strong, convulsive sobs that shook his weak frame, and made her move swiftly to his side, throw her arms around his neck, and press her cheeks against his; and the sobs she had driven back a moment before now returned unchecked and fill her eyes and choked her voice.

But in spite of all this she was happy. What mattered the house and the cow and the pigs and the hens, so long as Jean was growing stronger every day? What mattered anything so long as they had each other? If necessary she could go out with the lobster-women and earn enough to keep them from starving.

So she laughed and sang at her work, and when the shadows grew thick on Jean's face she kissed them away, and petted and chided him, until gladness and courage returned to his dear eyes.

One morning he walked to the door, and the next morning went as far as the gate. After that they took little walks every day, he on his crutches, and she by his side, watching every movement, and with her arms ready to assist at a moment's notice.

With the return of warm weather they extended their walks as far as the beach and the headland, going very slow and stopping frequently on the way to rest. Sometimes Jean grew fretful at his slow recovery, but

Therese was always with him, and her ready tact kept him from dwelling too much on his misfortunes

By the time the fleet returned in the fall he had exchanged his crutches for a cane. Every afternoon, now, he and Therese went down to the beach and watched the fishermen prepare their "catch" for market. He knew all the best methods of drying and salting, but so far had always been too busy to make experiments. Now, as he watched them day after day, many possible improvements occurred to him. One afternoon a sudden pleased look came into his face, and he took pencil and paper from his pocket and began to make sketches and figures. On his way home he was silent and preoccupied. In the evening he took out his paper and pencil and worked far into the night. At last he called Therese to his side and made a few eager explanations.

"Why, Jean," she cried, as she grasped his idea, "it is wonderful! It will revolutionize the whole process."

"Yes, it will make a great change;" he agreed; "only it is odd that no one ever thought of it before." Then he looked at her with a wistful expression in his eyes. "But it will not help us, Therese. We have no fish and no prospect of getting any. I spoke with the doctor on the beach to day, and he said I would never get over being lame — that I could never return to the Shoals. The only thing left me is a possible job in the stalls — poor work, but it will keep us from starving."

"Jean!"

"Yes, dear, I know," looking at her with a wan smile, "I am not complaining. Heaven has been good to us, but the future is not pleasant." Then he turned to his paper with a sudden effort. "I will finish this, and to-morrow I will show it to some of the leading men. It will nearly double their season's profits."

Therese placed her hand upon his arm.

"No, you will not show it to them," she said, quietly. "It wouldn't be right. Your discovery is valuable, and will affect the fishing of the entire coast. The season has been good, and the fishermen have made money. You have not prospered. Now, it would not be right for you to give your discovery to them, when you need it so much more yourself."

"But what shall I do with it?" he asked, curiously.

"Have it patented, of course."

"But that will cost money, and we have none to spare. Besides, what can a poor La Pointe fisherman hope to obtain by such an ambitious flight?"

Therese bent down and kissed him.

"You go on with your work," she said, smiling. "I will look after the money."

The next day she went out alone. When she returned she placed a roll of bills in his hand.

"For the patent," she said. "I have sold the organ and the violin my grandfather gave me. The man will come after them to-morrow."

Jean half rose to his feet.

"Your precious violin!" he exclaimed. "Oh, Therese!" Then as he looked into her tranquil face he sank back with a low sigh.

"Well, so be it — I hope the patent will be worth the sacrifice."

A few days later he finished the drawings and sent them off. Then he went down to the stalls and obtained a temporary job with the

fishermen. The work was light and the pay correspondingly small. But it helped to meet their expenses.

They had very little money now. The doctors' bills and the medicine had taken most of it, and what was left grew smaller every week. But with Jean's help it must last until spring. Then the mortgage would come due, and — well, they would have to go elsewhere and begin again. But when the snow and the northwest wind came Jean had to give up work. Exposure brought back the rheumatism. Then Therese began to do small jobs among the neighbors and earn occasional francs. But they had no luxuries for the table now, no extra clothing for bad weather, sometimes they did not even have a fire.

One day a letter came; but it was only from the lawyer, and Jean answered it with a gloomy face. There were many questions and not much else. Not even a word of encouragement.

But at length the weather grew less severe, and one morning they saw a crocus smiling at them from a fence corner. Soon after they heard a peculiar trill that could only be made by a summer bird. A few more weeks and warm weather would come, and they looked at each other and smiled. Then they shuddered, a few more weeks and the mortgage would be due and they must leave their home never to return.

But even the tide of a fisherman's fortunes cannot ebb forever, some time it must turn and flow back.

One day Jean received a letter, and he showed it to Therese, and they looked at each other and laughed; and a sparkle came into their eyes, and the rich color began to flow back to their cheeks. But after all it was only the patent papers — and it was food and clothing and money they needed.

However, people are quick to adopt an improvement. A few days later they received a magazine, and in it was an account of the new invention that was to revolutionize the fishing industry; and there were illustrations and explanations that occupied an entire page.

Within a week Jean began to receive offers and propositions; one, two, a dozen of them — any one of which he would have accepted but for the wise shake of the head that was bending over his shoulder.

"Wait," she said; "your patent is valuable. You must not be hasty."

One day a keen, gray-haired man stepped briskly from the stage-coach and inquired for Jean Perrete. He did not go away until the next morning, and when he left he was half owner of all the rights and privileges of the new invention.

But with Jean Perrete he left a check that represented more than a lifetime of industry on the Shoals. And Jean gazed at the check and at Therese as though he was in a dream. But Therese did not look surprised.

"It is only what I expected," she said, with a luminous light in her eyes.

"DOMINE, QUO VADIS?"

A LEGEND OF THE EARLY CHURCH.

By William Watson.

Darkening the azure roof of Nero's world,
From smouldering Rome the smoke of ruin curled;
And the fierce populace went clamoring;
"These Christian dogs, 'tis they have done this thing!"
So to the wild wolf Hate were sacrificed
The panting, huddled flock whose crime was Christ.

Now Peter lodged in Rome, and rose each morn
Looking to be ere night in sunder torn
By those blind hands that with inebriate zeal
Burned the strong Saints, or broke them on the wheel,
Or flung them to the lions to make mirth
For dames that ruled the lords that ruled the earth.
And unto him, their towering rocky hold,
Repaired those sheep of the Good Shepherd's fold
In whose white fleece as yet no blood or foam
Bare witness to the ravening fangs of Rome.
"More light, more cheap," they cried, "we hold our lives
Than chaff the flail or dust the whirlwind drives:
As chaff they are winnowed and as dust are blown;
Nay, they are nought; but priceless is thine own.
Not in yon streaming shambles must thou die;
We counsel, we entreat, we charge thee, fly!"
And Peter answered: "Nay, my place is here;
Through the dread storm, this ship of Christ I steer.
Blind is the tempest, deaf the roaring tide,
And I, His pilot, at the helm abide."

Then one stood forth, the flashing of whose soul
Enrayed his presence like an aureole.
Eager he spake; his fellows, ere they heard,
Caught from his eyes the swift and leaping word.
"Let *us*, His vines, be in the winepress trod,
And poured a beverage for the lips of God;
Or, ground as wheat of His eternal field,
Bread for His table let our bodies yield.
Behold, the Church hath other use for thee;
Thy safety is her own, and thou must flee.
Ours be the glory at her call to die,
But quick and whole God needs His great ally."
And Peter said: "Do lords of spear and shield
Thus leave their hosts uncaptained on the field,
And from some mount of prospect watch afar
The havoc of the hurricane of war?
Yet, if He wills it. . . . Nay, my task is plain, —
To serve, and to endure, and to remain.
But weak I stand, and I beseech you all
Urge me no more, lest at a touch I fall."

There knelt a noble youth at Peter's feet,
And like a viol's strings his voice was sweet.
A suppliant angel might have pleaded so,
Crowned with the splendor of some starry woe.
He said: "My sire and brethren yesterday
The heathen did with ghastly torments slay.
Pain, like a worm, beneath their feet they trod.
Their souls went up like incense unto God.
An offering richer yet, can Heaven require?
O live, and be my brethren and my sire."
And Peter answered: "Son, there is small need
That thou exhort me to the easier deed.
Rather I would that thou and these had lent
Strength to uphold, not shatter, my intent.
Already my resolve is shaken sore.
I pray thee, if thou love me, say no more."

And even as he spake, he went apart,
Somewhat to hide the brimming of his heart,
Wherein a voice came flitting to and fro,
That now said "Tarry!" and anon said "Go!"
And louder every moment "Go!" it cried,
And "Tarry!" to a whisper sank, and died.
And as a leaf when summer is o'erpast
Hangs trembling ere it fall in some chance blast,
So hung his trembling purpose and fell dead;
And he arose, and hurried forth, and fled,
Darkness conniving, through the Capuan Gate,
From all that heaven of love, that hell of hate,
To the Campania glimmering wide and still,
And strove to think he did his Master's will.

But spectral eyes and mocking tongues pursued,
And with vague hands he fought a phantom brood.
Doubts, like a swarm of gnats, o'erhung his flight,
And "Lord," he prayed, "have I not done aright?
Can I not, living, more avail for Thee
Than whelmed in yon red storm of agony?
The tempest, it shall pass, and I remain,
Not from its fiery sickle saved in vain.
Are there no seeds to sow, no desert lands
Waiting the tillage of these eager hands,
That I should beastlike 'neath the butcher fall,
More fruitlessly than oxen from the stall?
Is earth so easeful, is men's hate so sweet,
Are thorns so welcome unto sleepless feet,
Have death and heaven so feeble lures, that I,
Choosing to live, should win rebuke thereby?
Not mine the dread of pain, the lust of bliss!
Master, who judgest, have I done amiss?"

Lo, on the darkness brake a wandering ray:
A vision flashed along the Appian Way.
Divinely in the pagan night it shone —
A mournful Face — a Figure hurrying on —
Though haggard and dishevelled, frail and worn,
A King of David's lineage, crowned with thorn.
"Lord, whither farest?" Peter wondering, cried.
"To Rome," said Christ, "to be re-crucified."
Into the night the vision ebbed like breath;
And Peter turned, and rushed on Rome and death.

CATHOLIC ROYALTY.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

THE empire of Germany is ruled by a Lutheran Kaiser. The kingdoms of Denmark, Holland, and Sweden and Norway are governed by kings of the same faith. The Queen of England is the visible head of the Anglican State Church. The monarchs and princes, belonging to the so-called Greek Orthodox Church, are the Czar of Russia, who is recognized within that establishment as Christ's Vicar on earth, the kings of Greece, Servia, and Roumania, and the princes of Bulgaria and Montenegro. Five Catholic sovereigns reign over Austria, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and in the person of Queen Margherita, Italy. Turkey is the only country in Europe whose God is Allah, and whose Sultan is the archpriest of the Mussulman creed.

The oldest royal family of Europe, the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine, was originally founded in 898, and in its early youth annexed Lorraine and Hapsburg to its dominions. In the course of centuries it seized on Bohemia, Galicia, a part of Poland, the whole of Hungary, and wrested several of her provinces from the German Empire. The Hapsburg dynasty went on increasing, till 1866, when, in the six weeks' war of that year, Prussia defeated Austria, and deprived her of the German provinces which she had wrested from Germany in the middle ages. In 1859, the Italians, through French aid, drove the Austrian troops out of the province of Lombardy, and, in 1866, out of that of Venice. Austria's present ruler is Francis Joseph, who is also king of Bohemia and Hungary. He has the largest civil list of all the reigning sovereigns of Europe. The taxes of the Empire of Austria bring him in 9,000,000 of francs; the taxes from his subjects in Hungary and Bohemia which are contributed annually to his exchequer are 8,000,000 francs from the former kingdom and 4,000,000 from the latter — amounting in all to 21,000,000 francs or $5,200,000. The Kaiser, however, spends lavish sums on the poor people of his empire, and he has on his hands the maintenance and repairs of his residence in Vienna, with its innumerable retinue of courtiers, and its staff of attendants and domestics; his summer homes, Schoenbrunn, Lumeinburg in Bohemia, and the palace of Buda-Pesth in Hungary. He also contributes subventions to the three state theatres in Vienna, Buda-Pesth, and Prague, each averaging 100,000 francs or $20,000.

Born in 1828, in Vienna, he ascended the throne of Austria in 1840, consequent on the successive abdications of his uncle, Ferdinand V., and of his own father. He was only 18 years of age when he assumed control of 35,000,000 subjects.

Emperor of Austria.

His reign, which has now lasted for 54 years, is the longest on record, with the exceptions of the reigns of Queen Victoria of England, and that of the king of Denmark, each of which has lasted 56 years. Francis Joseph was married in 1855 to the Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, a tall, stately, handsome woman, who bore him one son, the Crown Prince Rudolph, and three daughters. In the early '70's she made a hunting tour, attended by an escort, over the plains of Meath, Ireland, and brought back a vividly grateful impression of dewy balm of the Irish climate, and the generous hospitality shown toward her by the Irish people.

The emperor and empress are very devout Catholics. The latter donates half her income to the poor. The ceremony on Maunday Thursday of Holy Week in the cathedral in Vienna, in which Francis Joseph washes the feet of the twelve oldest citizens of that city, is almost as old as the Austrian Empire. This year, these twelve old men, whose united ages make altogether 1,091 years, entered the Hall of the Ceremonies, some supported on both arms by their younger relatives. The oldest of the twelve was Andreas Spazierer, who was aged 101 years, and the youngest was 88. They took their seats behind a long table, spread over which was a white cloth. Among those present were the knights of Malta, field marshals, and generals of the empire. After the old men had partaken of an excellent breakfast, the priest, from his place at the lectern, at the upper end of the hall, commenced singing the gospel for Maundy Thursday. During this chant a linen cloth was spread over the knees of the twelve patriarchs, the shoe and stocking were taken off the right foot of each, and they were thus ready for the great ceremonial of the day. The marshal then brought a golden jug, and poured water into a basin of the same material, held by another offi cial, and at the words of the gospel, "Incœpit lavare pedes discipularum," "He (Christ) began to wash the feet of his disciples," Francis Joseph, accompanied by the heir apparent, his nephew, the young Archduke Franz, knelt down on one knee, took a sponge, and dipping it in the water, washed each naked foot, and dried it afterward in a towel. He began at the centenarian, and when he had completed the task, he washed his hands in another gold basin. Then he placed a purse, hanging to a cord, and containing thirty pieces of silver each, wound it round the necks of the old men, and the ceremony so ended. All the leading officers, the grand marshals, the generals of the empire, and the knights of Malta, in their gorgeous costumes of lace,

purple and gold, left the hall in a procession — the emperor and the archduke bringing up the rear. The whole ceremonial was enacted in order to demonstrate in the presence of his people, the Christian humility of the Kaiser.

Since the tragic death of her only son, Rudolph, whom she had loved so tenderly, the empress has been much of a recluse, and has travelled over all Europe incognita, as Frau Wettin, yet she considers it her duty to appear in court on certain important occasions, while her charity to the poor remains undiminished.

Crown Prince Rudolph was born in Vienna in 1856, and was married in that city to the Princess Stephanie, the second eldest daughter of the King of Belgium, a young girl of 17, in 1878. The marriage was a happy one at first; but as his wife bore him only a daughter, and as he had expected in vain a male heir, he soon grew weary of his young bride, and conceived a hapless and hopeless passion for a girlish baroness. He wrote a letter to his Holiness, Leo XIII., requesting that Pontiff to annul his marriage with Stephanie, and consecrate his union with the baroness. The Pope was so shocked at this most impertinent request that the old man was physically unable to reply immediately to the strange letter of Prince Rudolph. At last, however, through the medium of Cardinal Rampolla, he responded to the effect that it was utterly impossible for him to break any legitimate union, contracted under the auspices of an ecclesiastical dignitary of the Catholic Church, for the reasons given by the Crown Prince. A week after the receipt of the pontifical letter, Rudolph and the baroness were found in the prince's hunting lodge, situated among the Tyrolese Alps, actually swimming in their gore. Great efforts were made by the court at Vienna to hush up the tale of this terrible tragedy; but the truth leaked out, and the world received a rude shock, when it heard the story of this nefarious crime, which was committed in August, 1889

The present heir to the Austrian throne is a nephew of the emperor, and is still a bachelor. It is alleged that he has fallen head and ears in love with the pretty widow of Rudolph; but the Empress of Austria is opposed to her daughter-in-law's re-marriage, on the plea that princesses, who have been widowed, should not, on any account, through respect for their dear dead, espouse a second partner.

The royal house of Spain is of Bourbon origin. Its original founder was Philippe d'Anjou of France, who became monarch of that kingdom in 1700. The present boy-king, Alphonso XIV., was the son of

Empress of Austria.

the deceased Alphonso XIII., who died of consumption, and his Austrian spouse, Christina, who bore him two infantas. Alphonso XIII. died without male issue. Owing to

Crown Princess Stephanie.

the fickle conduct of female sovereigns, like Isabella, the Spanish people were tired of such women, but after her husband's death the Queen Regent gave birth to a chubby and stout male infant, who is now the sovereign of Spain. He was called, like the Count of Chambord, who was born under similar circumstances, "the child of a miracle." Alphonso XIV. was born in the Escurial Palace, Madrid, in November, 1882, and is now 12 years of age. The Spanish people, who are still prone to believe in the superstitions of their forefathers, sent a message to Alphonso XIII., telling him that he bore the title of thirteen, an unlucky number. Why did he not put a dummy on the throne, and give it the number thirteen, and then he could succeed to the throne, as Alphonso XIV.? Alphonso smiled incredulously, when he read the document. Yet his premature death at an early age seems to verify these superstitions. But Leo XIII., by his long and gloriously successful reign, has refuted the myth that the number thirteen is an unlucky one.

The boy-king's three aunts, of whom the Princess Eulalie is one, were the late king's sisters, and daughters of ex-Queen Isabella. It is a highly amusing spectacle to see the little king, with his wee crown, sparkling all over with diamonds, seated on a throne, holding a sceptre in his right hand, and his figure clad in royal purple, during the levee of his court, receiving the homage of the grandees, and the other courtiers. How politely he bows to all, and how suavely he makes his obeisance to the belles who are presented to him. This is one of the opera bouffes of royalty. Two of the court chaplains, as well as his mother, the Queen Regent, who is a very pious Catholic, take care of his spiritual training, while his lay education is looked after by Señor de Bianco, one of the most eminent professors of the university of Salamanca. The Queen Regent and her son attend mass every morning in the palace-chapel. He was confirmed at the age of seven, and is a weekly communicant. He insists at playing chess and hand ball with children of his own age, and his mamma allows the children of the grandees to amuse him in his hours of leisure. The Queen Regent was unpopular at first, owing to the fact of being an alien; but she soon won popularity by her gentle and affable demeanor, and thus aroused the chivalry of the

Spaniards at beholding a poor defenceless widow, whose natural protector was dead. She is now idolized by the people, for her charity knows no bounds.

The House of Savoy was originally founded in the mountains bearing that name by Umbertus the First, who was called Albimanus, owing to the lily whiteness of his hands. Through his marriage with Bella, the eldest daughter of the King of Piedmont, who had no male issue, Umbertus succeeded his father-in-law, as King of Piedmont in 1032. The present King of Italy, Umberto, is a namesake, as a well as lineal descendant in the direct male line, of the warrior-founder of the Savoy dynasty. He was born in 1844, in Turin, which was then the capital of the Savoyard nation. He married his own first cousin, Margherita, Princess of Savoy, in 1868. The young bride was only 17 years. The following year a male child was born, who is now known as the Duke of Naples, a sickly, consumptive youth, who is hardly ever expected to mount the throne, which will, perhaps, in that case, fall to the lot of the young Duke Amadeus, nephew of the king, who purposes marrying his stepmother, the young widow of his father, and daughter of his aunt Clothilde, widow of the late Prince Jerome Napoleon.

Umbert has been excommunicated from the Catholic Church for his usurpation of the city of Rome from the secular rule of the Pope. So he has not a single right or title to be called a Catholic Sovereign — more particularly as he is also an avowed atheist, believing neither in God nor the devil; but his beautiful spouse, Margherita, is a very pious Catholic, and bitterly laments her husband's persecution of the see of Peter. She goes to confession to the Catholic chaplain of the Quirinal Palace, and receives the holy communion every Sunday. She has also reared her only son, the Duke of Naples, in that faith. She has all the voluptuous beauty of a ripe and mature Italian signora; beady-dark, yet lustrous eyes, jet-black tresses, a rosebud mouth, a pearly white and pink complexion.

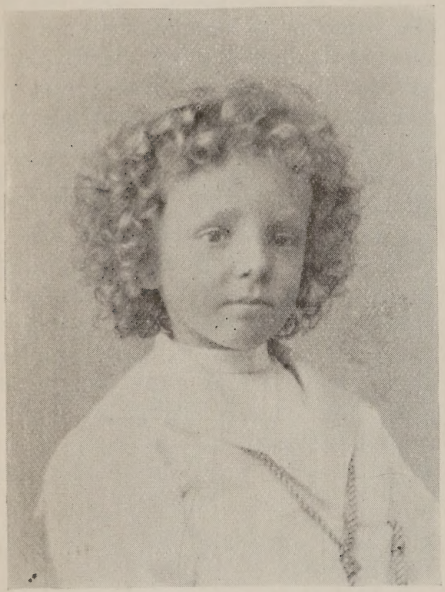
The collection of her pearls is almost unparalleled in beauty and value, some of them being the size of robins' eggs. She wears on state occasions, a collar of exquisite pearls around her white swan-like neck, which overtops her beautiful shoulders. It may be interesting to note that Margherita, in Greek, means a "pearl."

In the summer she visits her

Queen Regent of Spain.

"mountain den," as she calls it, in the Piedmontese Alps. Here she lays aside her crown, her royal robes, and her pearls, and dons the pictur-

esque costume of the peasant girl of the locality, which consists of a round petticoat, of fine red cloth, with a pointed bodice, worn over a mus-



King of Spain.

lin white waist, closed at the throat, and its long, full sleeves extending to the wrists. A black silk apron completes the toilet. She wears a golden cap, which looks like a fillet, and is girdled around her forehead. A red silk handkerchief flutters over the massive coils of the locks that crown her head. She is very fond of walking over the mountains, with an alpenstock in her hand, and accompanied by three maids, each of whom is also dressed in the peasant costume peculiar to this district. Margherita goes to mass every Sunday, garbed in her peasant robes. She leaves her summer residence at seven o'clock, and walks to the little rustic chapel, just like any of the other peasant women. The half-mile walk over, the abbate receives her at the door, and escorts her to a cushioned armchair and prie-dieu, situated at the feet of the steps, leading to the altar, where she prepares for communion. The queen has a passionate fondness for music, and in her girlhood she received a musical training under the tutelage of the late Abbé Liszt.

One of Umberto's sisters, Maria Pia, is the dowager queen of Portugal, and mother of the present king of that state. Another sister, Clothilde, was sacrificed to the exigences of a political alliance between Piedmont and France, and was compelled to become the wife of Prince Jerome Napoleon. The characters and principles of the two spouses were as contradictory as the poles. She was a meek and gentle young woman. Her husband was cursed with a most violent temper. She was of a profound religious nature. "Plon-Plon," as he was called, was an atheist. During the first years of her marriage she bore her husband two sons and one daughter. The eldest, Victor, is now leading a life of luxury in Brussels, where he is a pretender to the visionary imperial throne of France, without a following, and Louis, who is a captain in that splendid riding French corps, Les Chasseurs d'Afrique. The Princess Letitia, Jerome's daughter, was wedded to Clothilde's second eldest brother, the Duke of Aosta — her own uncle — to the supreme disgust of all pious Catholics. Yet marriages between uncles and nieces are very common in Italy — the only plea for which is the fact that it keeps the bride's dowry in the family. At length, tired of the brutalities of her spouse, Clothilde left Paris and her husband, and, accompanied by her daughter, made her residence in the royal palace at Turin, formerly occupied by her father, King Victor Em-

manuel. In 1885, Jerome visited her in Turin, and craved her forgiveness. He was then in a dying condition, and she pitied and forgave him, if he would consent to become

Queen of Italy.

a Catholic once more. Jerome consented, and confessed his sins to his wife's chaplain, and died in Clothilde's arms, fortified by the sacraments of the Church.

The origin of the House of Braganza dates from 1094, Ferdinand de Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Duke of Braganza, being the first monarch of Portugal, a nation which at that early period rebelled successfully against the yoke of Spain, and became an independent kingdom. The present reigning sovereign, Carlos I., was born in the Royal Palace of Lisbon, the capital, in September, 1863. He was married to Marie Amelie, the eldest daughter of the Count de Paris, grandson of the late Louis Philippe, king of the French, and at present a pretender to the "throne" of France. The marriage took place in May, 1886. The heir to the Portuguese throne was born in May, 1887. This child is known as the Duke of Braganza.

Leopold I. was the first king of Belgium. The successful revolution enacted in 1830 in that little country, supported by a French corps d'armée, against the Dutch yoke, secured her independence as a state. A national assembly sat in 1831, in the capital, Brussels, and the leader of the extreme party in that convention, Monsieur Groutarz, proposed a revolution to the effect that a Republican form of government be adopted by the Belgians; but this motion was rejected by an overwhelming majority, and a motion for the establishment of a monarchy determined on. Leopold was, at the time of his election to the Belgian throne, a Lutheran, and was chief of the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, which he resigned, in order to occupy the

Princess Clothilde.

Belgian throne. He still, however, preserved his name for the dynasty.

King of Belgium.

He was crowned king of the Belgians by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Brussels in the Cathedral of Ste. Gudule, and solemnly recanted his Lutheran creed before the people, after which he was baptized, and received into the Catholic Church. He was married in July, 1834, to the Princess Marie Henriette, the daughter of the then reigning king of France, Louis Philippe. The present monarch, Leopold II., was born in April, 1835. Charlotte, a daughter, was born in 1836. This young girl in after years met with a tragic fate. In 1865 she became the wife of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico. During the preliminary struggle of that sovereign against his enemies, Charlotte, who was then a woman of great tact and physical energy, left Mexico for Europe, where she purposed to visit the Emperor Napoleon III., in order that the latter might send to her husband a corps d'armée. Napoleon received her politely. The Empress pleaded her cause in a fiery and eloquent speech; but Bonaparte refused to aid Maximilian. Then, she travelled to Rome, where she had an interview with the late Pius IX.

"Holy Father," she exclaimed, "you can render my husband a great service, if you will immediately address an Encyclical to all Mexican Catholics, enjoining on them the necessity of being loyal to Maximilian."

The Pope did not see his way to assist her. She left the Pontiff's presence, weeping as if her heart would break, and just as she was walking through the great gallery of the Vatican, in order to reach her carriage which was awaiting her before the door of St. Peter's, an attendant handed her a telegram. She hastily opened it, and, after a glance at its contents, fell fainting on the marble floor. One of the Swiss Papal guards, who was acting

Queen of Belgium.

sentry at the time, helped the lady to a chair, and a bowl of water having been brought, he poured its contents on her face, and it awoke her from the fit, but in the interval she had become a lunatic! The telegram contained the sad news that her husband, Maximilian, had been shot. She was at once carried in the arms of her attendants to the carriage, and a special train, at one of the depots of Rome, was chartered for her accommodation, and that of her suite — bound for Brussels. She eventually was installed in the Chateau Bouchon, where she has been incarcerated for the last 28 years. She was most violent at first; but she became quieter after a three months' residence in the chateau.

The eldest daughter of Leopold II. was married to her cousin Philippe, grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and Gotha, the second became the unfortunate wife of Prince Rudolph of Austria, and Clementine, the youngest who contemplates entering the cloisters of a convent.

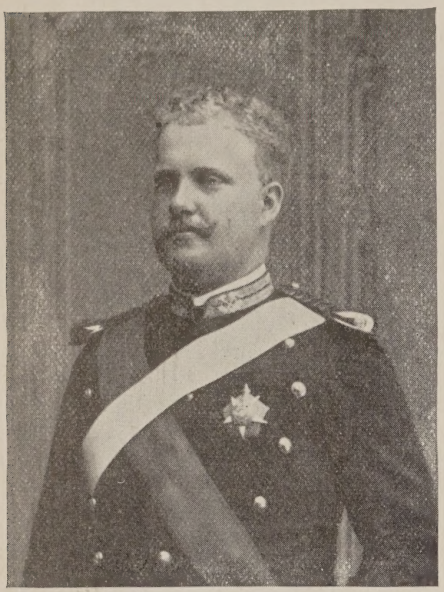
Leopold had once a male heir, but the boy died at 15 years of age. On Leopold's death, the throne would have come into the possession of his younger brother, the Count of Flanders; but, as that gentleman is incurably deaf, he, in that case, would abdicate in favor of his eldest son, Baldwin, of whom Clementine, the youngest daughter of the king, was deeply enamoured. They became engaged, with the consent and benediction of their respective parents, the marriage day was fixed, and the young bride-to-be was choosing a bridal costume, when the news reached her that her fiancé was killed by a fall from his horse. All the preparations for the approaching nuptials had, of course, to be abandoned, and the unfortunate princess became ill with brain fever, from which she was eventually cured. After the period of convalescence was over, and she was quite well again, there was a haunted, melancholy look in her blue eyes, which showed the dire effects of the death of her beloved. When, two years afterward the Duke of Naples

Princess Clementine of Belgium.

asked her to become his wife, she sobbed in reply: —

"My heart is in Baldwin's grave; it is not here any longer," pointing, as she spoke, to her bosom. Hence she has resolved on becoming a nun. She will enter the Dominican convent of the Sacred Heart, situated in a suburb of Brussels, where she has been accustomed, from her earliest childhood, to spend a day every week in chatting with the sisters. Then, too, the young girl's mind received a rude shock by the horrible death of her governess, Mlle. Fouquier, to whom she was tenderly

attached. The governess perished in the flames, under the very eyes of her pupil, at the time when the



King of Portugal.

summer royal palace of Lasken was destroyed by fire.

Prince Albert of Flanders, the eldest surviving son of the Count of Flanders, is now the heir apparent to the Belgian throne. He was born in 1875.

From a letter published in the Ave Maria, and written by a Child of Mary, who is attending school near Brussels, Belgium, we make the following extracts relating to the interest taken by the good Queen Marie Henriette in the work of education, charitable undertakings, her deep piety, etc. The town from which the correspondent writes is named Jelle St. Pierre, from a painting in the Cathedral which represents St. Peter casting his nets.

Our proximity to Brussels allows the Queen to make frequent visits to the Academy [of the Sacred Heart]; for she is a model Catholic, and is educating her daughter Clementina as such a mother should. The boarding department of our school contains 150 pupils, the charity division 700 members. The Princess Clementina takes the greatest interest in the poor children, making garments for them, distributing rewards for diligence and good conduct, and sending dainties to the sick.

Whenever missionaries from other countries visit us to tell of their work and beg for help, the Queen asks to be invited to their talks, when she and the princess, always deeply interested, are sure to give abundant contributions of money, books, or whatever may be needed. The Queen is especially interested in the Congo Free State; for her husband, Leopold II., is about to build a fine Gothic cathedral in that almost pagan republic, of which the Blessed Virgin Mary is the chosen patroness.

On the 8th of last December, Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the princess was made a Child of Mary. The members of the Sodality, each bearing a branch of lilies, escorted her to the foot of the altar; the reverend superior of the Jesuits delivered an appropriate discourse on the attributes of the Blessed Virgin; and the princess read her formula of consecration, the Queen, her mother, standing by her side, shedding happy tears. In the evening we had the customary torchlight procession in honor of our Heavenly Mother, and the princess joined us, wearing the same veil and uniform, and laying her branch of lilies with ours at the shrine of the Queen of queens.

On the Feast of Corpus Christi the Queen and Clementina walked in the procession through the convent grounds, and knelt with the villagers at the various shrines. . . . On holidays the princess joins in our sports. It would do your heart good to see her eagerness.

One recreation day the Queen addressed us concerning the advantages of a religious education; and, to express our thanks, we gave her a bouquet of Marie Henriette roses. A few days later we received a large box of roses à la France, that she had gathered in her garden with her own hands.

A recent dispatch from Rome announces the conversion of the Kaiser's aunt, the widow of the late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, to the Catholic faith.

A word or two may be added to this contribution about the dethroned Catholic sovereigns, who were all kings and queens, and emperors and empresses, a generation ago. Of these the most prominent is the Empress Eugenie. I saw her at the

northern railway depot at Paris, in the summer of 1887, as she hobbled on crutches from the train on to the platform. She looked the very opposite of the dazzlingly blonde beauty that she was in the glorious days of the empire, when she was queen, not only by the right of being the emperor's wife, but also by the superiority of her beauty to that of all the other women who frequented her court. In 1887 she was a crownless old woman, a poor invalid, bent and bowed down by misfortune. She, who was once the idol of the Parisian populace, was noticed by nobody, as she entered her landau at the depot, and drove through the boulevard, where strange faces did not recognize even her presence.

Another pair of ex-royalties are Ferdinand and his wife, ex-sovereigns of Naples, who were dethroned in September, 1860, by Garibaldi and 1,000 troops, and have since then resided in a modest little cottage at St. Cloud, a suburb of Paris.

In the Champs Elysées is the splendid palace of Isabella, where she holds her court and her courtiers, just as if she were still the Queen of Spain, while her poor, aged husband, Don Francesco d'Asis, spends his time in cultivating cabbage and salads on a lonely farm, hard by St. Denis, a village four miles north of Paris.

The Princess Mathilde, the daughter of the ex-King of Wurtemberg, and the sister of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, still boasts of having a literary salon in her sumptuous palace in the Bois de Boulogne; but it is shorn now of all the magnificence

Queen of Portugal.

which it enjoyed during the period of the empire.

The Count of Paris and his countess are exiles in London. Vain is their ambition of ever becoming the King and Queen of France. The Duke d'Aumale, one of the sons of Louis Philippe, and the uncle of the count, is a country gentleman who is fond of sport, and who is the proud possessor of the best stud of French racing horses. He is a very learned scholar and writer, and is also a member of the Academy of the forty French Immortals.

AN EGYPTIAN SINGING BIRD.

BY JULIEN E. JOHNSTONE.

THOU gleaming gem, two thousand years have fled,
Since the gold gurgle of thy song was heard
Upon the Nile, that to its soul was stirred
For love of thee, that loved the roses red
Of some sultana, long since dim and dead;
Perchance to Cleopatra's self, O bird,
Thou sangest songs, and at her dulcet word
Made in her bosom bright thy royal bed.

Time brings some strange surprises in his train, —
And she who erst was Egypt's queen and thine,
Is now dissolved in dust: the form divine
And matchless marvel of her brow and brain
Are melted; but, O bird, thy feathers fine
And beauty bright in all their bloom remain!

DRIFTING.

STUDY HEAD.

LIFTING THE NETS.—THE HERRING FISHERS.

For Women by Women.

WHAT SHALL I DO TO SUCCEED?

Shall I be a Doctor?

If you have graduated from a high school or college, and have had a few years' experience in some occupation which has tried your patience and perseverance, and given you opportunity to learn of what mettle you are made, you are prepared to consider the subject of studying medicine. But first be sure that you have a taste and aptitude for this most arduous of all professions. It requires good health, a bright mind, perseverance, and indomitable will and energy to undertake and successfully prosecute the study of this fascinating science.

A four years' course of study in some medical college is absolutely requisite to obtain the foundation principles of this exacting profession; and in choosing a college accept only the one which gives the most thorough and scientific course of study. Valuable time and pecuniary loss are experienced by the unwary student who is enticed into some bogus institution which holds out flattering but altogether disappointing inducements. It is not a difficult matter, for any one who is in earnest in wishing to obtain a thorough medical education, to find out the leading colleges where women are received on equal terms with men, and from these to select the most scientific and completely equipped institutions in the country. In doing this, one must always keep in mind the value of clinical study. A large city presents many advantages in this respect which cannot be offered by smaller cities.

Having now given sufficient time to preparatory studies, and having with great pains selected a college, present yourself at its doors with the full determination to shirk none of its requirements or responsibilities. Be promptly in your place at all lectures, recitations, and clinics. Perform all chemical, laboratory, and anatomical work required of you.

If you have entered, as some do, with the idea that you know something of medicine already, divest yourself of that conceited notion at once, even on the first day, for unless you do you will probably waste half the term in finding out your true status. Patiently listen to your instructors. You will, no doubt, be tempted to think that you know more than they do; but wait awhile and you will find out your mistake.

You may think that you can partially pay your way through college. An exceptionally bright and strong woman may do so, but it is a bad plan if it can be avoided. To get the most out of your four years' course, you need to spend all the hours of the day not absolutely necessary for sleep and exercise in hard study.

Do not make the mistake of supposing that experience at the bedside is going to make you a good doctor. It never will. You are in college principally for the purpose of obtaining a scientific foundation for such experience. Here is a shoal upon which many vessels have been wrecked. Be warned! Science first, experience afterwards!

And this leads me to another word of caution: There are many so-called "schools" of practice. Do not choose between them before you attend college. Study the science of medicine first; afterwards practise what in your judgment will give the best results.

And now we will suppose that you have studied in some reputable college the prescribed course; that you have been a faithful student, and have graduated with the full approval of all your instructors; that you have spent at least six months in some hospital, in constant work in both in-door and out-door departments; you now have to decide upon a location. And here you have a large field from which to choose. Every city and large village needs a thoroughly educated and reliable woman physician.

Women often say to me: "Oh! that we had some good, trustworthy woman physician in the town in which I live! There is one woman there, but no one has any confidence in her."

In choosing a location do not neglect the town in which you have lived. If you have many friends there; if the people have known you as a true and refined woman, — you can do no better than to settle there. They will have followed your career, and they will have taken note that you have thoroughly prepared yourself for your chosen vocation. First one friend will try you, then another and another. If you are the right woman in the right place, you will then have begun to establish confidence in your skill. Confidence is a plant of slow growth, but it is not difficult of nurture if you are a good gardener. You plant it when you become known as a well-educated woman, of pure life and noble purposes. You will cultivate it by painstaking effort and constant attention to duty.

If you choose a specialty, and that is the tendency of the present age, you will be obliged to give more time and obtain a longer hospital experience. Study in some of the hospitals of Europe is of great importance in preparing to take up a specialty. But these matters can very well be left to be decided after the general branches of study have been well covered. No specialty is worth anything that has not been grafted upon a general knowledge of medical science.

Surgery is an extremely attractive branch of medicine, especially at the present time, when a patient can lie down upon the surgeon's table for a capital operation with as much assurance of a successful issue as he could embark for a foreign shore upon an ocean steamer. There must always be some uncertainty in the latter case, while asepsis and improved methods have rendered the former very nearly as safe. There is no reason why women should not become excellent surgeons and skilful operators. In fact, they have already demonstrated their ability in this direction, as the most difficult and dangerous operations are daily being performed by them.

Family practice in a town where fair compensation can be obtained is very desirable. It means hard work, but so does every other branch of the science. Any one who is afraid of weariness, of long rides in bad weather, of sustained effort during a critical surgical operation, of sleepless nights and tedious days, would better select some other occupation.

A woman who would be a physician must be a good student of human nature; she must be firm, self-reliant, courageous, and fertile of expedient. She must be a superior woman. By this I do not mean a woman of lofty carriage and lordly airs. On the contrary, it is an advantage in the long run to be possessed of unassuming manners. But she must be superior to the small foibles of her sex. Her education and knowledge will generally divest her of these. She must not project her personality too strongly in the sick room. She must be ever ready to listen to the plaints of the sick one while she gives back none in return. The element of strength she must carry with her always. The weak, the suffering, the misguided and sinful ones must feel that they can lay upon her their burdens, and know only that their distressed hearts and bodies are relieved. Her own heart may be breaking, but she must not show it. Her body may be weary unto exhaustion, but she must be just as willing to wait patiently, to work cheerfully, to minister hope and courage, and

give no sign. The attitude of patient and doctor is, on the one hand, that of asking, and, on the other, that of giving.

In regard to manners. Some women have succeeded who are brusque and mannish of manner. I use the word mannish not as synonymous with gentlemanly, but rather in the same sense that we would apply the word womanish to a man. No woman should expect to succeed who cultivates mannish ways.

With regard to the obstacles to be overcome, remember that woman may win her way where she cannot force it. The sun has greater power than the wind, as in the ancient fable. Obstacles are daily being removed. Colleges are opening their doors, and the highest medical societies in the land make the educated woman-physician welcome. Of obstacles in every avocation there are many. The vista often closes in about one as mountains enclose the valley, and there seems to be no outlet; but go steadily onward undismayed, and the mountains separate and reveal a well-trodden path which leads into the glorious country, the reward of effort.

SUSAN E. CROCKER, M. D.

Shall I be a Trained Nurse?

As shown by the statement of Mr. Carrol D. Wright, National Commissioner of Labor, there are in the United States to every 100 men engaged in labor, 26 women supporting themselves and their proportion of the earth's helpless. These embrace a wide range of occupations, from the one first introduced by Eve, when the art was confined to making aprons, to blacksmithing and butchering! Why women should enter such occupations it is difficult for some of us to understand, but we can be reasonably sure it was not from natural desire but force of unkind circumstances. Unfortunately all women cannot choose their own bread-winning vocation, but to those who can, I would, with the spirit of one interested in their welfare, call attention to that of the trained nurse, than which there can be not one profession more thoroughly womanly or honorable; but it is a profession to be worked for just like any other. Women cannot nurse by right of womanhood alone as many seem to think. Unlike poets nurses are made, not born. There is every difference between a trained nurse and one who has had no formal instruction as to the extent and limit of her duties, but who has just picked up in a haphazard way certain every-day facts for the care of the sick, which she has generalized and put into active practice.

Of course, it is impossible that with sickness and its treatment always under their eyes, women should not assimilate some useful information, but "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and probably never more so than in this particular. Nursing should undoubtedly be taught and studied systematically, and not be appropriated empirically. The position is one of equal responsibility with that of physician, since, in many cases, recovery of the patient depends more upon the nursing than upon medical skill, as doctors acknowledge. Therefore, while a natural aptitude, kindliness of heart, an evenness of temper and much patience, all go toward forming a valuable basis for instruction, yet there are also required certain physical and mental attributes, which all women — even all good women — do not possess. Women cannot practise nursing simply because directions for giving the doses are on the bottle, or because they happen to know that a fever patient must not be indulged in beef and cabbage, or because they understand the efficacy of a mustard plaster or the comfort of the hot-water bottle. Not more absurd would it be for the butcher, the baker, or the candlestick maker to practise medicine from a knowledge born of observation.

The importance of the art of nursing really cannot be overestimated, and as the care of the sick falls largely to the share of women, it seems as if no girl's education should be considered finished

until she had taken a course in a training school for nurses. There are very few women who, at some time in their lives, will not be called upon to nurse the home-folk, and fewer still who will not at some time have occasion to feel grateful for the ministrations of a skilful nurse, or worried by the blunders of an awkward and untrained one.

It seems now a strange thing that the importance of thorough and special training in the care of the ailing was not earlier recognized. It is only a comparatively few years since training schools were introduced in this country, prior to which time nurses of the "Sairy Gamp" school were not only, as many supposed, the amusing creation of Charles Dickens, but the common type and representative of the nursing class of that day. But now every well-equipped hospital has its training school for nurses, and this alliance with medical institutions and supervision by the medical faculty to the end of the highest efficiency, have raised the vocation to the ranks of a profession, thus opening up a new and broad field of usefulness for women which is both honorable and remunerative.

The trim and simple uniform for nurses is much the same everywhere — the straight skirt, surplice waist, being the approved style for the serviceable gown, differing in schools only in the matter of checks or stripes. Blue and white are the only colors worn in these schools, which colors in the Catholic Church are those of the Blessed Virgin — the Mater Dolorosa — and surely most appropriately chosen for those who come in daily contact with illness and its train of woes. Further jauntiness and neatness are added to their costume by the becoming little white cap, white apron, "turnover" collar and cuffs, and wide white tie. A prettier or more generally becoming uniform could not have been thought out, and if "to dress up and look pretty" were the only requirements training schools would be over full.

But the applicant bewitched by the dainty regalia, or who starts out with a sentimental head full of romantic visions of herself flitting about like an angel of mercy, bathing the brow of suffering heroes, and distributing flowers and smiles only, is sure not to go beyond her month's probation and to find the reality very practical, prosaic, and often repulsive, and the blue and white uniform is never reached by her. Likewise the girl who thinks all she has to do to get admitted to one of these schools will be to present herself and say "I want to be a nurse," will find red tape enough to hang her before she gets through.

First there is the application paper to fill out, wherein she will have to answer all kinds of pertinent questions, and some she will consider very impertinent. With this paper she must send letters from two reputable citizens vouching for her good moral character, and from a physician testifying to the state of her health, which must be as nearly perfect as possible. Then she is taken on trial for a month, during which time she is examined as to her ability to read aloud well, to write legibly and accurately, to keep simple accounts, and to take notes of lectures. If she prove satisfactory in this small examination, and shows an aptitude for the work, then, at the end of the probationary month, she shall sign an agreement to remain two years and obey to the letter of the law all rules of the school and hospital. She shall receive $8.00 per month and bed and board, but find herself in clothes.

The second year she may be sent out to nurse in families for the experience which we all know must differ in some particulars from hospital nursing. Her hours on duty, while at the hospital and in the school, are from 7.30 to 7.30 or about that length of time beginning in some schools from an hour to an hour and a half earlier or later. Her "breathing spells" are one hour for lunch and recreation, one afternoon during the week and one half of Sunday — all this taken in turn, no ward ever being left without nurses even for the shortest time.

The number of books, with their big, unpronounceable names which nurses in training have to study, frighten away all rattle-brained applicants, leaving only the studious, determined, and reliable. Heroines they are every one of them who finishes the course, as any one must see who has lived among them, and watched them through each busy day dressing wounds, bandaging and making bandages and rollers and linings of splints; cooking and serving delicacies, dressing the newly-born and preparing the dead for burial, and making the rounds with physicians and surgeons, from whom they receive their practical training.

In addition to these few duties mentioned out of the thousand and one that will suggest themselves, they must attend lectures, recitations, and demonstrations, and prepare for their own examinations which in some schools occur each month but generally every three months.

Even from this brief showing it will be seen the life of a trained nurse is a ceaselessly busy one, helpful and truly noble, but in no way a sinecure. No one but the fairly educated and cultivated should enter the profession, since nurses should have these qualifications quite as much as the mechanical skill, in order to render them agreeable to the class of people who commonly employ nurses. And none but the patient and self-sacrificing need enter the profession expecting to rise to the rank of a Florence Nightingale, at least that is the conclusion of one who has lived with them, studied their life, and profited by their training.

MARY TEMPLE BAYARD.

The Story of the Patch.

THERE is a very clever man, now writing for the press, who traces ever so many of our games back hundreds of years, and proves them to have had their origin in religious ceremony. Baseball, tenpins, kiteflying, all were devotional in pagan times; but who would have thought "patches" had their origin in a convent? The dainty little bit of court plaster near a dimple or under one eye is being revived this summer, but it will carry no memory of the penitent Saxon queen, Ethelreda, who first wore it.

As a young lady Ethelreda was of a somewhat frivolous turn of mind, not to put too fine a point on it, and her matrimonial experiences were not altogether edifying. Finally, however, she woke to a realization of her conduct and retired to a convent. The rigorous abstinence practised, and the use of water as a beverage, only caused her face to become covered with huge carbuncles in which she gloried, as an outward visible sign of the subjection to which she had brought her flesh. Her fellow nuns implored her in vain to relieve, or, at least, conceal those blemishes. Finally, on certain occasions of ceremony, she was induced to cover them with patches of court plaster, and in a very little while these decorations became a recognized sign of a life of sacrifice.

The followers of St. Andry, as the queen was called, wore the patches on their white skins as if they really possessed the carbuncles their dainty souls would have abhorred, until, in the reign of Queen Anne, the fashion reached its height, and lost, at the same time, all possibility of religious connection, as when, for instance, a lady would appear in public with a miniature coach and four driving gaily across one cheek, and a moon and a couple of stars adorning the other.

At one time patches were worn by men; but the fashion was of short duration, the ladies resenting in their brothers and lovers what they so admired in themselves.

The Satire of Addison was cuttingly directed towards the wearers of patches. In one number of The Spectator he makes one of the Indian chiefs, then being lionized in England, say: "The women of the country look like angels, and would be more beautiful than the sun, if it were not for the little black spots that break out on their faces,

and sometimes rise in very odd figures. Those little blemishes wear off very soon, but when they disappear in one part of the face they come out again in another. Insomuch that I have seen a spot on the forehead in the afternoon, that was upon the chin in the morning."

Finally the patch passed from England to France, and in the company of powder and rouge made itself very much at home on the faces of the court ladies. Nothing much funnier can be imagined than the inconsistency of its present position on the clear red and white cheek of the athletic, tailor-made girl.

Feminine Philosophy.

THE bravest woman in Boston is a teacher in a public school, almost an invalid, never without intense physical pain, whose patience is such that her pupils have never heard an unconsidered word from her lips, and the power of whose gentle influence is so great that the most refractory pupils sent to her as a last resort from other classes become quiet and obedient almost instantly. Think of her, we women, who let sharp, hasty words wound our very own almost daily, and think the plea of headaches or a poor night amply excuses us.

Were you ever praised for a deed which you did, not because you wanted to, but because for very shame's sake you could not help it. How did you feel?

Just how near sainthood must we be before we will allow some other woman to have a larger number of ailments to contend with than we have?

The longer we live, the more we know of the world, the less apt we are to question the world's way of doing things.

What a terrible fault faultlessness appears when we cannot plead guilty to it.

I wonder if emancipated women wear key chains, and if so, what they fasten them to?

The little plannings and contrivings that we women have to resort to in our daily lives are kept from pettiness by the great and loving end we have in view, — the making of a real home, than which there is no higher purpose on earth.

Sometimes we look back at a cloud and seeing it a soft, pale gray, wonder how we came to think it inky black.

A New Cooking School

has been started, which recognizing the importance of having plenty of milk on hand for cooking purposes has found its requirements fully met by Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream, prepared by New York Condensed Milk Co. It highly endorses it.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURE.

Growing Popularity of the Oxford Sewing Machines.

THERE is nothing more truly a household treasure than a good sewing machine. To be without it is to be wilfully deprived of the immense advantage of one of the greatest of all inventions. A machine once bought is a perpetual treasure. It demands no wages, occasions no expense or trouble and is always ready without a moment's notice to render the work of the laborious housewife tenfold more efficient and expeditious. Some machines combine the best ideas and suggestions which have been so abundantly introduced in this remarkable mechanism.

A machine which exhibits in liberal combination all the best features introduced is the Oxford Sewing Machine, made by the Oxford Manufacturing Company, Chicago, with lock-stitch, shuttle running light and quiet. These machines have the following important features: Cheapness, perfect, self-adjusting, and graduated tension, are under control of the operator, and are always positive in their working. They are entirely self-threading in all points, including the shuttle. The needle is self-setting, the attachments are quickly and easily placed and fastened. The shuttle has an easy, oscillating motion, causing it to keep its proper place against the race. Their Oxford, Home, and Columbia machines, with attachments, were awarded the medal premium at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago.

Hope of Our Homes.

What Shall They Read?

So much has been written, of late, on the subject of suitable reading for children, that the conscientious parent seeking for light is wellnigh distracted at the opposite opinions of equally distinguished authorities.

Magazines and newspapers fairly teem with copious instructions on the mental training of childhood. The mother, distrustful of her own judgment, picks up an article in a current monthly which bids her "Read fairy stories to the children." The author goes on to say that "fairy tales develop the imagination, and that it is cruel to deprive childhood of its natural mental environment, which is certainly the realm of fancy."

This is palatable advice, and the reassured parent forthwith supplies her children's library with Grimm and Andersen.

She is charmed with the prospect of gathering the little ones around her, and hearing their exclamations of pleasure as she reads to them the lovely old tales which have been the delight of children for ages.

But, happily, before she has fully embarked on this wild career of mental dissipation, her attention is arrested by the statement of so eminent an authority that she dare not treat it lightly.

"The English language scarcely contains words strong enough to denounce the folly and crime of parents who tell their children fairy tales. Little do guardians of infancy reek of the frightful effect on the imaginations of children; of the sleepless nights when they cower under the blankets fearful of the possible approach of Bluebeard, or a probable attack by Jack the Giant Killer."

Then, too, the enemy of the fairy story claims it has an unwholesome influence on the morals of children, familiarizing them with deeds of bloodshed, and giving them a light regard for truth.

It cannot be denied that the heroes and heroines of fairyland will occasionally quibble in order to extricate themselves from the dangers into which their love of adventure leads them.

It must be admitted that they teach "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," rather than the gentler precepts of the golden rule.

In fairyland the arch offenders always have their heads cut off, or are boiled in oil, or dance in red hot shoes, till they drop dead, or some other equally tragic end awaits the consummation of their crimes. The average child, however, has a strong sense of poetic justice, and this is only satisfied by the complete triumph of virtue, and the entire defeat of vice.

The opposer of fairy tales recommends facts to the unspoiled palate of youth; historical facts, scientific facts; diluted, if you will, and sweetened to suit the immature mental taste, but still substantial facts.

There is a modicum of wisdom and common sense in both these views, and much that is neither.

Who that had a heart, would deprive childhood of that exultant thrill when Goldilocks jumps from the window of the little brown house, and escapes the fury of the three bears? Realistic writers would, doubtless, wish us to explain how a little girl could alight without injury from a second-story window, or why the three bears did not pursue her, but childhood asks no such questions.

Has any one ever lived with children

and not witnessed their intense pleasure when the Beast turns into a charming prince, and Beauty is thus rewarded for her unselfish sacrifice?

And who has not shared the perplexity of the prince when the White Cat bids him cut off her head? Divided between affection, borne of gratitude for past favors, and a desire to fulfil her wish, he is in an unfortunate dilemma. What long-drawn sighs of relief when obedience conquers, and the prince, having performed his painful duty, is greeted by a lovely princess.

These are healthy mental pleasures, which can injure no child in normal condition.

True, it is well to mingle facts with fancy, and some historical tales appeal especially to the minds of children.

On the other hand, I think it probable that a graphic description of Lincoln's assassination would disturb the rest of youthful innocence quite as much as the story of Bluebeard's unfortunate wives.

Unfortunately, many historical tales in which children would especially delight, such as the dear old story of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith, have been declared untrue by higher criticism, and historical fables are certainly more pernicious than those that are purely ideal.

The story of Isaac Newton under the apple tree; of Galileo, watching the swaying chandelier; of James Watt, in the kitchen speculating on the boiling kettle, — may arouse in children an interest keen enough to seek a solution in maturer years, but it would strain the brain to endeavor to convey too early the principles deduced from these small beginnings.

Mr. Andrew Lang has compiled an excellent book of poetry for children, which he prefaces by a most interesting introduction.

He says, in effect, that children can be taught to like good poetry from a very early age.

In the main, I think this is true.

The beginner in verse likes objective poetry — poetry containing a story. There is no doubt that children cannot only appreciate, but learn to love many of the poems of Scott, Burns, Campbell, Wordsworth, Longfellow, and many others.

They may not understand it all, but much of the charm lies in the mystery of half comprehension.

Children do not like to be written down to, and are more capable of discrimination than is usually supposed.

Most of the poems written for children in our best magazines of to-day are inane jingles, insulting to the feeblest intelligence. It is easy to form the pliant taste on good models.

Children live in the future, and a poem on childhood, such as Hood's "I remember, I remember," which brings tears to the eyes wistfully straining to catch glimpses of that fairyland of age — the past — evokes no such feeling in children.

While fully realizing my temerity, I venture to disagree with Mr. Lang on two points.

I do not think children would enjoy Shakespeare, though he particularly recommends "A Midsummer Night's Dream," as suitable to the appreciation of the young.

Neither do I believe that good poetry in school readers gives children a dislike to it, "because it is associated with lessons."

Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales" tell in a most enchanting way many of the old mythological fables, an acquaintance with which is rendered necessary by poetry, fiction, and art.

Nourishing a child on good literature suited to his years, will not necessarily make him that abomination of all right thinking persons, a precocious child.

There is a wide difference between an intelligent child and a prematurely developed one. Every healthy boy and girl has inherent mental instincts which can be gratified without injury.

These are, a love of story-telling, a taste for adventure, a sense of the beautiful in sound, a desire for justice, and a craving for beauty in all forms, and these God-given instincts any in-

telligent parent can develop as best suits the individual child.

MARGARET J. CHURCH.

Fairy Please-Myself.

I KNOW a little fairy,
A naughty little elf,
Brimful of tricks and mischief,
The "Fairy Please-myself."

She hides in every nursery;
You always know she's there
When little folks are fretting,
And then, my dears, beware!

She's very old, this fairy,
How old I cannot tell;
But it is very likely
That Adam knew her well.

How did I know about her?
I'll whisper in your ears
(She often called upon me
When I was young, my dears).

J. M. L. in Youth's Companion.

Tommy's Experience.

"TOMMY! Tommy!" Tommy shut one eye, and with the other looked through a convenient knot-hole in the side of the woodshed.

Again his mother called his name, this time much louder than before; still Tommy did not answer. To say he felt aggrieved would be giving a very mild description of his feelings at that moment. Had he not worked all the morning carrying coal and water, picking up sticks and stones from the front grassplot, and doing various other things too numerous to think of just then? And had he not been sustained and upheld through it all by the thought of having the whole afternoon to himself? Why, he had even forgotten to count how many buckets of water he had carried to wash off the porches, so interested was he in trying to calculate how many willow whistles he would have time to make before supper time. And now, just as he was comfortably fixed at work, to think that he must be called from it!

"I know just what she wants me for," he said to himself. "I don't see any sense in two of us going to the store; just as if Tilly couldn't go by herself! I'll not let on I heard her call me."

Tommy knew that this was not a very safe course to pursue, but he was so vexed that he did not think of consequences. By this time his mother had gone into the house and closed the door, but it was again opened, and again his name echoed through the premises.

"That's Tilly," said Tommy, "and she won't stop calling; she'll hunt me up."

He looked around for a hiding place. He could hear Tilly running down the stone walk. She would be there in a minute; so hastily jumping from the work-bench, he ran across the floor and climbed into an old cup-board, which shook in a threatening manner, as if resenting the intrusion. He pulled the doors to just as Tilly appeared in the doorway.

"Tommy! Tommy Dawson!" she called, so that there might be no mistake as to what Tommy was wanted. Tommy held his breath lest she should discover him, and wished that his heart would not thump so heavily against his ribs; surely Tilly would hear it. But she turned toward the house, as if satisfied that he was not to be found. Tommy chuckled in high glee, and, after hearing the door shut, clambered down out of the crazy old cup-board, his face very red, his clothes covered with dust and cobwebs.

After taking observations through the knot-hole for a few seconds, he got up on the bench and began on the whistles, but somehow the bark seemed very hard to loosen, and his knife was not so sharp as usual.

He was sure he had never heard the field-crickets chirp so loudly, and was it not strange, they were saying, "Sneak! sneak! sneak!" just as fast as they could? Tommy had often listened to them before, but he always thought they said, "Summer's here, here, here." He must have been mistaken then, for nothing could be plainer than what they were now saying.

"If only that road to the store were not so hot and dusty!" he said half aloud.

Then he whittled at the willow switch.

"I do wonder if Hatton's dog would bite? Tilly is awful 'fraid of dogs."

Another minute of whittling.

"I guess I could finish these whistles after I come back."

With one bound he was in the middle of the floor, and with another was out on the stones.

"Whew! how hot that old woodshed is any way!"

Then, running up the stones, he burst into the kitchen where he found Tilly flying around in wild delight.

"Why, Tommy Dawson," she exclaimed, "where have you been? We've been calling you everywhere."

"What are you polishing your best shoes for — to wear to the store?" demanded Tommy, skilfully evading the question.

"Store?" echoed Tilly, scornfully. "Why, Tommy Dawson, Uncle Tom is here; he's going to take us home with him, and he's in an awful hurry; and mother's up stairs laying out your clothes, and I've polished your best shoes. You see, we thought you might come in time to get ready if everything was fixed for you to dress in a hurry. And oh, Tommy, I was afraid that I would have to go without you!" and here Tilly was obliged to pause to take her breath.

Tommy may live to be very old but he will never forget how mean he felt just then.

"You'd better not stand there," continued Tilly. "Uncle Tom said we must be ready in half an hour, and he's been here almost fifteen minutes now."

Tilly could not think what made Tommy so very kind and thoughtful during the next fifteen minutes, and when, going up stairs for her parasol and handing it to her, he stopped to pick a thread from her dress, her wonder found expression in these words: —

"How nice you are to-day, Tommy! I just wish you'd be that way all the time."

As Tommy climbed into the buggy which was to take them to the station he resolved that he would "be that way" just as often as he could think of it. I think he must have kept his resolution, for it was only the other day that I heard a lady remark,—

"How much Tommy Dawson seems to think of his sister! He treats her as if she were some other boy's sister."

Little Boy Blue.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands,
And the little tin soldier is wet with dust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.

Time was when the little dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle bed
He dreamt of his pretty toys.

And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our little Boy Blue —
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Aye! faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Positive Johnnie.

HIS name was Johnnie Raymond, but all his friends called him "positive Johnnie." He never guessed, or supposed, or believed. Oh, no! he was always sure; he knew, and was very persistent in his knowledge. He was very frequently wrong in his assertions; and each one was a falsehood, although not purposely made.

We should be positive when we are in the right, and especially about matter connected with our personal and spiritual welfare; but to be too positive when we are in the wrong is not so commendable.

"Where is the chisel?" asked papa.

"In the tool-box," replied Johnnie. "I saw the handle sticking out this morning."

"I guess not, Johnnie. I just now looked into the tool-box."

"I tell you I know it is there," affirmed Johnnie. "I saw the handle of it sticking out."

"Then go get it," ordered papa.

Johnnie came back a little crestfallen.

"It wasn't the handle of the chisel I saw, but of the screw-driver," he said.

"Maybe it would be the best not always to be so sure," suggested papa.

The next morning his father took him to task for a piece of negligence. The garden gate had been left open the evening before, and the cow had entered the garden and eaten several of the finest heads of cabbage.

"I wasn't in the garden yesterday," declared Johnnie.

"But who else left the gate open?" asked his mamma.

"I don't know," was Johnnie's reply. "I wasn't in the garden yesterday. I am just as sure of that as I am standing here."

Then his aunt Mary spoke up.

"Johnnie, you were in the garden yesterday afternoon," she quietly said; "I saw you."

"Why, I wasn't, and you didn't," he sharply insisted. "Don't I know? It was some other day."

"You went in to see if there was a rabbit in the old pump stock, lying among the currant bushes," reminded Aunt Mary.

"That's so!" admitted Johnnie, tardily.

The next afternoon he came home considerably out of humor. He flung his hat aside and wiped his hot face. He had just walked over to the railroad station and back — a distance of five miles.

"I'll not put my faith again in anything Cousin Chester says," he announced, in an irritated outburst.

"Why, what has Chester done?" asked his sister Jennie, as she stopped in the middle of the room, brush and dustpan in hand.

"He promised to come this afternoon to go chestnuting," Johnnie said. "You know the trees are on the bluff, on the other side of the station. Well, I went over with the bag and clubs to meet him, but when the train steamed up he wasn't on it."

"Maybe he missed the train," suggested Jennie, "or is sick, or perhaps this isn't the day he named."

"Oh, but it is," replied Johnnie, with emphasis. "Don't I know what day he named in his letter? This is Wednesday, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"So I thought. Well, he named Wednesday. I don't like to be fooled in this way. I had the long walk for nothing, and didn't want to go for chestnuts by myself."

"Are you sure Chester said Wednesday?" Jennie slyly asked.

"Oh, fudge!" cried Johnnie. "Of course I am sure. You shall not say I'm over positive this time."

"Johnnie," slowly remarked Jennie, "you dropped the letter on the porch when you started for the station. I picked it up and glanced at it, to know whose it was. There it is on the clock-shelf. Chester says in it that he will come on Thursday, and that is to-morrow."

Johnnie read the letter, and found that Jennie was right.

"How stupid I've been!" he muttered.

"And how positive!"

"Yes," gravely confessed Johnnie, though his face grew red. "I said I wasn't over positive, but it seems I was. I'll just quit being so sure about things. I'll say, 'likely,' or 'maybe,' or 'perhaps.' I'll not say I 'know,' but 'I think,' or 'believe,' or 'presume.'"

A SPLENDID recognition of honest worth was that which the World's Fair Directors accorded Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in classing it as a strictly pharmaceutical product, and as such entitled to a place among the exhibits at the Exposition. No other similar preparation was admitted.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this new department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith and God's Church that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the 8th of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington street, Boston, Mass."]

A CHICAGO non-Catholic correspondent, referring to an answer given to an inquirer, in a recent number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, anent the primacy of St. Peter, asks, "What evidence there is that Peter was the first Bishop of Rome, or that the primacy vested in him, personally by the Saviour, was delegated to his successors."

Our correspondent is perfectly correct in adding that these are fundamental questions, for if St. Peter never was the Bishop of Rome, he truly says, or if his authority be not held by his successors, the Roman primacy falls to the ground. To the first point of this inquiry, viz., that which refers to the fact of Peter's Episcopate of Rome, that jurisdiction, says Rev. James Kent Stone (Father Fidelis), the distinguished convert, in his "Invitation Heeded," page 250, "was so notorious a matter that for 13 centuries it never occurred to any schismatic or heretic to deny it. One Marsilius, of Padua, was the first who conceived the idea of opposing a Pope by thus disputing the legitimacy of his succession. And Martin Luther was the hero who took up the ingenious conception, and showed how, by a little effrontery, it could be turned to good account. In the olden times men fought with more old-fashioned weapons. Zenobia would as soon have thought of resisting Aurelian by questioning his succession from the first of the Cæsars. The Donatists did not venture on such a line of defence, even though they were challenged to do so. 'You dare not deny,' said St. Optatus, addressing them, 'that Peter established at Rome an Episcopal chair, which he was the first to occupy, in order that through this one chair all might preserve the unity.' The Greeks did not dream of such a justification of their schism. They lived too near the days of the apostles by some half a dozen centuries."

The fact that St. Peter was the first Bishop of Rome was universally admitted as an historical truth up to the time of the "reformation," when Protestantism, recognizing the necessity, for its own interests, of separating the Prince of the Apostles from the Roman see, undertook to contradict history, tradition, and universal belief, by asserting that St. Peter was never the Bishop of Rome. Even its own adherents have time and again revolted against its monstrous perversion of facts in this matter. Canon Wilberforce, for instance, says that it is difficult to understand how the Roman episcopate of Peter can ever have been called into question, "since there is scarcely an ancient writer who does not assert or allude to his residence in that city." The English divine, William Cave, declares, in his "Historia Literaria," Vol. I., Chap. 1, "that St. Peter was at Rome, and for some time had his seat there. We affirm without hesitation, with the whole body of the ancients, similar testimony may be found in the writings of Leibnitz, Whiston, Pearson, Dodwell, Young, Blondel, Lardner, and others; so that evidence is assuredly not lacking that St. Peter established the Roman see, and was himself the first encumbent of it; though no one contends that he resided continuously in Rome during his episcopal sovereignty.

In regard to the second point of our Chicago friend's inquiry, it may be

stated that the same evidence which so indisputably proves the fact, that St. Peter was the first bishop of Rome, also certifies to the possession by his successors in that see of the authority which he wielded, and the primacy which he held. The works of the earliest Christian writers teem with corroborations of this statement, and the actions of the earliest councils all show that the Bishop of Rome was always regarded as the successor of St. Peter and the head of the universal church. Nor are Protestant admissions of the same fact lacking, and such acknowledgments may be found in the works of the non-Catholic writers named above; so that the primacy of Rome, the fact that St. Peter established and was the first to fill that see, and the possession by his successor of his authority and jurisdiction are, in reality, the best attested matters in the whole history of Christianity.

A New York inquirer wishes to know if the rulings regarding membership in Catholic societies which Bishop Watterson has made for his diocese, and which Mgr. Satolli has approved, are in force in all the dioceses of the country.

No, Bishop Watterson has no jurisdiction whatever outside of the limits of his own diocese, and hence his rulings can affect nobody who resides beyond his jurisdiction. The approval which the apostolic delegate gave to Dr. Watterson's decrees in the matter in question, does not make these decrees the law for any other than the Columbus diocese, and before any such rulings become operative in other episcopates, they will have to be promulgated by the ordinaries of those districts. In other words, the Columbus law is simply a diocesan one, binding nobody but the Catholics of that diocese. Whether similar rulings will be promulgated by other prelates time will tell; but until such promulgation is made by an ordinary, they cannot be considered to be in force in his diocese.

From Richmond comes an inquiry whether the prayer "Hail, Holy Queen," recited by many people at the end of the rosary, must necessarily be said to gain the indulgences attached to the beads; and whether, when the whole rosary of fifteen decades is recited, this prayer should be said three times, once after each part.

For gaining the indulgences attached to the rosary, it is sufficient to recite the rosary itself piously and devoutly, and there is no necessity of saying the "Hail, Holy Queen," or any other prayer at the close. The practice of adding this prayer, though, is a very praiseworthy one: and whenever the entire rosary of fifteen decades be said, it is enough to recite the prayer once, after having finished the last decade.

An Ottawa (Ont.) inquirer asks the origin of the Forty Hours' devotion, and the date of its introduction into America.

This devotion is commonly believed to have been inaugurated early in the sixteenth century, by a Capuchin, Father Joseph, of Milan, who, scandalized at the excesses committed during the carnival season, invited the faithful of that city to spend forty hours, the period of time the body of the Redeemer is estimated to have lain in the sepulchre, before the Blessed Sacrament, which he caused to be exposed for public veneration. Sir Philip Neri introduced the devotion afterwards into the religious archconfraternity that he founded, which body observed it on the first Sunday of the month. Other religious societies took it up, and Pope Pius IV., in the sixteenth century formally approved it. Pope Clement VIII. shortly afterwards directed it to be observed in one church after another the whole year round; and several subsequent Sovereign Pontiffs confirmed his directions, and enriched the devotion with various indulgences. The Question Box does not know who brought the devotion to Canada, but in the United States it is said to have been first instituted by a French priest, during colonial days, at Natchez, Miss. This institution did not, however, lead to its permanent practice here, which was not brought about until the saintly Bishop Neumann introduced it, sometime in the fifties, in the archdiocese of Philadelphia, whence it spread to the whole of this country.

"Is there any foundation," inquires a Providence reader of the Question Box, "for the statement sometimes heard, that a Pope once issued a bull of excommunication against a comet?"

There is no foundation at all for such a stupid statement. This story arose from the fact that Pope Calixtus III., in 1456, or thereabouts, at a time when a comet showed in the skies, issued an order for the faithful to assemble at the ringing of the Angelus bell, and pray for the preservation of Europe from Mahommedan invasion, with which evil the western world was then threatened. In fact, this Papal order was issued before the appearance of the comet against which Calixtus III. is said to have launched a bull of excommuication; and the stupidity of the whole calumnious invention is very manifest when one takes into consideration the fact that excommunication means the cutting off of offenders from participation in the spiritual advantages of the church, and that the issuing of such an edict against a comet woud be the act of an idiot, which even his bitterest enemies cannot accuse the learned Calixtus of having been.

In reply to "a reader of the Magazine," Wappinger Falls, N. Y., the QUESTION BOX can only say that it never witnessed such a ceremony, and knows of no reason for the lighting, extinguishing, and relighting of the candles.

A clerical correspondent from Hartford proposes these three questions: What has been the first heresy, taking that word in a broad sense, since created minds began to exist? What is the heresy of these days in which all others are included? How can we most effectually eradicate it from the human race?

Atheism, or unbelief in God, it appears to us, is the best answer that can be given to our friend's first question, which covers the whole period of man's existence, and, therefore, inquires about his condition prior to the time when Christianity illumined the world with the true faith. Some scriptural commentators, in referring to Cain, who, leaving out of consideration the sin of our first parents, was the first offender against Heaven, designate him and his descendants as "infidels," which would seem to indicate that infidelity, or atheism, was the first heresy of which mankind rendered itself guilty.

The same answer would seem to fit our correspondent's second question, for atheism, if one may call that a heresy, certainly includes all other heresies, a statement that can hardly be made of any other particular form of heterodoxy.

There is but one answer possible to the third inquiry enumerated above. The preaching of Catholic truth is assuredly the best and the only effectual means of dispelling the erroneous beliefs and false doctrines which permeate the world at the present day. To be effective, though, this presentation of Catholic truth must be made in a clear, dispassionate, and logical manner. "The servant of the Lord," says St. Paul instructing his disciple Timothy how to deal with heretics, "must not wrangle, but be mild towards all men; apt to teach, patient; with modesty admonishing them that resist the truth; if peradventure God may give them repentance to know the truth." Then, there is the intercession of her of whom it is written that she alone destroyed all heresies. Sound preaching, fervent prayer, and good example, these are the best eradicators of heresy.

From Eddy, N. M., a recent convert writes for information regarding the attitude of the Church in the matter of religious persecution, her inquiries being in a measure prompted by certain passages that occur in a paper lately contributed to McClure's Magazine by Canon Farrar, in which that eminent Anglican divine asks why the Catholic Church does not publicly disavow and condemn all sorts of religious persecution.

One good reason why the Church does not do this is because she has never sanctioned or approved religious persecution of any kind. Still, it can hardly be said that she has not made the disavowal in question. More than one Pope has spoken in forcible condemnation of religious persecution. A striking instance of this was the action

of Pope Clement VI., who, when the Jews were being mercilessly persecuted in Spain and other European lands, raised his august voice in vehement condemnation of such persecutions. To quote the words of a distinguished Spanish writer, Señor Villamil, a member of the Royal Spanish Academy of History, this Pontiff "persistently urged upon Christendom to exercise charity, and ordered, under penalty of excommunication, that the Jews should be spared." It is very easy for Canon Farrar to ask why the Church does not disavow persecution for the sake of religion, but if he possesses but a tithe of the learning with which he is credited, he must know that Catholicity has never in any way favored such persecution, and that there is no obligation resting upon her, therefore, to disavow it. This is not claiming that some intemperate and misguided Catholic ecclesiastics did not, at different times in past ages, allow themselves to order acts of cruelty to be performed in the name of religion; but they had no warrant from the Church for their deeds, and their cruelties were viewed with indignation and abhorrence by her. As to the Inquisition, every well-informed reader knows that whatever punishments were inflicted upon heretics during the time of its existence, were carried out by the civil, not by the ecclesiastical, authorities. "As for the Roman court," says the Rev. James Kent Stone, a convert to Catholicity, who is now known as Father Fidelis, speaking on this subject of the Inquisition, "I am not aware that the smallest proof has ever been given that its proceedings were other than mild and conservative. As Balmes well observes, 'The conduct of Rome in the use which she has made of the Inquisition is the best apology of Catholicity against those who attempt to stigmatize her as barbarous and sanguinary.' The records of the Roman Congregation were carried off to Paris by Napoleon early in the present century; a French translation of a portion was made by order of the Emperor, and it was not until 1846 that the last of the plundered documents were returned to the Vatican. In 1849 the Roman achieves were again pillaged, and 70 folio volumes of the Inquisition are at present in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. Nothing, however, has ever been discovered which could bring discredit upon the proceedings of the tribunal." This would seem to dispose of Canon Farrar's twaddle about "Rome of the Inquisition," to which our fair correspondent refers. Rome did nothing then which calls for disavowal now; though Torquemada and his associates did plenty that merits condemnation. In conclusion, our correspondent can always safely answer those who question her what the attitude of the Church on the question of religious persecution be, by declaring that the Catholic Church always has been, is, and always will be, opposed to any and all such persecution. The only weapons she employs are spiritual ones.

A Detroit friend quotes a few lines about the Borgias, from the People's Cyclopedia, asks if the account that work gives be true, and, if so, what excuse can be made for making one of the family a pope.

We haven't a copy of the People's Cyclopedia; but presume the account it gives of the Borgias is substantially correct; though, in all probability, as in the case of some other modern cheap encyclopedias, there is a good deal of unjustifiable bigotry shown in the compilation of biographies of persons of this character. As to Pope Alexander VI., nobody denies that he lacked the virtues which befit a Sovereign Pontiff; but many of the accusations that have been levelled at him were baseless and truthless ones, and are admitted to be such by all reputable historians. He was chiefly chosen pope because of his administrative and executive abilities, which the exigencies of the times called for. But he was not qualified in virtues for his position; though there is no doubt at all that his administration proved beneficial to Italy and to the Church. A very fair opinion of him is expressed by an ecclesiastical writer, who says: "We hold that there were

two phases in the life of Alexander VI.: the life of the individual, which was, indeed, but too much like that of the princes of his day; and that of the Pope, which carried out, on the chair of St. Peter, the policy inaugurated by his predecessors, and preserved in its integrity the deposit of faith and ecclesiastical discipline."

A Springfield (Mass.) inquiry desires an explanation of St. Matthew xii. 31: "And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him; but he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him either in this world, nor in the world to come."

The interpreters of Holy Writ consider that the speaking against the Holy Ghost, which is here alluded to, constitutes the sin of blasphemy, which when it is habitual, usually prevents those guilty of it from becoming repentant; and without repentance, of course, there can be no pardon here or hereafter. The blasphemer who does repent, though, and who duly confesses his sin, can obtain pardon as well as any other offender. This text must be interpreted in connection with others, and, as it stands alone, it simply expresses the enormity of the sin of blasphemy, and the great dangers they run who render themselves guilty of that crime. Our correspondent says that the text seems to imply to him that sins against the Son of man shall be forgiven whether repented for or not; but we fail to see anything in the text to justify that interpretation. In all these doubtful passages of Holy Writ, however, the true meaning must be sought from the Church, which is the only authorized exponent of the Scriptures; and her explanation of the above verse readily disposes of all the difficulties which, in our correspondent's eyes, appear to be contained in it.

The question is asked by another correspondent of the Question Box, whether the acts of anti-popes had the same force and validity as those of the rightful occupants of St. Peter's chair.

The answer to this question is self-apparent. Only in the legitimately chosen incumbents of the See of Rome have the powers and prerogatives of the primacy ever been vested. There never was a time when it was at all uncertain to unprejudiced minds who was the rightful possessor of the Holy See, when the title to that was claimed by more than one ecclesiastic. The mode of Papal elections is so well and so clearly defined that such uncertainty could not possibly exist; and it goes almost without saying that no anti-popes, meaning thereby a claimant of the Papal chair who was not duly chosen a successor of St. Peter, ever possessed the exalted powers and prerogatives which the Founder of the Church bestowed upon the Prince of the Apostles and his legitimate successors.

A Brighton correspondent inquires what reply she can make to Protestants who ask her why, when she invokes the intercession of saints and angels, she does not pray to God directly, and wants to know if there be any place in the Bible wherein it is said that God will hear more readily prayers addressed to Him through the saints.

Our correspondent will find Scriptural authority for the intercession of the saints in the Book of Jeremias xv. 1, where it is made plain that persons who, like Moses and Samuel, were eminent for holiness during their lives, after death intercede with God for the living. Similar authority can be found in II. Machabees xv. 14, where the prophet Jeremias is himself represented as praying, in heaven, for the people and the city of Jerusalem. St. Paul, in his Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, urged the saintly personages of that race to pray for him, which is plain proof that he believed in the intercession of the saints. I. Thessalonians v. 25, Josue. v. 13, 15, and Genesis xviii. and xix. can also be adduced as proofs.

If God, as the foregoing texts show, choses the saints to be prayed to, it is but natural to suppose that He grants some favors more quickly through their intercession than He would otherwise. Catholics who invoke the intercession of the saints by no means neglect to pray to God directly, as some Protestants imagine. They are never derelict in that duty; and in praying to the saints they simply comply with the Divine wishes that the saints should be thus honored.

TALKS TO THE TYPEWRITER.

GRIM-VISAGED war now stares civilization in the face in the realms of the Mongol. It is all the more lamentable, since no underlying principle of human rights and human equity is at stake. The situation presents nothing more to view than the pagan, effeminate Corean standing between the ambitious "Jap" and the "heathen Chinee," while the huge Russian bear and the savage British lion are crouched over the dainty bone of contention, growling menacingly at each other.

We in self-governing America have nothing more to wish in view of the sanguinary outlook than that the "great powers" shall step in and save the Mongol from himself, while in semi-disgust as Christians we are prompted to echo the sentiment of the untutored Yankee in the Biglow Papers: —

> Ez fer war I call it murder,—
> There you have it, plain and flat;
> I don't want to go no furder
> Than my Testament fer that.

But there is one lesson in this death-dealing, cruel affair that may well be impressed alike upon the wage-working and the employing classes of America. These Eastern people now engaged in trying to annihilate each other belong to the cheap-labor regions of the earth. So fearful of alien invasion are the trembling Coreans, that their best fields lying near the coast have long remained uncultivated, lest the sight of rich crops might tempt the sea pirates around them to conquest. Hence recurring famines carry off thousands, commerce is dead, and industry is at a standstill. Wages are not worth speaking of. In China wages are six cents a day. Man is the cheapest thing that walks the earth, excepting perhaps woman. The Japanese boast of a superior civilization, but even among them man is the chief beast of burden, and for a few pennies per day one can get himself transported in a two-wheeled vehicle over the narrow roads of the country with a fellow-man serving the double function of horse and lackey.

Cheap labor is the inevitable accompaniment of slavery. From paganism to Christian civilization is an ascending scale of wages. Shall we, in this country of light, liberty, and Christian homes, permit industry to be orientalized? If we permit it or palliate it in servile submission to an unchristian spirit of greed, then we assist in turning the hands on the dial of civilization backward, and deliberately put on pagan garments. Where labor is cheap life is cheap. Where the woman is a slave to the man, the man is a slave to the ruling despot. Where the despot is a rapacious, effeminate, sensual mogul, the god typified in the pagan idol is set up in his own image. May the lesson of cheap men and cheap wages in the East not be lost. We propose to maintain intact Christian wages, Christian homes, and Christian morals in America, and to protest in a Christian spirit against all attempts to orientalize them.

The memorial of Columbus, to

mark the spot in San Domingo where the great discoverer erected the first church in America, will ere long adorn its chosen place, a reminder of the famous Genoese, and of the first temple of Christianity in the new world. To the Rev. John O'Brien, of East Cambridge, Mass., editor of the Sacred Heart Review, is primarily due the idea of this memorial, and the carrying forward of the project, the delay of which has been unavoidable. The disturbed condition of the country, where the monument is to find a resting place, has contributed to the delay of the work to the present. No more fitting place could be found for a memorial of Columbus than the spot where still remain the ruins that pathetically, but eloquently, tell the story of the Faith that was the guiding principle of the great navigator, his source of inspiration and confidence, and the wider diffusion of which appealed to his devout and adventurous heart. In future time, when these ruins of the church at Isabella may be obliterated, this memento will still mark the sacred ground, an enduring memorial of the great discoverer and his practical Christian faith, and a monument as well to the generous forethought of the priest and people who have redeemed the venerated spot from the encroaching tide of oblivion.

There never was a time in the history of the country when the loyal support of the Catholic press was so necessary as at the present, that the force and dignity of Catholic character may be emphasized, and the aspersions of bigotry swept aside. The American people are naturally just and fair-minded; but periodically there is an outbreak of intolerance which but goes to show that the old antagonisms, with their ridiculous bugaboos, die hard. It is the mission of the Catholic press to stand between Catholic interests and their assailants, and by asserting itself with dignity and self-respect and charity, prove to the American people the malice and injustice of such intolerance. The Catholic press is the guardian of the Catholic home and the champion of Catholic justice, and to give it loyal and generous support is a Catholic duty.

"I have a mind never to burn another pound of coal!" exclaimed a humane lady the other day, after reading the story from real life of Stephen Crane in McClure's Magazine, of the shocking lives of working men and beasts in the depths of a coal mine. Here, 1,200 feet down in the dark and hideous bowels of the earth, working on all fours in wet and grime, are human beings who in the winter months often never see the light of day but once in seven days, the white sockets of their eyes gleaming from under the lamp sewed into their caps like those of the hideous spectres in fabled subterranean caverns. Squeezed within these narrow confines, with millions of tons of black earth above them, the slightest tremor of nature would crush them into powder, as it not unfrequently does. Here, with mules and myriads of hungry rats as their only companions, these poor creatures toil for pitiably poor wages, until, with their lungs filled up with dust to the strangling point, their emaciated bodies are finally carried to the surface to recuperate, if that be possible, or else to experience an early consignment to the churchyard.

The fate of the poor mules, often

immured for years in these dark caverns, is hardly less pitiable. Possessed of a mortal terror of rats, they are covered with them, the rodents even disputing their right to enjoy their food. Sometimes one of these mules, after being long buried in the mines, is taken to the surface, when his joy is so great that he actually becomes insane with delight, and dies in the madness of his ecstacy.

But most shocking of all is the fate of the poor boys consigned to slate picking near the coal breakers. Under a cataract of coal and dust thundering down from above them, sit these tiny urchins, amid the crash and thunder of machinery, picking out the slate as the stream of broken coal is pushed by them. They are nearly buried in grime. Their little lungs breathe in, day after day, an air black with dust. Little wonder that they swear, fight, and have little reverence for anything. But they toil on, until, shattered and bent and emaciated, the "miner's asthma" calls them out of these infernal dens to get repaired for another struggle or end their tender years in death.

Sharp, indeed, is the industrial dragon's tooth of greed. It spares neither man nor beast, tiny boy nor sweet baby girl, for poor girls work in these deep, dark, coal caverns too. Alas, man's inhumanity to man is sad indeed to contemplate; but God has given him a sense of justice too, and this will never sleep, under the blessing of His holy religion, till some of the monstrous wrongs of poor children of toil and sorrow which we now behold shall no more invite civilization to blush for shame.

The reëlection of Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Conaty, as president of the Catholic Summer School, is a deserved tribute to the worth and popularity of one of the ablest and best-known priests in New England; and an assurance of the summer school's onward march to a glorious completeness. Father Conaty is a man of progressive mind and great executive force, while he has that personal magnetism that inspires others with the fervor of his own enthusiasm.

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The English House of Lords, by the rejection of the evicted tenant's bill, has afforded but another proof that it is an anachronism that should have no place in the present age. The only good that can be said of it, is that it is rapidly hastening its own day of reckoning.

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Catholic America has an interest in the present president of the French republic, because it is to a member of his family, Madame Duchesne (Perier) is due the foundation of the order of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart in the United States. Madame Duchesne came to this country with Bishop Dubourg in 1817, and her memory is one of the glories of Catholicity in this country.

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The priest has the same right as any one else to the employment of the bicycle, if he so desires. There is nothing about the wheel that is objectionable from any standpoint, while the ready means it affords for hurried sick calls gives it a decided advantage in the country. Time is exceedingly precious with the priest and with the soul that needs, mayhap, his immediate ministrations,

and, in face of such a contingency, old-fogyism should hide itself in the shadows of the past. To wait for the carriage, or to depend upon the means of locomotion that nature has provided, might, in an emergency, be fraught with distressing consequences. The Pope has decided that the clergy may employ the wheel, and calls attention to the fact that as far back as 1845 a priest invented and used a bicycle. This mode of getting about is comparatively in its infancy, and the objections that are raised to it are the same as were raised when the railroad superseded the stage coach, and just as worthy of attention. The priest in the performance of his sacred duty will avail himself of such means as are best calculated to the prompt discharge of that duty, and, if he finds that the bicycle contributes that end, then the bicycle he will employ, the croaking of old fogies to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., will be the only North-American representative at the International Catholic Scientific Congress, to be held at Brussels this month. Father Zahm's studies and researches, as mirrored in his lectures and published works, have placed him in the front rank of America's scientific scholars, and given a lustre to his professorship at Notre Dame University. In his person, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is the only American publication which will have a representative at this congress, for he is to treat of its deliberations exclusively for this magazine.

The Christian Advocate, the organ of the Methodists, Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor, is to investigate the Keeley treatment for inebriety. It will draw its conclusions from data supplied by the fifteen hundred physicians and seven thousand clergymen on its subscription list, and announces that it wants no information from other readers or from Keeley graduates, for the reason that their testimony might cause a duplication of the returns. It will decline also evidence that may be proffered by the Keeley managements. What value the verdict one way or the other, of such an ex-parte jury might have is problematical, but DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is free to state that it has seen enough living testimonies to the efficacy of the Keeley treatment to convince us that Dr. Keeley merits the confidence of the people. He does not profess to supply brains or character to his patients. Dr. Keeley professes to have done nothing more than discover a physical cure of a physical disease, caused by a poison, and it is unjust to criticise him or to withhold from him due praise because the scope of his professional work does not include a system of moral and spiritual training. If the cured drunkard does not need the benefit of divine grace more than before his reformation, at least he is in a more receptive condition than when all thought of God and his church was burned from his brain by alcohol.

In order to get the labor statistics of Rhode Island, the commissioner, who, without meaning any disrespect, is a politician and mayor of a city, addressed the following 13 questions to 11,000 people, as reported: —

1. Are you married or single?
2. How many persons constitute your family?

"Ah! Ah!
Cried the house-wife,
The secret I know,
No DIRT can resist
SAPOLIO

Oh! Oh!
Cried the DIRT,
At length I must go,
I cannot withstand
SAPOLIO

3. How many of your children attend school ?

4. How many in your family are dependent upon you for support ?

5. Do you own a home ?

6. Is it free from encumbrance ?

7. Do you hire a tenement ?

8. How many rooms do you occupy ?

9. How much rent do you pay ?

10. Do you board ?

11. How much do you pay for board per week ?

12. What are your daily wages ?

13. Were your wages reduced or increased during the year ending June 30, 1893 ?

That these questions were regarded by the working people as by far too inquisitorial and impertinent is shown by the fact that only about six per cent of the persons addressed returned the blanks filled.

Nobody will dispute that had such questions been addressed to the rich business men of Rhode Island, they would have been thrown into the waste basket in contempt, as requests to disclose their business secrets, which might materially affect their business or social standing.

Workingmen have exactly the same right to be absolved from answering questions which may be put on file by politicians, and possibly used to their disadvantage upon some political occasion, as have rich business men.

It is every man's duty as a citizen to answer all reasonable questions addressed to him by statistic gatherers. But if this prerogative is not kept within careful limits the next step is to push an inquisition into his religious views and social habits. An indignant workingman suggests the following additional questions : —

1. Who is your best girl ?

2. Do you live within your income ?

3. On what vices do you spend your surplus if any ?

4. What is your favorite brand of cigar ?

5. Where is the best place down town to get a drink ?

6. How early do you get home at night, as a rule ?

7. Do you play policy or buck the tiger ?

The right of every man to mind his own business in his domestic and other private concerns is inalienable.

On to Halifax.

All the pleasure of a vacation is not infrequently ruined by the discomforts of travel, and the countless petty annoyances to which nervous persons are apt to be subjected both on land and sea. The difficulty lies not in the lack of facilities for travel, but in the inconveniences that beset the voyager on every hand. Not every steamship company cares as much for the comfort of its patrons as for dividends, but there is one line which at least seems to, — the Canada Atlantic and Plant Steamship Company, connecting Boston with Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island. A trip on one of this company's boats to Halifax or to Charlottetown can be taken literally with all the comforts of home. The managers understand the fine art of travelling, and are fast educating the public up to their high standard. Full information may be obtained of Richardson & Barnard, general agents, Lewis wharf, Boston.

Speaking About Pianos.

The purchase of a piano is usually the great step which makes the rise of a family from struggle to success. It is the great home luxury that the ambitious father desires for his children usually. It is becoming more and more of a necessity in more and more American homes every day. A Massachusetts firm has met the growing demand for a first-class piano at a fair price. The Brown & Simpson Piano is of the finest materials, the best workmanship, rich, brilliant tones, and extreme durability, combined with the latest and best improvements and the most artistic designs. Its makers say it is all this, and what is more, is sold at a price that will warrant us in guaranteeing you a large saving over other pianos of equal quality. If you are looking for a good piano, send to the Brown & Simpson Co., for their catalogue. They sell for cash or instalments anywhere in the United States.

The price of Dobbins' Electric Soap has just been reduced in order to put it in the reach of every one. Quality same as for 30 years. Insist upon your grocer keeping it. Premiums given for wrappers. Try it at once.

McGREGORY & CASMAN,

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AMERICAN **GRANITE** FOREIGN

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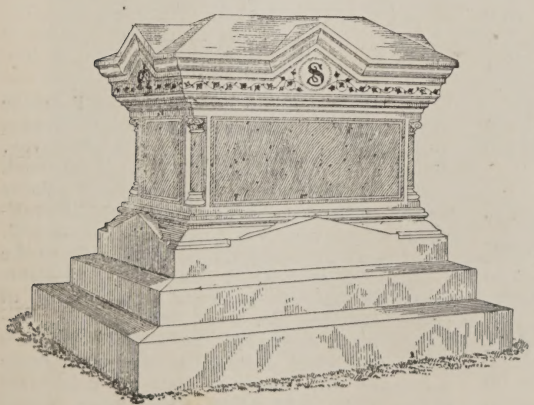

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Fine Floral Work, and Fine Statuary Work our chief specialty.

Oldest Established Monumental Works in our City.

LIFE SEEN AT A SLANT.

DESPERATION.

I'LL never write another line !
  I've said so o'er and o'er,
But this time I'm in earnest
  If I was not before.

I've covered reams of paper,
  I've used up quarts of ink,—
The editors against me
  Are all in league I think ;
I've rhymed in every metre,
  I've written grave and gay,
But everything I send them,
  Comes back the self-same way.

"Not because lacking merit,"
  On this point they agree,—
Then why, O! why, does everything
  Come straightway back to me ?

MARY CONROY.

CALIFORNIA MISFITS. — There is at least one level-headed farmer in San Joaquin county. There is more point in the following few lines than can be found in an average speech occupying as many columns. He says : —

"We let our timber rot, and buy fencing. We throw away our ashes and grease, and buy soap. We raise dogs, and buy hogs. We let our manure go to waste, and buy guano. We grow weeds, and buy vegetables and brooms. We catch five-cent fish with a four-dollar rod. We build school-houses, and send our children off to be educated. And, lastly, we send our boys out with a forty-dollar gun, and a ten-dollar dog to hunt for ten-cent birds."

That is precisely what is being done all over the state. — *San Francisco Call.*

A SCOTCH mason and an Irish laborer often met in the early morning, going opposite ways to their work. Pat was always the first to hail his fellow workman with, "The top ov the morning to you, me bhoy!" leaving Sandy a very lame reply or a nod. Thinking to be upsides with Pat, Sandy one morning took the first word, and shouted out, "The top of the morning to you, Pat!" "Och, sure," said Pat, "the rest of the day to yourself, me bhoy!"

LITTLE EFFIE (who has stroked the kitten until she has begun to purr) : "Maudie, do you hear that?" Sister Maud : "Hear what, Effie?" Effie : "Why, I do believe kitty's *boiling*."

PRACTICE AND PREACHING. — Caller (to minister's wife) : "Is that not your husband's voice I hear?" Wife : "Yes : he is in his study practising what he is going to preach."— *Journal of Education.*

"OH, sir, please, I have swallowed a pin!" exclaimed a servant girl, running into her master's surgery. "Never mind, Mary," he replied, deep in study : "never mind. Here's another," drawing one from his pin cushion.

STRATEGY. — Captain. — "What is strategy in war? Give me an instance of it."

Sergeant. — "Well, strategy is when you don't let the enemy discover that you are out of ammunition, but keep right on firing." — *London Tit Bits.*

"EVER had a cyclone here?" asked a Kansas man who was visiting a country aunt in the East. "A cyclone? Oh, yes," said his aunt. "Deacon Brown's son brought one from Boston, a spell ago; but, law! he couldn't ride. Tumbled off every time he tried it."

It Suits to a "T."

THIS expression comes from the T-square or T-rule, an instrument used by mechanics and draughtsmen in making angles true. The expression is an old one, going back further than Boswell's time and is singularly appropriate to the Saint Paul & Duluth Railroad, which certainly suits every one to a T. That is why it has been given the title of the Duluth Short Line, because it is the short line and the popular route for all classes of travel between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, West Superior, Stillwater, Taylor's Falls, and other points. It is also the route for those who desire to visit the celebrated Rainy Lake gold fields, which have caused such a sensation. Everybody takes the Duluth Short Line, because it is convenient, speedy, comfortable. Apply for information to ticket agents, or to W. A. Russell, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

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The Highest Grade of Cooking Apparatus.

Made in all the desirable Styles and Sizes, and can be had for either Wood or Coal.

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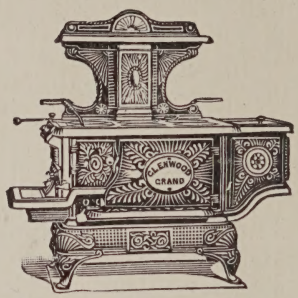


FINEST IN THE WORLD. TWO GOLD MEDALS.

If your Dealer does not keep these ranges, send us his name on a postal card, and we will send you our handsome book that will tell you all about stoves.

WEIR STOVE CO., TAUNTON, MASS.

Did you ever taste of Codfish ?

Absurd as this question may seem it is extremely practical. **Tons** of other fish are being "prepared" and offered to the consumer as Pure Codfish. Look out for them, they lack the sweet, salty flavor, and are flat and tasteless. When you get

"SANS ARÊTES"

(Without Bones)

packed in **Three-Pound** boxes by Caswell, Liverm ore & Co., you can depend upon its being **Genuin e French Cod,** free from bones. We are th e only concern that offers this brand to the public. There is nothing on the market that equals this article for a dish of codfish in any style.

If your Grocer canno' supply you, send us his name on a postal

CASWELL, LIVERMORE & CO.,

Boston, Mass.

RIDGE'S FOOD

USED FOR 30 YEARS

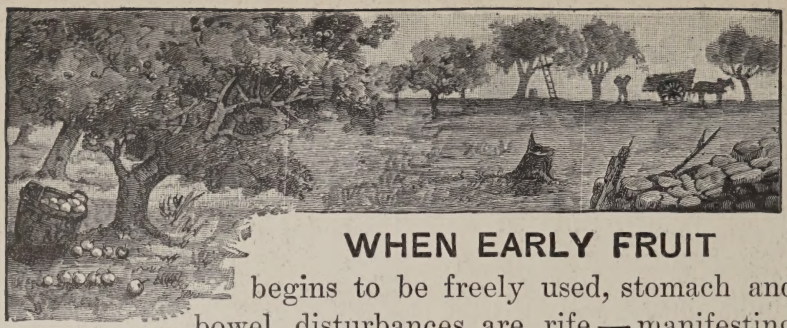
STILL UNEXCELLED.

"Your Attention"

As the successful feeding of children is a matter that must or should interest every mother. **Ridge's Food** has been before the people for a generation, and its merits are known throughout the civilized world. Many new preparations have sprung up since its introduction; but to-day we claim, and we are supported in our claim, that **"Ridge's Food"** is the most reliable food on the market; **it is something to eat,** and as a leading London newspaper said, **"it will support life single handed."** What other baby-food will do this? Hundreds and thousands of children in the United States owe their lives to this King of Foods. Ask your Physician.

Woolrich Co. on Every Label.

GYPSY GIRL.



WHEN EARLY FRUIT begins to be freely used, stomach and bowel disturbances are rife — manifesting themselves in diarrhœa, followed by constipation, colic, headache, indigestion, biliousness, and other troubles of similar character. For the relief and cure of all derangements of the digestive and alimentary organs, **Ayer's Pills** are invaluable. They cleanse the stomach, remove all effete matter, give tone to the liver and bowels, and restore natural and healthy action. Their sugar-coating, which makes them easy to take, dissolves immediately on reaching the stomach and so permits the full strength of the medicine to operate.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

Admitted for Exhibition at the World's Fair.

Every Dose Effective.

Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla At all seasons. In the **Spring,** it removes that Tired Feeling, cleanses and vitalizes the circulation, and prepares one to successfully contend with the debilitating effects of the heated term. In the **Summer,** it quickens the appetite, rugulates the liver, and makes the weak strong. In the **Autumn,** it tones up the nerves and protects the system from malarial influences. In the **Winter,** it enriches the blood, and invigorates every organ and tissue of the body.

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at

THE WORLD'S FAIR

MORNING PRAYER.

DEATH OF A COMMUNIST.

(SCENE : A LONDON ATTIC.)

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

LIFT my head from the pillow, my dear,
For the fever is broiling my bones ;
C'est bien. Oh, say, do'st remember the year
When we stood on a rampart of stones,
On the rugged heights of dear Belleville, and flung
The bombs on the heads of these knaves ?
Oh, then we were joyous and we were young,
And we hated to posture as slaves.

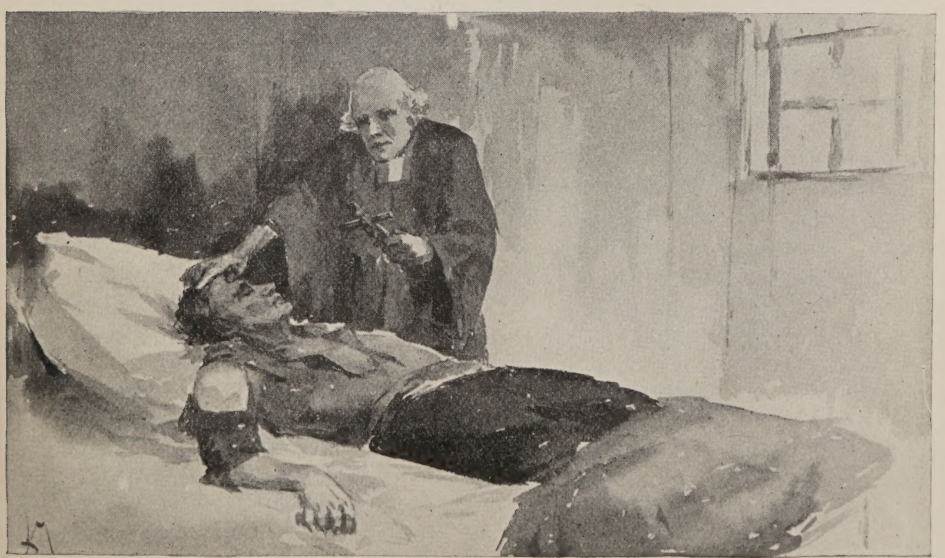
When I was but one and twenty, dear,
I swore an oath to the Commune Red
I'd be true to the end. Now — now I fear
That I'm hieing me to the home of the dead.
Lo ! see that shovel hat, Marguerite —
That sombre clerical shadow there —
He bends o'er my pillow. Throw him out on the street —
Of the wiles of these priests I shall ever beware.

DEATH OF A COMMUNIST.

I butchered one of those soutaned ghouls
When I was a chief of the great Commune,
Look yonder the face of his spectre scowls,
I can see him here in the light of the moon :
Vive la Commune ! may it blaze once more,
Wrapping the city of Paris aglow —
May its streets be deluged with the bourgeois gore,
And its churches be razed and levelled low.

. . . . . .

Sweet Marguerite, what are you doing now ?
A medal you give me, my mother's gift ;
There's a holiness on your marble brow,
I can behold in the clouds' wrapped rift,
The hope of a Heaven, if Christ will forgive.
Hark ! the sound of the angel's trumpet call !
Oh, I'm penitent now, love. As you live,
Give the word to the priest — 'tis the best after all !



MARY.

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WHICH PARTY SHOULD THE PEOPLE SUPPORT IN NOVEMBER?

I.—THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

BY JOSIAH QUINCY.

WITHIN the limits of this brief article, I can only attempt to give a very general statement of the claims of the democratic party, based upon its legislative record, to continued support at the coming elections.

The democratic majority in the house of representatives has made a record upon which it may well challenge the judgment of fair-minded men. Speaker Crisp has shown himself possessed in a high degree of the strong qualities required for the conduct of his important office. Under his leadership the majority of the house has proved itself fully able to overcome obstruction and to transact business expeditiously. It has accomplished all that was claimed for Speaker Reed's house, in these respects, and without resorting to the arbitrary methods and the abuses of the powers of the speaker's office which were so justly objected to in that body.

The present congress will be noted in our political history for the great and far reaching importance of three of its acts, all passed within a period of about a year, and constituting a record of legislative accomplishment which the republican party would have to go back a long way in its history to parallel.

The repeal of the Sherman silver law was of vital importance to the finances of the country. Its continued operation meant financial chaos. Its repeal, while it could not prevent inevitable industrial depression, at once restored confidence in our currency, and since then, legitimate commerce and industry have not suffered from financial derangement. Without the firm resistance of President Cleveland this result could not have been secured.

The repeal of the federal election laws was an act of great significance

and future consequence. The radical difference between democratic and republican views of the proper functions and limitations of the federal government has nowhere been more clearly made manifest than in the positions of the two parties on this subject. Control of the machinery of elections is one of the most dangerous and liable to abuse of any of the powers that can be placed in the hands of federal authorities. Nothing has happened for many years so calculated to promote the future security of our government as the repeal of these laws.

In the passage of the new tariff act, the democratic party has accomplished a piece of constructive legislation of the first importance.

After nearly a third of a century of the high tariff system, we have now taken a long step towards a return to the low tariff policy. The republican system of indiscriminate protective duties on all domestic products has been effectually broken up. The economic and political importance of free wool alone can hardly be over-estimated.

The peculiarities of the present political situation make it desirable to include in any statement of the reasons why the democratic party should be supported in the coming elections a brief answer to the main arguments used by its opponents. It is noteworthy that these are nearly all of a negative character, consisting of criticisms of the democratic party for what it has done or has failed to do. There is almost a complete absence of any programme of what the republican party will do if restored to power. This is particularly noticeable in respect to the tariff question.

The argument that democratic ascendency is responsible for the period of industrial depression through which the country has been passing, may be very briefly dismissed. It may answer well enough for the stump, and no doubt the sentiment to which it appeals will cost the democratic party the loss of many votes. When people have been suffering, they are only too ready to hold the party in power responsible for everything that has gone wrong. But no intelligent student of economics believes that any possible fear as to the impending changes in the tariff were sufficient to account for the depression in business. This has been due to causes which have been world-wide in their operation, and utterly beyond control by any governmental action.

It is charged that much unnecessary time was taken in the passage of the tariff bill, and the charge is well founded. The vexatious delay took place in the senate. The democratic party must certainly bear its share of this responsibility therefor, but so must the republican party. The senate as a body, rather than either party as represented in the senate, has been responsible. The republican senators were certainly responsible for keeping the business of the country in suspense for a long time while they made speeches which could not have the slightest effect upon the final result. Parties are divided in the senate upon the question of putting an end to the intolerable methods which now prevail there. When the republican senators as a body are ready to support a rule to provide for the closing of debate, the democratic party can justly be blamed for any continued delay of legislation. In the meantime both parties must share this responsibility.

Again, it is charged that the

democratic party deserves condemnation for failing to pass a tariff bill embodying a larger measure of tariff reform than the senate bill. Of course this charge can only be consistently brought by the friends of tariff reform. It is true that serious disappointment at the final result, more serious I believe than a fair view of all the facts will warrant, has been felt among many strong tariff reformers. Whatever grounds there may be for this feeling of disappointment there are most cogent reasons why those who are affected by it should not withdraw their future support from the democratic party. The bill as passed, even after its modification by the senate, contains a large and substantial measure of tariff reform — so much that its passage would have been hailed only a few years since as a great victory for that cause. The President and the house firmly supported a more sweeping bill, and only yielded to the necessity of the situation and to the fact that there was no real tariff reform majority in the senate. The masses of the democratic party have shown unmistakably that they support the President and the house on this issue. The tariff reformer has received new proof that the republican party is still hopelessly wedded to its high tariff idols, and that he cannot, even temporarily, give it his support without voting directly against his most cherished principles. Moreover, the democratic party, while accepting the bill as passed as a settlement that must in the main stand for years to come, and leaving it to the republican party to unsettle business again by threatening a new general revision of the present tariff, is nevertheless committed, under the lead of President Cleveland, to the support of such further specific changes in the tariff, to be made by individual bills, particularly in the direction of placing more raw materials on the free list, as are needed to supplement the bill as passed.

In conclusion, there are no good reasons why Democrats, and the great body of independent voters who have been acting in recent years with the democratic party, should fail to give the democratic candidates their continued support.

II.—THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

BY ELIOT LORD.

IT seems to be past questioning which party will receive the support of the people in November. This is a republican year, as our democratic friends are free to admit in the confidence of conversation, whatever forlorn hope they may profess on the stump. If "whatever is, is right," as the meditative poet remarks, it suffices to note that the assured republican success will carry its own justification. But

there is no necessity of bringing up an apothegm to prop a party triumph that rests on such a rock bottom of reason.

Whatever strictures may justly be passed upon the career of the republican party, whatever stumbles it may have made, whatever short comings it may be accountable for, whatever questionable tendencies it may have developed, it has never shocked the industrial interests of the country, stopped the wheels of business, and imperilled the bread and butter of the American workingman.

So long as party contentions are largely viewed in the light of political circus performances, so long as it seems a matter of indifference to the hard-headed business man, the father of a family, or the ordinary day laborer, whether the Blues or the Buffs, the Republicans or the Democrats, are on top for the time, no parade of campaigning, no splutter of appeal, and no simulation of passion will arouse more than a spasmodic attention, a fleeting grin, or a perfunctory cheer from the ranks of the people. But when the rise and fall of parties has indeed become, or is heartily believed, to be a question of weal or woe to the masses, the languor vanishes, the multitude moves as a heaving sea, and the flood sweeps away all party walls. Then no stronghold can defy the waters; then democratic "banner" districts flop over to republican Quiggs, and resentful states roll up majorities bigger than were cast when patriot hearts were swelling with the abomination of slavery and the triumph over treason.

The democratic victory of 1892 was the culminating expression of an artfully fomented popular discontent. Republican errors and offences were exaggerated and blackened by every resource of partisan ingenuity. The republican policy of protection was denounced as a fraud and a shackle upon the struggling limbs of American enterprise. The actual prospect of advancing prosperity was dwarfed and dimmed by the conceit of the earthly paradise to be unfolded in the Saturnian reign of Grover. To cast off the republican iniquities and burdens that cried to heaven and the democratic party for redress and deliverance, was the consecrated democratic mission. The outcry worked to a charm. The rally of every hostile or disaffected troop in the field, of Democrat, Populist, Prohibitionist, and Nationalist of every stripe, dragged down and overtopped the Republican column.

For the first time in 30 years the democratic party in congress had full swing to exhibit its purposes and its capacity. Disappointment was foredoomed, though no forecast sounded the abjectness of its failure. The 53d congress was, perhaps, of average individual ability, but no congress that ever assembled in this or any other country — not even were it a concourse of demigods and archangels — could have fulfilled the stupendous pretences of the campaign. The vampire trusts were to be torn asunder, the robber barons were to be forced to their knees, the fraud of unconstitutional protection was to be cut away like a cancer, the tax-ridden people were to be delivered, the farmer's wheat was to be doubled in price, the poorest laborer was to get two dollars a day, and a burst of four-leaved clover was to cover the land.

The country has seen, in the bitterness of its dejection, how this shimmering bubble exploded in air. Not one hair has been clipped from the

head of one of the ogres, and never before in the history of this country has the dominant branch of the national legislature succumbed so utterly and so shamefully to the grip of the trusts. The Gog and Magog of the Philistines, the whiskey and sugar trusts, have borne all before them, and are notoriously to-day, the principal beneficiaries of the legislation of the 53d congress.

Has it a saving record? Well, that is summed up in the report of the committee of the Grand Army of the Republic: "Credit is claimed on behalf of congress and the administration upon the ground that the aggregate appropriations have been reduced, yet it appears the only reduction made has been effected by cutting down the appropriation for pensions, so that Union veterans alone feel the effects of this spirit of economy. It is a significant fact that while a period of 17 years elapsed between the ending of our war with Mexico, and the close of the War of the Union, yet the amount now expended for the pensioning of the soldiers of the Mexican War is increasing, while the amount expended for pensions to Union veterans is diminishing."

How about the farmer's wheat? That has dropped with everything else to the lowest notch ever touched in this generation at least, in the great home market; as for the luckless laborer who was counting on his assured two dollars a day, he has been confounding the prophets and thanking his stars if he could save himself from drifting into the poorhouse or starving in the street. Look where we may, the straining eye fails to catch sight of one green leaf of the promised clover.

Is there any footing of reason for the appeal of a party with such a record of colossal pretence and ignominious fizzle, to command the faith and the votes of the people in November? Will the democratic majority in the house that voted to substitute the Bland Act, and the democratic majority in the senate that voted for immediate free silver coinage, collect a tribute of credit for the repeal of the Sherman Act? Was it a republican majority in the house that voted for the unconditional repeal of the state bank tax, or a republican congress that revived the odious income tax and made greenbacks the nation's money, subject to both state and municipal taxation? Who pressed for the coinage of the illegitimate seigniorage into dishonest dollars, and blocked the issue of bonds called for to preserve the solvency and honor of the republic? What party was it that dawdled through the worst panic that ever affected this country, reckless of the people's pain, and achieved the reputation of doing only one thing thoroughly — the torturing of the business interests of the nation amid universal execration and dismay?

It is fair to observe that this popular impression is not precisely accurate in its limitation of credit. This democratic congress really did something else thoroughly. It wiped off the last vestige of the federal election laws for the safeguard of national elections, in which every honest voter in the nation has a personal concern; but this achievement will hardly be bragged of in the hearing of voters who regard a pure and free ballot as the heart's core of the republic.

Charity forbids all but the briefest reference to its crowning work. It has enacted a tariff so rotten in its groundless discriminations and ser-

vility to the trusts, that a democratic President has denounced it as conceived in perfidy, and brought forth in dishonor. Will the democratic party hold up a measure, which its own leader refused to sign, as a recommendation for a vote of confidence from the people?

If the sickened country craves a safeguard from further ruinous agitation and distress — and who can doubt it? — the driving reins in one branch of the national legislature, at any rate, will be taken out of the shaking democratic hands.

And (craving sanctuary from our Populist friends) the reins will not be turned over to a green driver either, for conceit and vagaries are not passing current for certificates of competence since the panic, as freely as they did before it. This fall the republican party will be called to the box seat, not because it has a swelled head, but because it has proved its reliability by driving the government coach on the straight road of progress, without miring a wheel or breaking a linchpin for thirty years.

III. — THE PEOPLE'S PARTY.

BY GEORGE H. CARY.

(Candidate for Governor of Massachusetts.)

I WOULD answer this question in the words of Benjamin Franklin: "that which produces the greatest good for the greatest number."

The People's Party presents issues that are in no way sectional, but are as universal and broad as the entire country. No member of either of the old parties pretends to be satisfied with the present condition of affairs, but each attributes the difficulty and disturbance to its opponent. The republican claims that the country's woes are caused by the blundering policy of democratic legislators, while the democrat asserts that the evil is produced by the impossibility of at once counteracting the bad results of republican domination.

The worst feature of this situation is the fact that they are both partially correct. The two parties that have alternately controlled the destiny of the nation have practically lost sight of the true welfare of the people, and have devoted themselves to a struggle for place, power, and plunder. Added to this is the tendency to cater to those corporate or individual interests which dictate party policy, and suggest and purchase legislation.

It may be said that any party will have a similar tendency to corruption on the attainment to power; but this is scarcely a valid argument against a radical change. Every political party had its period of youth and innocence. If the democrat refers us to the statesmanship of Jefferson or the lofty patriotism of Jackson, we can remind him that those were the days of the youthful vigor and honesty of the party, of resistance to inherited aristocratic

forms and usages, on one hand, and to the domination of a concentrated money power, on the other. Then the people believed in the party and sustained it, and it undoubtedly worked out beneficent results. But when the power of slavery became prominent in the councils of the party, and all its life blood was poured into that foul channel, it fell from its high estate and became democratic only in name; the substance had vanished. Then came the republican party, built up out of the ruins of the old whig party, and reënforced by the free-soilers, who infused the vital current of a living principle; and in the terrible combat with slavery it grew into a mighty power. But if we are to judge by results, the maintenance of principle has fallen into the background in this party also. The interests of bankers and bondholders, of railroad magnates and stock speculators, of oil trusts and sugar trusts, and every unholy combination of cunning and greedy men, maddened by the thirst for money and power, are consulted by party leaders and legislators before the concerns of the common people, who produce all the wealth and prosperity that the contending political hosts are seeking to grasp. In the midst of all this, the average voter plods along, giving only a few days out of the year to the consideration of grave questions that deeply affect his happiness, and even his very existence, and when election day comes meekly votes for one or the other of the great parties which has held him in chains in the past.

We were promised relief from our financial and industrial difficulties if the Sherman silver bill was repealed, and when that repeal is voted at the call of our fund-holding and money lending classes, and we have bowed ourselves in the dust before the golden Moloch of Great Britain and Wall Street, relief is as far off as ever. We are now told that the Wilson tariff bill will solve the problem, and every industry will advance toward prosperity.

How long are the American people to be deceived by this trivial nonsense? Can we not see that these are but the red rags that the Spanish bull-fighter flaunts in the face of the infuriated and tortured beast while his attention is called from the cruel sword of the matador which is to deal the deadly stroke?

The people should control the regulation of finance and the distribution of the products of industry in the interests of America; and until we move in that direction no real progress can be possible. When did ever a financier or money-lender advise the government against his own interest? In all the manipulations to which our currency has been subjected, we see the persistent, cunning hand of the money power ever seeking to increase the portion of interest to be paid by the producer in the most costly medium of exchange.

We did not fight the Civil War through by a dependence upon gold. We only accomplished that great result through the confidence of the American people in their own resources, and in the integrity of their own government; and now, a generation later, we have another problem to solve. Shall this great country, the most magnificent opportunity for a continuous empire ever vouchsafed to man, be made the prey of that most hateful of oligarchies, an irresponsible and untrained plutocracy? Rather let us hope that the great body of American

yeomanry, not only those who toil daily for wages, but the farmer, the small manufacturer, the professional man, will all see that it is for their interest to unite against the corrupt tendencies of the times, or our chances for "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" will be small indeed.

To meet this problem and solve it in the interest of the American people, of humanity, and of civilization, a new party has sprung into existence. The farmers of the Mississippi valley, the miners of the Pacific slope, the planters of the South, are all uniting their voices in sustaining its principles, and their call is finding a responsive echo among the toiling millions of the East. Americans should not mistake the signs of the times. We can never accomplish what we desire by swinging like a pendulum between the republican and democratic parties. We must make an advance, and it is only in the doctrines of the People's party platform that we see any advance probable.

That platform requires that this government should regulate its own volume of currency, should control its own highways of steel, and its own transmission of intelligence through the telegraph and telephone.

It seeks to have the people, through their representatives, crush the power of trusts and monopolies, and develop the industries of the country for the joint benefit of the producer and the consumer.

Our posterity will surely look back upon the voters of this day with a pitying glance, when they consider how helplessly they floundered through strikes and lock-outs, poverty and distress, when they had it in their power to change it all by a manly vote.

These are the days of which our noble American poet, William Cullen Bryant sung in his "Antiquity of Freedom," when he compared Freedom with Tyranny :—

"Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age;
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee."

Let us, then, remember that the whole strength of the movement that is torturing the body-politic of America lies in the subtlety of the manipulators of legislation.

President Cleveland and some of his imitators have made a great outcry against paternalism.

A few generations ago, along our Florida coast dwelt a few enterprising men, who sought to enrich themselves by the spoils of the sea. They even, we are told, sometimes went so far as to furnish lights along the coasts, that the stupid and unwary mariner might be lured upon the dangerous rocks, thereby furnishing temporal gain to the aforesaid coast dwellers. This was private enterprise and competition.

Now the scene is changed. The United States government has so carefully lighted the coast as to warn the sailor away from the rocks and shoals, and if by untoward winds or currents he is forced thereon, he finds ready hands and heroic souls provided by the government to rescue him from his peril. This is paternalism.

It is hard to change old party affiliations, but I hope that there will be an increased number among the American voters who will see that their truest assertion of stalwart freedom and true manhood will be found in voting with the People's party next November.

THE BLACK SHEEP.

BY F. S.

Two gentlemen stood in the portico of the fashionable hotel. The great city, never asleep, having spent the evening, was apparently meditating as to how it would spend the night. The theatres were just out, and flushed playgoers of all sorts and conditions were passing under the glare of the electric lights, on their way home or elsewhere. The hum of the cable was reduced to a minor key by the superior rattle and roar of the cars and cabs. The two gentlemen were evidently of that type that may be described as strictly correct, and, of course, strictly prosperous.

As they stood conversing, a man passed in the crowd, and bowed lightly to one of them.

"There," said the gentleman bowed to, "goes the black sheep of the Good family."

"How so?" replied his friend.

"In the first place he never made any money. He is perennially hard up, gets very shabby at times. His people are steady, make money, marry well, settle down. That fellow will never be anybody. There is, however, one good thing about him. He never obtrudes himself; but he's a black sheep all the same."

"Did it ever occur to you," said the second speaker, coming for the moment out of the shadow of his correctness, and half ashamed of himself for so doing, "that the black sheep of one family might be the angel of light to another? But, my God! Look there!"

Beneath the headlight of the merciless machine, that was moved by some unseen power in the bowels of the earth, sprawled a tiny child. A second more, as it seemed, and the monstrous thing, with its garish lights and jarring bell, would overreach the child, leaving it a mangled, lifeless atom. The momentum of the car was terrible; to stop impossible.

A man shoots from the crowded sidewalk. With a mighty sweep of the arm, the action having the majesty, swiftness, and skill of madness, he throws the child beyond the line of danger. He turns to recover himself — too late.

And now another clanging bell, well known on this beautiful and terrible thoroughfare. It rises above the clamor of the cabs and cars. It has a note of awe in it, and a note of command. The thoughtful sometimes fancy that they can distinguish, also, a note of love in it, for it is the clang of the ambulance bell.

Hastily the surgeon examines the mangled form, which is gently lifted into the vehicle.

"Too late," says he, "for the hospital."

"To the morgue!"

That night the black sheep stood before his God; and lo, his fleece was white.

"Gazing Down at the Lake and Singing Softly to Herself."—*See page 372.*

THEIR WEDDING TRIP.

A TALE OF REVENGE.

BY ROBERT BARR.

THERE is no question about it, Tina Lenz was a flirt, as was quite natural, living as she did on the romantic shores of Como, celebrated in song, story, and drama as the lover's blue lake. Tina had many admirers, and it was just like her perversity to favor the one to whom her father most objected. Pietro, as the father truly said, was a beggarly Italian driver, glad of the few francs he got from the travellers he took over the humble Maloga to the Engadine, or over the elevated Stelvio to the Tyrol, the lowest and the highest passes in Europe. It was a sad blow to the hopes as well as the family pride of old Lenz when Tina defiantly announced her preference for the driver of the Zweispanner. Old Lenz came of a long and distinguished line of Swiss hotel keepers, noted for the success with which they squeezed the last attainable centime from the reluctant traveller. It was bad enough that he had no son to inherit his justly celebrated hotel, but he had hoped for a son-in-law, preferably of Swiss extraction, to whom he might, in his old age, hand over the lucrative profession of deferentially skinning the wealthy traveller. And now Tina had deliberately chosen a reckless, unstable, Italian, who would, in a short time, scatter to the winds the careful accumulation of years.

"Pietro, the scoundrel, will not have one piastra of my money," said the old man, wrathfully, dropping into Italian, as he was speaking about a native of Italy.

"No, I shall see that he doesn't," said the girl. "I shall hold the purse, and he must earn what he spends."

"But if you marry him you will not have any of it."

"Oh, yes, I shall, papa," said Tina, confidently; "you have no one else to leave it to. Besides, you are not old, and you will be reconciled to our marriage long before there is any question of leaving money."

"Don't be so sure of that," said the hotel keeper, much mollified, because he was old and corpulent, and red in the face.

He felt that he was no match for his daughter, and that she would likely have her own way in the long run, but he groaned when he thought of Pietro as the proprietor of the prosperous tavern. Tina insisted that she would manage the hotel on the strictest principles of her ancestors, and that she would keep Pietro lounging about the place as a picturesque ornament to attract sentimental visitors, who seemed to see some unaccountable beauty about the lake and its surroundings.

Meanwhile Landlord Lenz promptly discharged Pietro, and cursed the day and hour he had first engaged him. He informed the picturesque young man that if he caught him talking to his daughter he would promptly have him arrested for some little thefts he had been guilty of from travellers, and which the landlord had condoned at the time of discovery, probably because he had a fellow feeling in the matter, and saw the makings of a successful hotel proprietor in the Zweispanner driver. Pietro on his part, to make

things pleasant all round, swore that on the first favorable opportunity he would run six inches of knife into the extensive corporation of the landlord, hoping in that length of steel to reach a vital spot. The ruddy face of old Lenz paled at this threat, for the Swiss are a peace-loving people, and he told

Willing to do His Guest a Good Turn.

this daughter sadly that she was going to bring her father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave through the medium of her lover's stiletto. This feat, however, would have been difficult to perform, as the girl flippantly pointed out to him, for the old man was as bald as the smooth round top of the Ortler; nevertheless, she spoke to her lover about it, and told him frankly that if there was any knife practice in that vicinity he need never come to see her again. So the young man with the curly black hair and the face of an angel, swallowed his resentment against his desired father-in-law, and promised to behave himself. He secured a position as driver at another hotel, for the season was brisk, and he met Tina when he could at the bottom of the garden overlooking the placid lake, he on one side of the stone wall, she on the other.

If Landlord Lenz knew of these meetings he did not interfere; perhaps he was frightened of Pietro's stiletto, or perhaps he feared his daughter's tongue; nevertheless the stars in their courses were fighting for the old man. Tina was naturally of a changeable disposition, and now that all opposition had vanished, she began to lose interest in Pietro. He could talk of little else than horses, and interesting as such conversation undoubtedly is, it palls upon a girl of 18 leaning over a stone wall in the golden evening light that hovers above Como. There are other subjects, but that is neither here nor there, as Pietro did not recognize the fact, and unfortunately for him, there happened to come along a member of the great army of the unemployed who did.

He came that way just in the nick of time, and proud as old Lenz was of his hotel and its situation, it was not that unrivalled prospect (as stated in the hotel advertisements) that stopped him. It was the sight of a most lovely girl leaning over the stone wall at the foot of the garden, gazing down at the lake and singing softly to herself.

"By Jove!" said young Standish, "she looks as if she were waiting for her lover." Which, indeed, was exactly what Tina was doing, and it augured ill for the missing man that she was not the least impatient at his delay.

"The missing lover is a defect in the landscape which ought to be supplied,"

murmured young Standish as he unslung his knapsack, which, like that of the late John Brown, was strapped upon his back. He entered the tavern and inquired the rates. Old Lenz took one glance at the knickerbockers and at once asked twice as much as he would have charged a native. Standish agreed to the terms with that financial recklessness characteristic of his island, and the old man regretted that he had not asked a third more.

"But never mind," he said to himself as his newly arrived guest disappeared to his room, "I shall make it up on the extras."

With deep regret it must be here admitted that young Standish was an artist. Artists are met with so often in fiction that it is a matter of genuine grief to have to deal with one in a narrative of fact; but it must be remembered that artists flock as naturally to the Lake of Como, as stockbrokers to the exchange, and in setting down an actual statement of occurrences in that locality, the unfortunate writer finds himself confronted with artists at every turn. He was an artist in water colors, but whether that is a mitigation or an aggravation of the original offence, the relater knoweth not. He speedily took to painting Tina amidst various combinations of lake and mountain scenery. Tina over the garden wall as he first saw her; Tina under an arch of roses; Tina in one of the clumsy but picturesque lake boats. He did his work very well, too. Old Landlord Lenz had the utmost contempt for this occupation, as a practical man should, but he was astonished one day when a passing traveller offered an incredible sum for one of the pictures that stood on the hall table. Standish was not to be found, but the old man, quite willing to do his guest a good turn, sold the picture. The young man, instead of being overjoyed at his luck, told the landlord, with the calm cheek of an artist, that he would overlook the matter this time, but it must not occur again. He had sold the picture, added Standish, for about one-third its real value. There was something in the quiet assurance of the youth that convinced old Lenz of the truth of his statement more than his words. Manner has much to do with getting a well-told lie believed. The innkeeper's respect for the young man went up to the highest attainable point, and he had seen so many artists, too. But if such prices were obtained for a picture dashed off in a few hours, the hotel business wasn't in it as a money-making venture.

It must be confessed that it was a great shock to young Standish when he found that the fairy-like Tina was the daughter of the gross old stupid keeper of the inn. It would have been so nice if she had been a princess, and the fact would have worked in so well with the marble terrace overlooking the lake. It seemed out of keeping entirely that she should be any relation to old money-making Lenz. Of course he had no more idea of marrying the girl than he had of buying the lake of Como and draining it: still it was such a pity that she was not a countess at least; there were so many of them in Italy, too, surely one might have been spared for that hotel when a man had to stay eight days to get the lowest rates. Nevertheless Tina did make a pretty water-color sketch. But a man who begins sliding down a hill such as there is around Como, never can tell exactly where he is going to bring up. He may stop half-way or he may go head first into the lake. If it were to be set down here that within a certain space of time Standish did not care one continental objurgation whether Tina was a princess or a charwoman, the statement would simply not be believed, because we all know that Englishmen are a cold, calculating race of men, with long side whiskers and a veil around their hats when they travel.

It is serious when a young fellow sketches in water-colors a charming, sylph-like girl in various entrancing attitudes; it is disastrous when she teaches him a soft flowing language like the Italian; but it is absolute destruction when he teaches her the English

tongue, and watches her pretty lips strive to surround words never intended for the vocal resources of a foreigner. As all these influences were brought to bear on Walter Standish, what chance did the young fellow have? Absolutely as little as has the unroped man who misses his footing on the Matterhorn.

And Tina? Poor little girl, she was getting paid back with a vengeance for all the heart-aches she had caused — Italian, German, or Swiss variety. She fell helplessly in love with the stalwart Englishman, and realized that she had never known before what the word meant. Bitterly did she regret the sham battles of the heart that she had hitherto engaged in. Standish took it so entirely for granted that he was the first to interest her (in fact she admitted as much herself) that she was in daily, hourly terror that he would learn the truth. Meanwhile Pietro unburdened his neglected soul of strange oily imprecations that might have sounded to the uneducated ear of Standish like mellifluous benedictions, notwithstanding the progress he was making in Italian under Tina's tuition. However Pietro had one panacea for all his woes, and that he proceeded to sharpen carefully.

One evening Standish was floating dreamily through the purple haze thinking about Tina, of course, and wondering how her piquant archness and southern beauty would strike his sober people at home. Tina was very quick and adaptable, and he had no doubt she could act to perfection any part assigned to her, so he was in doubt whether to introduce her as a remote connection of the reigning family of Italy or merely as a countess in her own right. It would be quite easy to ennoble the long line of hotel-keepers by the addition of "di" or "de" or some such syllable to the family name. He must look up the right combination of letters; he knew it began with "d." Then the hotel could become dimly "a castle on the Italian lakes, you know"; in fact, he would close up the hotel as soon as he had the power, or change it to a palace. He knew that most of the castles in the Tyrol and many of the palaces of Italy had become boarding houses, so why not reverse the process? He was sure that certain furnishing houses in London could do it, probably on the hire system. He knew a fashionable morning paper that was in the habit of publishing personal items at so much a line, and he thought the following would read well and be worth its cost: —

"Mr. Walter Standish, of St. John's Wood, and his wife, the Countess di Lenza, are spending the summer in the lady's ancestral home, the Palazzio di Lenza, on the lake of Como."

This bright vision pleased him for a moment until he thought it would be just his luck for some acquaintance to happen along who remembered the Palazzio Lenza when it was the Hotel Lenz — rates on application. He wished a landslide would carry buildings, grounds, and everything else away to some unrecognizable spot a few hundred feet down the mountain.

Thus it was that young Standish floated along with his head in the clouds, swinging his cane in the air, when suddenly he was brought sharply down to earth again. A figure darted out from behind a tree, and instinct rather than reason caused the artist to guard himself by throwing up his left arm. He caught the knife thrust in the fleshy part of it, and the pain was like the red-hot sting of a gigantic wasp. It flashed through his brain then that the term cold steel was a misnomer. The next moment his right hand had brought down the heavy knob of his stout stick on the curly head of the Italian, and Pietro fell like a log at his feet. Standish set his teeth, and as gently as possible drew the stiletto from his arm, wiping its blade on the clothes of the prostrate man. He thought it better to soil Pietro's suit than his own, which was newer and cleaner; besides he held, perhaps with justice, that the Italian being the aggressor should bear any disadvantages arising from the attack. Finally, feel-

Loafed Around that Lovely Garden with his Arm in a sling.

ing wet at the elbow, he put the stiletto in his pocket and hurried off to the hotel.

Tina fell back against the wall with a cry at the sight of the blood. She would have fainted, but something told her she would be well advised to keep her senses about her at that moment.

"I can't imagine why he should attack me," said Standish, as he bared his arm to be bandaged. "I never saw him before, and have had no quarrel with any one. It could not have been robbery, for I was too near the hotel. I cannot understand it."

"Oh," began old Lenz, "it's easy enough to account for it. He —"

Tina darted one look at her father that went through him as the blade had gone the outstretched arm. His mouth closed like a steel trap.

"Please go for Dr. Zandorf, papa," she said sweetly, and the old man went. "These Italians," she continued to Standish, "are always quarrelling. The villain mistook you for some one else in the dusk."

"Ah, that's it, very likely. If the rascal has returned to his senses, he probably regrets having waked up the wrong passenger."

When the authorities searched for Pietro they found that he had disappeared as absolutely as though Standish had knocked him through into China. When he came to himself and rubbed his head, he saw the blood on the road, and he knew his stroke had gone home somewhere. The missing knife would be evidence against him, so he thought it safer to get on the Austrian side of the fence. Thus he vanished over the Stelvio pass and found horses to drive on the other side.

The period during which Standish loafed around that lovely garden with his arm in a sling, waited upon assiduously and tenderly by Tina, will always be one of the golden remembrances of the Englishman's life. It was too good to last forever, and so they were married, when it came to an end. The old man would still have preferred a Swiss innkeeper for a son-in-law, yet the Englishman was better than the beggarly Italian, and possibly better than the German who had occupied a place in Tina's regards before the son of sunny Italy appeared on the scene. That is one trouble in the continental hotel business; there is such a bewildering mixture of nationalities.

Standish thought it best not to go back to England at once, as he had not quite settled to his own satisfaction how the hotel was to be eliminated from the affair, and transformed into a palace. He knew a lovely and elevated castle in the Tyrol near Meran where they accepted passers-by in an unobtrusive sort of way, and there, he resolved, they would make their plans. So the old man gave them a great set out with which to go over the pass, privately charging the driver to endeavor to get a return fare from Meran so as to, partly, at least, cover the outlay. The carriage was drawn by five horses, one on each side of the pole and three in front. They rested the first night at Bormeo, and started early next day for over the pass, expecting to dine at Franzenshohe within sight of the snowy Ortler.

It was late in the season and the weather was slightly uncertain, but they had a lovely Italian forenoon for going up the wonderful zig-zag road on the western side of the pass. At the top there was a slight sprinkling of snow, and clouds hung over the lofty Ortler group of peaks. As they got lower down a steady, persistent rain set in, and they were glad to get to the shelter and warmth of the oblong stone inn at Franzenshohe, where a good dinner awaited them. After dinner the weather cleared somewhat, but the clouds still obscured the tops of the mountains, and the roads were slippery. Standish regretted this, for he wanted to show his bride the splendid scenery of the next five miles, where the road zig-zags down to Trefoi, each elbow of the dizzy thoroughfare overhanging the most awful precipices. It was a dangerous bit of road, and even with two horses requires a cool and courage-

ous driver with a steady head. They were the only guests at the inn, and it needed no practised eye to see that they were a newly-married couple. The news spread abroad, and every lounger about the place watched them get into their carriage and drive away, one hind wheel of the carriage sliding on its skid, and all brakes on.

At the first turning Standish started, for the carriage went around it with dangerous speed. The whip cracked, too, like a succession of pistol shots, which was unusual going down the mountain. He said nothing to alarm his bride, but thought that the driver had taken on more wine than was good for him at the inn. At the second turn the wheel actually slid against and bumped the stone post that was the sole guard for the fearful precipice below. The sound and shock sent a cold chill up the back of Standish, for he knew the road well, and there were worse places to come. His arm was around his wife, and he withdrew it gently so as not to alarm her. As he did so she looked up and shrieked. Following her glance to the window of the closed carriage, where the back of the driver is usually to be seen, he saw pressed against the glass the distorted face of a demon. The driver was kneeling on his seat instead of sitting on it, and was peering in at them, the reins drawn over his shoulder, and his back to the horses. It seemed to Standish that the light of insanity gleamed from his eyes, but Tina saw in them the revengeful glance of the vendetti, the rage of the disappointed lover.

"My God, that's not our driver!" cried Standish. He did not recognize him as the man who had endeavored to kill him. He sprang up and tried to open the front window, but the driver yelled out: —

"Open that window if you dare, and I'll drive you over here before you get half way down. Sit still and I'll take you as far as Weisse Knott. There you'll have a drop of milk," (un miglio).

"Turn to your horses, you scoundrel," shouted Standish, "or I'll break every bone in your body!"

Pressed against the Glass the Distorted Face.

"The horses know the way, Signor Inglese, and all our bones are going to be broken, yours and your sweet bride's as well as mine."

The driver took the whip and fired off the fusillade of cracks overhead, beside them, and under them. The horses dashed madly down the slope, almost sending the carriage over at the next turn. Standish looked at his wife. She had apparently fainted, but in reality had merely closed her eyes to shut out the horrible sight of Pietro's face. Standish threw his arm out of the open window, unfastened the door, and at the risk of his neck jumped out. Tina shrieked when she opened her eyes and found herself alone. Pietro now pushed in the frame of the front window and it dropped out of sight, leav-

ing him face to face with her, with no glass between them.

"Now that your fine Inglese is gone, Tina, we are going to be married; you promised it, you know."

"You coward!" she hissed. "I'd rather die his wife than live yours."

"You're plucky, little Tina, you always were; but he left you, I wouldn't have left you. We'll be married at the chapel of the Three Holy Springs, a mile beyond the Weisse Knott; we'll fly through the air to it, Tina, and our bed will be at the foot of the Madatsch glacier. We will go over together near where the man threw his wife down. They have marked the spot with a marble slab, but they will put a bigger one for us, Tina, for there's two of us."

Tina crouched in the corner of the carriage and watched the face of the Italian as if she were fascinated. She wanted to jump out as her husband had done, but she was afraid to move, feeling certain that if she attempted to escape Pietro would pounce down upon her. He looked like some wild beast crouching for a spring. All of a sudden she saw something drop from the sky on the footboard of the carriage. Then she heard her husband's voice ring out: —

"Here, you young fool, we've had enough of this nonsense."

The next moment Pietro fell to the road, propelled by a vigorous kick. His position lent itself to a treatment of that kind. The carriage gave a bump as it passed over Pietro's leg, and then Tina thinks that she fainted in earnest, for the next thing she knew the carriage was standing still, and Standish was rubbing her hands and calling her pleasant names. She smiled wanly at him.

"How in the world did you catch up to the carriage and it going so fast?" she asked, a woman's curiosity prompting her first words.

"Oh, the villain forgot about the short cuts. As I warned him, he ought to have paid more attention to what was going on outside. I'm going back now to have a talk with him. He's lying on the road at the upper end of this slope."

Tina was instantly herself again.

"No, dearest," she said carelessly; "you mustn't go back. He probably has a knife."

"I'm not afraid."

"No, but I am, and you mustn't leave me."

"I would like to tie him up in a hard knot, and take him down to civilization bumping behind the carriage as luggage. I think he's the fellow who knifed me, and I want to find out what his game is."

Here Tina unfortunately began to faint again. She asked for wine in a far-off voice, and Standish at once forgot all about the demon driver. He mounted the box and took the reins himself. He got wine at the little cabin of Weisse Knott, a mile or two further down. Tina who had revived amazingly, probably on account of the motion of the carriage, shuddered as she looked into the awful gulf and saw five tiny toy houses in the gloom nearly a mile below."

At Trefoi they found their own driver awaiting them.

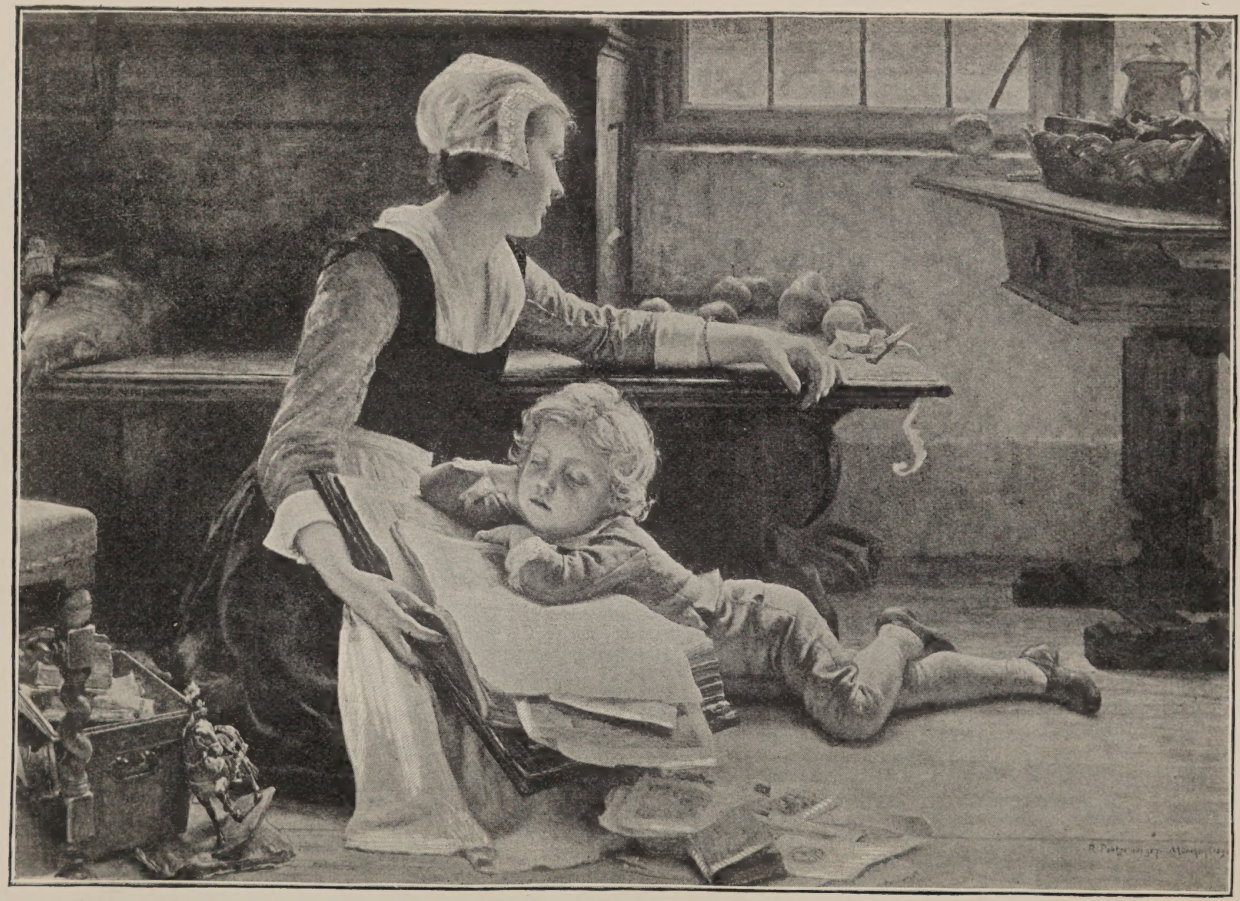
"What the devil are you doing here, and how did you get here?" hotly inquired Standish.

"By the short cuts," replied the bewildered man. "Pietro, one of master's old drivers, wanted, I don't know why, to drive you as far as Trefoi. Where is he, sir?"

"I don't know," said Standish. "We saw nothing of him. He must have been pushed off the box by the madman. Here jump up and let us get on."

Tina breathed again. That crisis was over.

They live very happily together, for Tina is a very tactful little woman.



IN THE NURSERY.

"When the Roses are in Blosscm."

WHEN THE ROSES ARE IN BLOSSOM.

BY D. J. DONAHOE.

When the roses are in blossom and the birds are in the bowers,
And the clover fields are murmuring to the bee,
Sweet and lovely in the morning as the perfumes and the flowers
Is my darling as she walks across the lea.

And I watch her from my window, and my soul is full of joy,
For she pours such blessed sunshine o'er my way,
That no shadow ever cometh, and no grief to give annoy;
Pleasure liveth in her presence like the day.

And though sunny summer passes, and the leaves have left the trees,
Though the wind comes and its wailings never cease,
Still the roses and the bird-songs and the murmuring of bees
Fill my soul with all their melody and peace.

For the sweetness of her presence comes like zephyrs of the Spring,
And her voice is like the ripple of the stream;
While the roses and the bird-songs and the bees' low murmuring
Breathe about her like the glory of a dream.

THE IRISH SKIES.

BY JAMES B. DOLLARD — (SLIEVE-NA-MON).

I walked entranced through a land of morn;
The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
Shone down and glanced o'er seas of corn,
And lustrous gardens aleft and right. — MANGAN.

By the silent-flowing Suir,
I walked forth one summer eve,
Where its waters gliding pure,
Scenes of pastoral beauty leave.
And I saw the azure skies,
Mirrored in the flood below,
Watched them with delighted eye,
In its limpid chambers glow.
Ah, those kindly Irish skies,
Well their magic power I know.

And the heather bloomed about,
And the woodbine fragrance shed,
Soft the late thrush warbled out,
'Mid the holly-berries red.
There the tall, sweet-scented clover,
Waved the starry primrose over,
And in many a fairy bower,
Hung the pink sweetbrier flower,
Crowning all the azure skies
Flashed their beauty on mine eyes.

Far the everlasting hills
In unbroken circle swept,
Showing wood and brightening rills,
As the sunshine o'er them crept.
Merrily the summer-breeze
Sported thro' the meadows fair,
As if late from sunny seas,
Soft and pure it breathéd there,
Nowhere else such zephyr flies—
Save 'neath smiling Irish skies.

Gloaming fell, the sun in splendor
Slow had sought his nightly rest.
Glowing shades and colors tender,
Wove their glories in the west,
Like a glimpse of heavenly regions
To my wrapt soul did it seem,
Lacking but the flame-clad legions
Round th' Eternal Throne that gleam.
Such the thoughts and dreams that rise,
Gazing on the Irish skies.

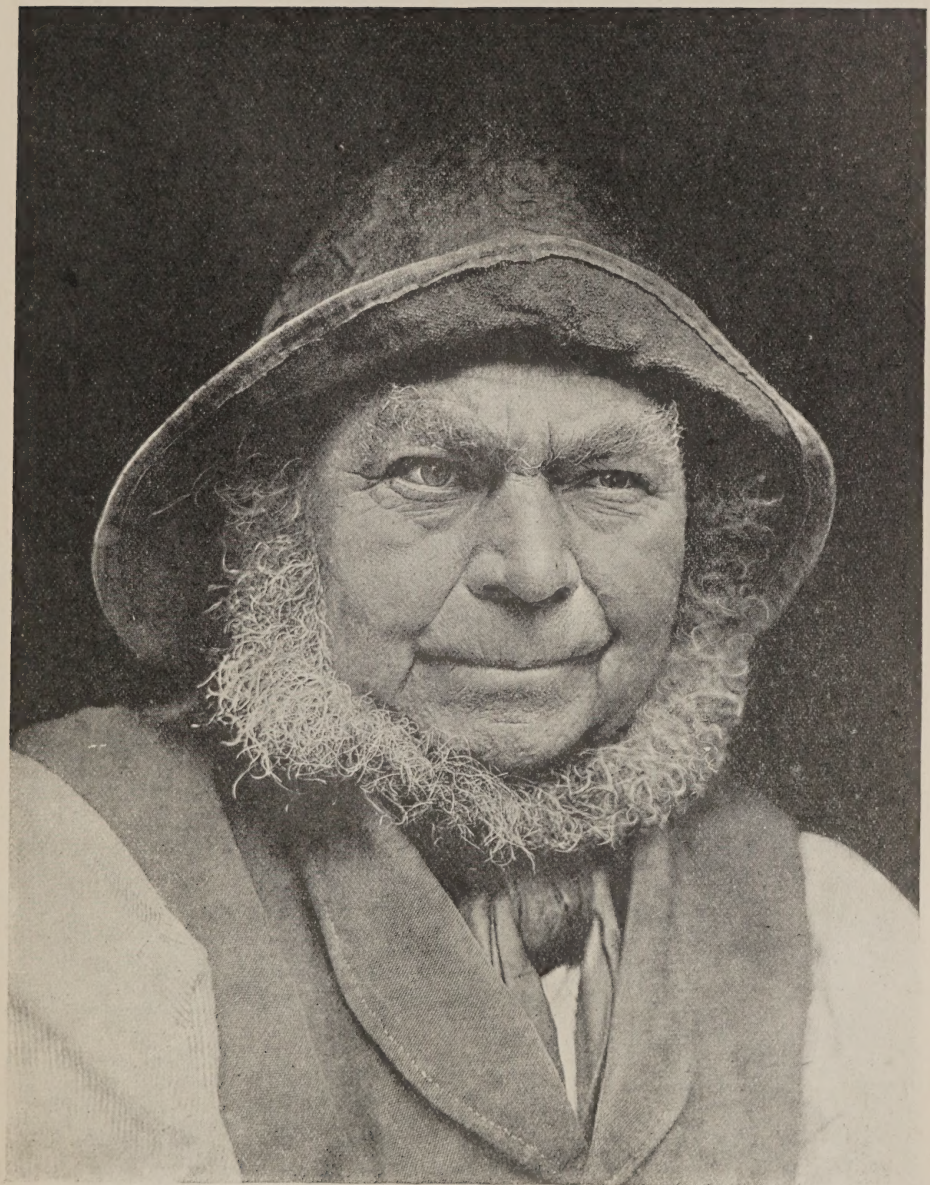
But the twilight died away;
Glowing colors faded soon
To a soft o'er-spreading gray.
Then uprose the queenly moon,
Searching with majestic look
Mountain crag and olden tower;
Lingering by the haunted brook,
With the shrinking valley flower.
Mystic shine the moons that rise
In the nightly Irish skies.

Through the changing Irish skies
Darkly whirls the tempest-blast,
Plaintively it croons and sighs
Round each ruin of the past.
God, who with an arm of might,
Downcast Israel raised of old,
Crown a faithful race with Right,
Free it from its woes untold:
So then Thy hymns of praise shall rise,
Echoing in the Irish skies.

A PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE.

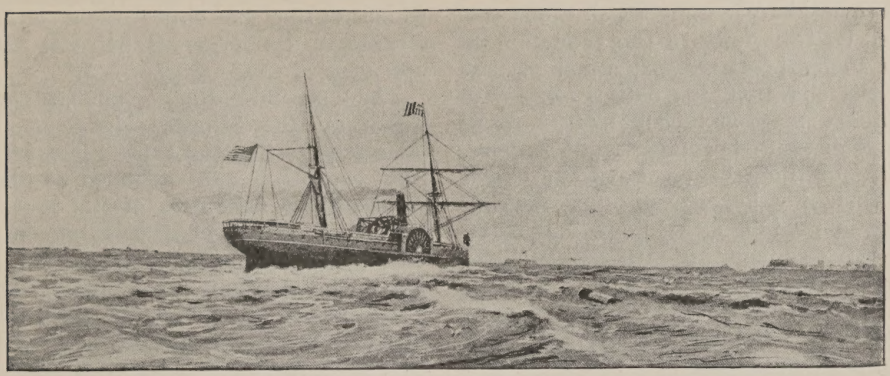
BY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

How gracious is the revelation of God's particular providence to those who have discovered that this world is but vanity, and who are solitary and isolated in themselves, whatever shadows of power and happiness surround them. The multitude, indeed, go on with these thoughts, either from insensibility, as not understanding their own wants or changing from one idol to another, as each successively fails. But men of keener hearts would be overpowered by despondency, and would even loathe existence, did they suppose themselves under the mere operation of fixed laws, powerless to excite the pity or the attention of Him who has appointed them. What should they do, especially, who are cast among persons unable to enter into their feelings, and thus strangers to them, though by long custom ever so much friends, or have perplexities of mind they cannot explain to themselves, much less remove them, and no one to help them, — or have affections and aspirations pent up within them, because they have not met with objects with which to devote them, — or are misunderstood by those around them, and find they have no words to set themselves right with them, or no principles in common by way of appeal, — or seem to themselves to be without place or purpose in the world, or to be in the way of others, — or have to follow their own sense of duty without advisers or supporters, nay, to resist the wishes and solicitations of superiors or relatives, — or have the burden of some painful secret, or of some incommunicable solitary grief? Doubt, gloom, impatience, have been expelled; joy has taken their place; the hope of heaven and the harmony of a pure heart, the triumph of self-mastery, sober thoughts, and a contented mind. How can charity towards all men fail to follow, being the mere affectionateness of innocence and peace? Thus the spirit of God creates in us the simplicity and warmth of heart which children have, nay, rather the perfections of His heavenly hosts, high and low being joined together in His mysterious work; for what are implicit trust, ardent love, abiding purity, but the mind both of little children and the adoring Seraphim?



BOATMAN OF HELIGOLAND.

"FORBIDDEN FRUIT."



THE "STAR OF THE WEST."

IMPRESSIONS OF A MEMORABLE DAY.

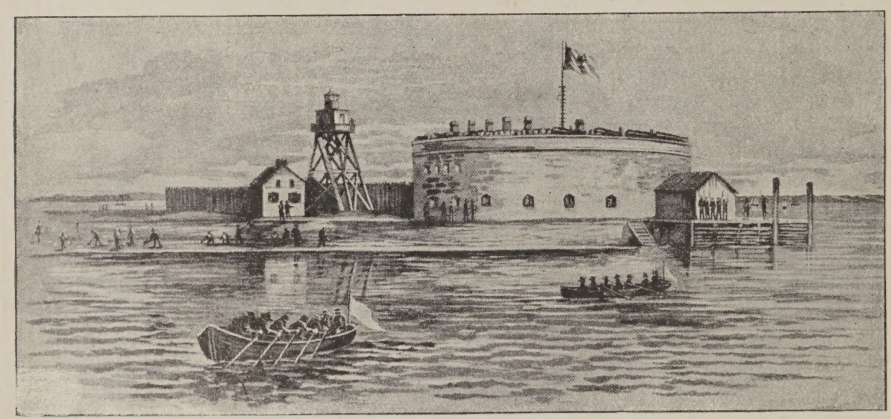
BY WILLIAM PEARD.

THE first shot fired at Fort Sumter awoke me from sound sleep. I was living in Charleston, S. C., on Meeting street, near Broad street, and almost in the shadow of the steeple of the old St. Michael's Episcopal Church. It was just 4.45 by the clock in my room, April 12, 1861. I dressed as quickly as possible, and ran down to the battery, the nearest point in the city to the harbor forts. It was still quite dark, and the weather was cold and foggy, yet hundreds of people, men, women, and children, were soon collected there, many of them apparently horror-struck at the almost continuous sound of cannon. Their alarm was not lessened by the darkness and fog, which shut off all view of the harbor and fortifications, though the discharge at regular intervals from mortar and guns plainly indicated the points whence the firing proceeded. The occasional explosion of shells 300 feet in the air, was a grand and terrible sight to behold, with a black sky for a background.

After an hour or so the shades of night began gradually to disappear, and revealed to us the actual, relentless warfare begun by the Confederates. In the centre of the harbor stood Fort Sumter, the starry banner flying in the cool breeze 50 feet above the ramparts. Up to this time the fortress had not responded to the fusillade of shot and shell which was pouring with cruel regularity upon it. To the left of where I stood was Fort Moultrie, also the once celebrated floating battery, anchored in the cove at the rear of the little settlement called Moultrieville, and northwest of the famous old fort which gave the village its name. Farther north the Mount Pleasant battery, though having half a mile longer range, was doing effective damage to Sumter by the accuracy of its mortar practice. To the right in the harbor on Morris Island were located the most formidable and destructive batteries in the action, those at Cummings Point being nearest to Fort Sumter, and having a direct range on the sally-port of that fortress. I myself had a hand in the construction of some of those batteries, and will refer to

them again further on. Fort Johnson, northwest of Cummings Point, contributed its full share to the reduction of the Federal fortress. It stood nearest to the city point or battery, and was watched most anxiously by the thousands of excited people assembled there. Many of those people gave expression to their joy by cheering and waving their hats, but many more looked on silently, showing in their faces the sorrow and dejection of their hearts.

Well do I recall my own feeling at that hour. It was one of intense pain and indignation. Never had I realized



CASTLE PINCKNEY, CHARLESTON HARBOR.

the love that was mine for that starry banner until now, when I saw it thus assailed and humiliated by men who had been born and always protected under its generous folds.

Major Anderson, the intrepid commander of Fort Sumter, fired his first shot towards the Confederates at 7.30 A. M. His main attention seemed to be directed to the batteries at Fort Johnson on James Island, also to the forts at Cummings Point, and in the direction of old Fort Moultrie. His firing was slow and irregular, and as subsequently proved did but little damage to the enemy's batteries. However, he continued all day and until sun-down. The firing of the Confederates was incessant up to the same hour, after which during the entire night an intermittent discharge of shell was kept up.

The second day's bombardment began on the Sumter side about the same hour as did the first. The firing from the other side assumed at daybreak all the fierceness of the preceding day. Early in the forenoon a volume of smoke was seen arising above the parapet of Sumter. This was supposed by many to be caused by an explosion of the magazine in that fort, or by the destruction of the living apartments. It had no effect in diminishing the vigor and persistency of the Confederate attack which was pursued with unremitting earnestness. At mid-day the flagstaff was shot down. The disappearance of the flag gave rise to the impression that the fort had surrendered, and the cannonading from the Confederate batteries had nearly ceased, when, to the surprise of all, the stars and stripes were once more seen floating over the almost ruined fortress.

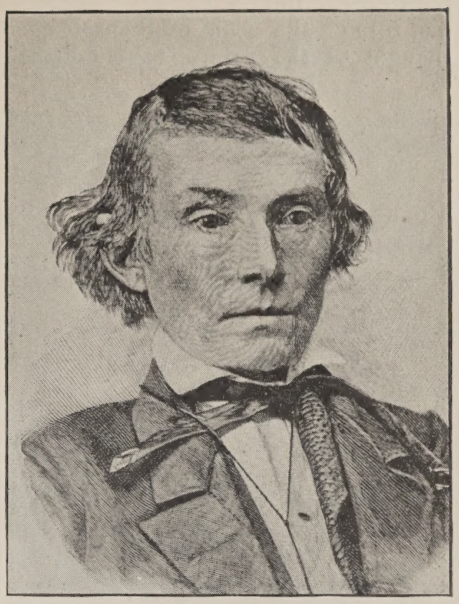
In the meantime a boat had been despatched to the fort by General Beauregard, who was then in command of the secession forces at Charleston, to offer terms of evacuation. On the arrival of the officers at the fort, the

bombardment having ceased on both sides, an agreement of surrender satisfactory to Major Anderson and to General Beauregard's officers was decided on. This agreement was accomplished in less than an hour, and then the white flag replaced the starry banner.

Thus ended the first battle of the Civil War. Curiously enough it turned out to be a bloodless engagement. But although no lives were sacrificed on either side during the action, yet, as a Confederate general describes it, it was a "baptism of fire." He says, in noting subsequent attacks on Sumter: "It was battered by the heaviest Union artillery. Its walls were completely crushed, but the tons of iron projectiles embedded in its ruins added strength to the inaccessible mass that surrounded it, and made it impregnable. It was never taken, but the operations of General Sherman after his march to the sea compelled its evacuation, and the stars and stripes were again raised over it April 14, 1865." Just four years intervened between the surrender of the fort, which I have endeavored to picture, and the raising of the old flag once more.

When the fall of Sumter became known to the people of Charleston, they were wild with excitement. I can recall but one other occasion, of which I was a witness, where the excitement and desperation of a people surpassed this scene at Charleston. It was in the city of New Orleans in 1862 on the arrival of Commodore Farragut's fleet in front of the city demanding its immediate surrender. Of that wild day, I may write some time in the future.

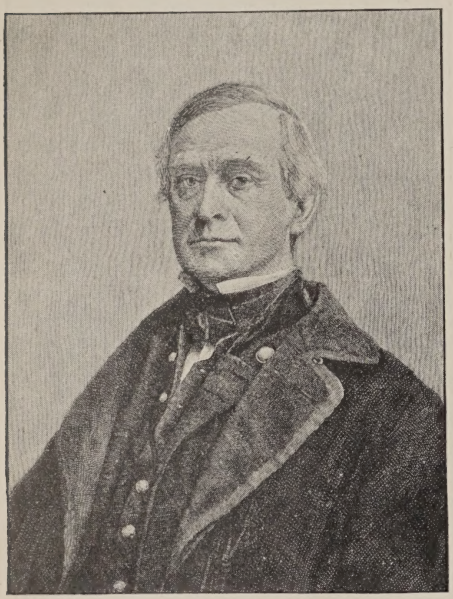
The people at the battery, not being further interested in harbor operations, returned homeward in irregular squads, cheered and sang songs more or less fitting the occasion. It surely would have been death to any Union sympathizer had he given expression to his feelings on that day, and no one, as far as I can remember, ventured to do so rash a thing. The solid business men of the city were the least demonstrative



ALEX. H. STEPHENS,
Vice-President of the Confederate States of America.

class. I noticed several small groups of such men standing in front of their offices at the lower end of Broad street, near the old post office — a vicinity which used to be known as the Wall street of Charleston. These men, with serious faces, discussed the situation of affairs, and were, doubtless, not a unit in believing that the military authorities did the wisest thing under the circumstances. It is now well known that this event was the commencement of their utter ruin. They saw it approaching in the act of the state military authorities in firing the first shot at the United States steamer Star of the West which attempted to reach Fort Sumter with supplies on the morning of January 9, 1861, and this was really the first act of the Civil War which was to cost so much blood and treasure. "The first blow was struck, the veil had been rent, but the city of Charleston had to pay dearly for her share in precipitating the war. Those days of glory and delight were to be atoned for in a way that her people will long

remember. But when the secession flag rose on the walls of Sumter, none thought of the future, none dreamed



MAJOR ROBERT ANDERSON.
Commander at Fort Sumter.

that in exactly four years the struggle would end in humiliation, defeat, and ruin." Thus wrote, in retrospect, a distinguished Union general.

During the fall of '60, and the winter of '60 – '61 I was in the employ of a building contractor of the city of Charleston. This man had many contracts from the provisional government, which was then directing the military operations of South Carolina, and of the surrounding rebellious states. There were fully half a hundred men engaged in the shops, constructing gun-carriages, platforms, and other contrivances necessary to the proper equipment of the temporary forts which were then building on the islands and headlands in the harbor. When this war material was completed, it was shipped on the harbor steamboat Planter to its destination. Quite a number of the mechanics who had been engaged on this government work during the winter, were sent down to the several points in the harbor to help set up gun-carriages, and do other work on the newly built batteries.

It was my ill-fortune to be sent to Morris Island, where, with several other workmen I remained for six long weeks. There was no getting away, when once we were landed on its sandy shores, until all the work was completed. For myself I had a warm desire to leave the island on the second day after my arrival; but the Provost-Marshal, who had the sole authority to give a pass to the city, invariably refused his consent, except in case of sickness. The hardships and privations to which I was subjected on that bleak, dreary spot will ever be a terror to me. When I look back to those days in my youthful manhood, I marvel that even one so robust and full of vitality as I was, could have lived through six weeks of the most trying exposure, and upon a fare that fell just short of starvation rations.

It was during the months of February and March, and many of the nights were piercingly cold. We were expected to sleep on damp, and often wet, sand, with no covering save the clothes we wore during the day. Such were the accommodations furnished by a government to men who were doing government work.

Before closing this sketch I will give some description of the forts at Cummings Point, with which I was most familiar. Undoubtedly the strongest and most impenetrable fort was the one known as the Stevens battery, constructed of Carolina pine timber, strongly framed and thoroughly strapped together with heavy iron bands. In form it resembled one side of a house-roof, pitched at an angle of about forty-two degrees, and this face, or front, was covered vertically with rail-road iron, closely laid on, and fastened with iron bolts and dogs.

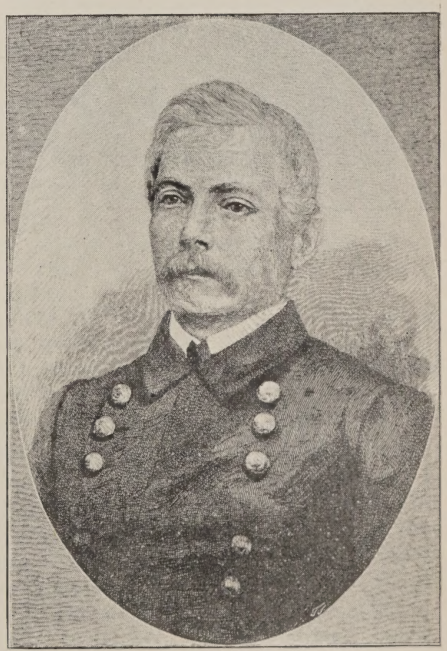
The effect of firing on this battery is well described by one of Major Anderson's officers when he says: "The gunners made excellent practice, but the

shots were seen to bounce off its sides like peas. After battering it for an hour and a half, no visible effect had been produced, and it was evident that throwing 32-pound shot at a mile range was a waste of iron, and the attention of the gunners was transferred to Fort Moultrie."

The other forts at this point were built of sand, packed in bags and placed like layers of stone, the walls being not less than eight feet thick, and having a frame-work of logs in the rear which resembled the sides of a western log-cabin. These walls stood well the test of all shot from Fort Sumter. The carpenters' gang at Morris Island were required, by the commandant of that place, to learn the movements in the practice of heavy artillery. This was of great interest to me, and I grew quite familiar with the evolutions in that line of service.

The steamboat Planter which did all the passenger and freight service between Charleston and the islands in the harbor, became famous some time after the fall of Fort Sumter, as many of the older readers of this magazine will remember. It was run out one dark night and surrendered to the Federal vessels which were doing blockade duty at the mouth of Charleston Harbor. The act was considered a most daring and brave one. It was accomplished by one of the officers of the boat, Robert Smalls, whom I met many times on the boat, and who, after the civil conflict had ceased, was sent to the 49th Congress from South Carolina as a Republican. He was, I believe, the first negro to enter that body from any state in the Union. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Smalls in Washington during his term of service in Congress, and spent a pleasant hour with him in talking over the exciting times in Charleston during the winter and spring of 1861. We agreed that while Major Anderson showed bravery and true patriotism in his action at Forts Moultrie and Sumter, yet becoming paralyzed, as it were, by the seriousness of the situation, he failed to grasp certain advantages which frequently presented themselves. His desire for peace and conciliation with the hot-headed officials of the Provincial government was, — under the circumstance, — too strong, for he permitted them to build hostile batteries almost under the mouth of the heavy guns of Fort Sumter. A younger officer, with some of the dash of a Sheridan, a Longstreet, or a Custer, might have wrought a radical change on the face of affairs at that time, by preventing the construction of such forts which were manifestly intended to batter to pieces the Nation's stronghold, and to slaughter the entire garrison, should that exigency be found necessary in the accomplishment of their plans.

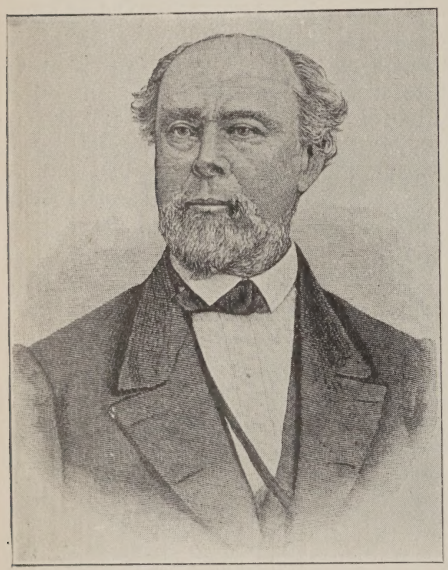
In full view of the awful sequence of events, it will appear strange, especially to the younger readers of DONAHOE'S,



GENERAL BEAUREGARD.
Commanding Confederate Forces.

that the first public expression of defiance to the Federal Government, the first open advocacy of secession and

rebellion, was made under the roof of an edifice devoted to the service of God. This first fateful word was uttered in the fall of 1860, at a Thanksgiving sermon in the city of Charleston, the preacher receiving enthusiastic approbation from many in the congregation, an intelligent, and in every way representative assemblage. That ser-



R. BARNWELL RHETT.

mon caused quite a sensation among the thinking people of Charleston, and was repeated at the urgent request of some members of the Church Society.

Of the public men who played prominent parts in the secession movement I remember most vividly Judge A. G. Magrath; he had lately resigned from the bench of the United States District Court. He was a broad-shouldered, handsome man, with a somewhat grave countenance. I heard him address a large audience in Institute Hall, Charleston, a short while after President Lincoln's election, when the people were excited to fever heat. He was reputed a man of moderately conservative views, of deliberative mind, and opposed at all times to precipitate action. His speech on this occasion, however, gave no evidence of moderation. There seemed to be no limit to his intellectual resources in establishing the justice and constitutionality of State Rights as against the compulsory union of the states. That was the question he dwelt upon principally. I shall always remember that address; the first open avowal of disloyalty to the Union, which I had heard from a public man. Gov. Francis W. Pickens, who had lately returned from the post of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. Petersburg, also addressed the meeting that evening. He was tall, straight, with a large and well-shaped head, covered with a generous growth of silvery hair, — a fine type of the Southern gentleman in appearance. He was full of earnestness and patriotic zeal for the South. He reviewed with comprehensive power the relations between the North and South, and he was not sparing in his denunciations of the leaders of the anti-slavery movement. The names Charles Sumner, William Lloyd Garrison, and Horace Greeley, were mentioned as the real disunionists. In the early part of 1861, I attended a meeting in that same hall. It was well attended; a large part of the audience came in procession carrying banners and transparencies, some of the latter bearing the mottoes, "Separation our State Action," "The South must rule the South," "Cotton is King," "Free Trade and Southern Rights;" many of the foremost representative men of South Carolina were present. The most prominent were Ex-Governors Aiken and Gist, Colonel Hayne, Judge W. A. Pringle, Mayor Macbeth of Charleston, Ex-Congressmen Orr and Jamison, R. Barnwell Rhett of the Charleston Mercury, the Hon. C. G. Memminger who afterwards became Secretary of the Confederate Treasury, and the two South Carolina senators, Hammond and Chestnut, who had lately resigned their seats in the United States senate. The speech of that evening was delivered by the Hon. C. G. Memminger, a born orator, and a man of distinguished appearance, whose

face, manner, and ability would remind one of Wendell Phillips in his best days. In eloquence, force, expression, and clear statement, I have never heard that speech surpassed. It had an electrifying effect on the audience. It was intended to fire the Southern heart, and it accomplished its purpose. Colonel Hayne (a descendant, I believe, of Senator Hayne, who had the famous discussion with Webster in the early thirties), made a vigorous address. Its leading points were that slavery in the United States was a God-given institution, full of advantages to and civilizing influence upon the negro whose condition in the Southern states was far in advance of his black brothers in Africa. Several other speeches of more or less ability were delivered that evening, the points of which did not impress me particularly. All, however, breathed treason.

On the platform that evening was a man whom I considered one of the most notable characters in South Carolina at the time, one who perhaps more than all others succeeded in converting the ordinary, unthinking people of the state to his ideas of rebellion and secession. That man was R. Barnwell Rhett, editor of the Charleston Mercury, the "fire eating" daily, as it was termed at the time. This paper teemed with appeals to the people to secede immediately from the union. Their state pride demanded this! In the event of other states refusing to follow her example, why create a separate and independent nation out of the state of South Carolina! His unflagging energy and industry, both in editorial work and in public addresses almost nightly, helped wonderfully to bring about what seemed a unanimous desire on the part of the people for immediate disseverment from the family of states. Mr. Rhett's efforts in behalf of the independence of his native state were applauded all over the state, and subsequently, when the Southern Confederacy was organized, his name was pushed forward as South Carolina's candidate for the presidency. I associated this man in my mind with the great revolutionary agitator Mirabeau, who in the early days of the French Revolution, before he became allied to the Monarchical Party, wrought such a wonderful change in the populace of the French cities bordering on the Mediterranean, and made the magic of his eloquence felt throughout Europe, and the civilized world. I do not claim that the South Carolina agitator was gifted with the surpassing brilliancy of the great Frenchman; but he shared none of the vices which threw a shadow upon the name of the great, but erratic, Mirabeau.

FRONTI NULLA FIDES.

BY MARY NORTON BRADFORD.

Sometimes we laugh, lest, otherwise, we weep:
Our smiles may be but masked guards that keep
A grief inviolate:
Lest sober speech betray the heart, and fling
Its portals wide, our idle jests will spring
Like warders to the gate.

It is as tho', from some proud castle-wall,
Gay banners floated, while the archers all,
'Mid music's merry din,
Kept shafts a-flying, lest or friend or foe
Discover that the castle's lord lies low
And hurt to death, within.

MARGUERITE (dolorosa).

EMINENT AMERICAN PRELATES.

I.—ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

IT is but recently that the Catholic body and the general public in the United States learned something of the characters of our ecclesiastical leaders. The Catholic congress of Baltimore, the important part taken by Cardinal Gibbons in matters of national interest, the stir made by the arrival of the Papal Delegate, and the questions touching education and the schools, have turned public attention upon the hierarchy, and centred public interest upon a few prelates in a manner often annoying. The secular press has fomented this interest for its own profit. The diffuse descriptions and striking headlines, the tons of foolish, false, and dangerous gossip it has poured into the willing and capacious ears of the multitude, have created wrong impressions of facts and persons; it has become necessary for the interested to explain these facts properly, and give true descriptions of persons slandered or over-praised, not only for the benefit of the general public, but for Catholics as well.

The Archbishop of New York has suffered severely from the malice and stupidity of the average reporter. His dislike for publicity has kept him more than indifferent to the constant press demands for interviews. The reporters are, therefore, pleased to repay his indifference in their own fashion. As the majority of readers still believe printed utterances infallible, they can never realize that the journals are run by human beings as frail and spotted as themselves. It is not surprising, therefore, that the millions who have heard Archbishop Corrigan's name in connection with incidents invented or distorted by the reporters, have accepted the archbishop of the press as the Archbishop of New York. This hobgoblin of the press has done damage. Once in a while it leads to amusing blunders, as in the instance of the lady who felt pained at the archbishop's presence in the house of a friend, on the ground that a personage so coarse in

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.
[From his latest photograph by Anderson.]

personal appearance and so vindictive in character should not be invited within their circle, even though a prelate. Her surprise on meeting with the real archbishop can be imagined.

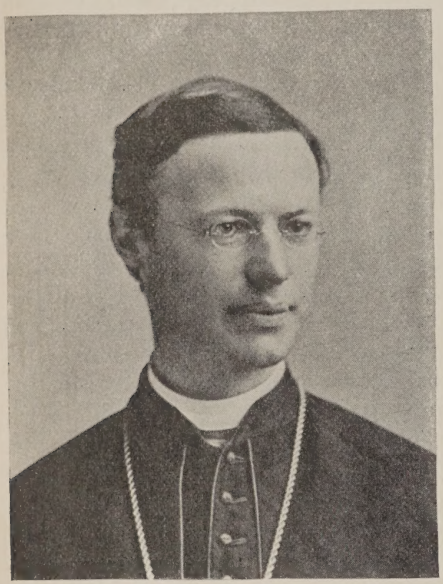
In New York and its neighborhood there are few persons who have not formed an opinion on Archbishop Corrigan. With his name and his daily life constantly thrust upon the citizens, it would be difficult to avoid shaping some theory or phantasm to suit the circumstances. His friends and his enemies describe him in contradictory terms, of course; his critics, of the fair-minded sort, say he has very poor advisers; all agree that he is a man of intelligence, of refinement, and of intellectual ability. Even on the ground, it is not easy to strike an average among the estimates of friends, enemies, and critics. The study presented here has its natural limitations in the subject. Estimates have been sifted. The praise of friends, the denunciation of enemies, the analysis of critics, have been remembered. The one element of journalistic opinion has been utterly rejected; it is puerile, with as little substance as swamp vapor.

A clear understanding of Archbishop Corrigan's personality can be got only from a knowledge of the diocese he rules, the priests who work with him, and his own theories of diocesan government. An accurate description of them will explain motives and results, and account for the troubles of the last few years. On some points all agree. The friends who declare him capable, just, and lovable; the enemies who deny him capacity and firmness; the critics who denounce his advisers; all admit that he is a man of piety, devoted to duty, a gentleman in mind, manners, and appearance, refined and highly educated. He speaks French, Italian, and Latin with ease; in his college days he won distinction; his sermons are models of fluent, graceful English. These things admitted, all the rest is confusion; not many find further reasons to agree.

New York has two traditions of strong fibre: the administration of John Hughes, first archbishop, and the reign of John McCloskey, the first cardinal. The aggressive love the one, and the conservative love the other. Hughes had united forces against the natural enemy; McCloskey calmed the turbulent, and steered between Scylla and Charybdis with success. These are golden ages for the ecclesiastics of long memory, who measure the gorgeous, vital present with a tape precisely suited to the shrunken outlines of the dead past: if friends of the present, they shake heads in significant silence; if opponents, they demand reasons for differences. To question the glory of the Hughes and McCloskey traditions is not tolerated in church circles. But the city and diocese of New York are very different factors from the city and diocese of 20 and 30 years ago. To mention this fact is to understand it. However, the difference in detail is worth description.

The Protestant majority of war times has departed. Only its lungs and throat remain, as Messrs. Dixon, MacArthur, Peters, and Parkhurst, bear witness. One-half New York is Catholic, the other half is anything else, — High Church, Low Church, Baptist, Presbyterian, pagan, what you will. All the heresies and religions of the world, all the social and political isms of the day, all the cranks, frauds, and enthusiasts of the nation,

are finding their way to the metropolis. The first archbishop and the first cardinal looked from their windows and saw two camps, both Christian, on the field of battle. The present Ordinary looks from



ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN IN 1873.
[When Bishop of Newark, N. J.]

the same windows on the same field, and recalls the vision of St. Peter at noonday. All manner of creeping things, clean and unclean, are there! To-day the enemy is a clever Christian like Boyesen, who denounces the "smooth, oily Archbishop." To-morrow it is a combination of lawyers like John Jay and Wheeler Peckham and Choate, who scheme to strike the Church in her charities. Then it is a meeting in behalf of Irish independents, where Church authorities are denounced or hissed at. The fourth day there is an onset from the sensational pulpits. Again, it is the combined charge of economists, wild labor theorists, socialists, and dynamiters. They are all on the field eager to injure and destroy the Church, or to secure Church influence, or to seduce the people into error, outrage, or atheism. These are open enemies. Throughout the city innumerable soup-kitchens, gospel-traps, and other associations are busy stealing, bribing, kidnapping the children, and coaxing the poor and unfortunate from the faith. The people are attacked by the agents of error on all sides, in their homes, in the public halls, in the legislature. There is no city on this continent where the enemies of the Church are so numerous and so constant in attack. They are within the Church as well as without. The Catholic population of New York is made up mostly of the workmen, without whose aid and coöperation the labor cause is helpless, and many economic theories cannot continue. Not the least active enemies of peace and order, therefore, are the ignorant and pompous among the labor leaders, who settle theological questions with a trowel, and drive out conscientious scruples with an oath. Behind all these come the difficulties of providing for the Catholic immigrants who have made New York a perpetual Pentecost, Germans, Bohemians, Poles, Frenchmen, Hungarians, Syrians, and Italians, who must have special churches and priests of their own nation, and are the source of constant worry to the authorities.

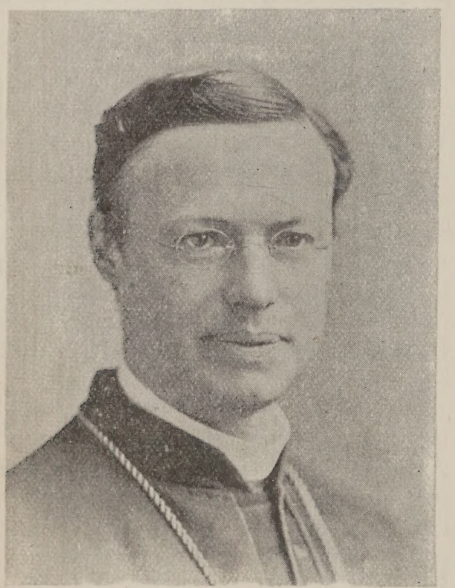
It is when these details are mentioned that the wide contrast between the past and the present is perceived. The reign of John Hughes was primitive in its simplicity. The cardinal of New York lived to see the primitive and the simple pass away. His successor stands face to face with circumstances more complex, in my opinion, and graver than anywhere in the world, outside of the city of Paris. Certainly, no diocese in Eng-

lish-speaking lands offers more difficulties to its administrator. It cools exuberant criticism to learn from the above description that the rules which might apply to Philadelphia, Chicago, or San Francisco, fall short of the situation when applied to New York. It is unnecessary to be a partisan of Dr. Corrigan to appreciate the thorns of his position and the horns of his dilemmas. In any other diocese Dr. McGlynn might have been suspended rightly or wrongly a score of times, and there would have been no attempt to make the country believe that his suspension was an intentional act of hostility on the part of the Ordinary against free speech, the Republican party, the rights of labor, and the improvement of social conditions. The instance is cited to show how different are conditions in New York from the other dioceses of the Union. The Church authorities have learned the difference at serious expense to their personal comfort

Such is the diocese. The priests who work with the archbishop are a conservative body of men ; most of them have been educated in Troy, a number in Ireland and Rome. The graduates of European universities are less under the sway of local traditions than their brethren, and are eager to adopt new ideas and new methods, even when authority expresses its disapproval of both. Acquainted with European customs that look to the inexperienced almost irreverent, they are providing us with a new species of priest, new in America, the ecclesiastical lawyer. He is common enough in Europe ; but American Catholics have not yet decided whether he is a heretic or a revolutionist, and the bishops look upon his advent as a misfortune. The clergy of the New York diocese are fond of the routine existence which the growth of their city has forced upon them. To build churches and pay for them ; to build up and maintain a school and a charity system ; to rescue the children from the proselytizers and organize the young men,— has tied them to ledgers like so many bank clerks. It will be long until their release. Hence, they do not favor innovators, and they are exceedingly jealous of the honor due to their diocese as the first in the land. This sentiment is strong enough to unite them on any question touching the fame of the diocese. With the religious orders, they form a strong moral support both at home and abroad to the archbishop's administration ; for no matter how they may differ from the authorities in times of peace, when it comes to a question of war, they show a solid front for the honor of their great diocese.

The whole world knows by this time what theories of government Archbishop Corrigan applies to his own administration. He has a sincere distrust, and perhaps an incapacity, for such administrations as Hughes made illustrious. He dislikes and avoids publicity. He believes apparently that a bishop and his diocese should be sacred from the public eye, except as episcopal acts are public. He has no liking for the role of a public man, such as circumstances have made the Cardinal of Baltimore and the Archbishop of St. Paul, and he believes that even in such a centre as New York the ecclesiastical ruler can steer clear of public life. He has become a public celebrity in spite of himself, but no

word or act of his has ever been directed to securing celebrity of the kind he enjoys. On the contrary, his tastes and his principles lead the other way. He seems to be thoroughly satisfied with the work of his diocese. Whatever ambitions he may cherish they appear to follow purely ecclesiastical lines. Rarely is he met outside of Church circles. He avoids "movements" of all kinds, and with difficulty can be persuaded to give approval even to Catholic



ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN IN 1880.
[When Coadjutor of New York.]

"movements," until every assurance of their vitality and genuineness has been provided. So completely has he yielded to this passion for avoiding the public eye, in any other than Church matters, and so successful has he been in concealing his personality from the public gaze, that thousands of Catholics are irritated against him and suspicious of his abilities. The irritated feel that his love for retirement is losing many opportunities to the Church. They see what an important role might be played in the American metropolis by a prelate of Manning's build. The suspicious think Archbishop Corrigan incapable of filling such a role. Having no interest in the questions of the time, or no acquaintance with them, or no sympathy for them, he is content, they say, to occupy his days with the ordinary duties of the diocese, and afraid to venture beyond them. Many who commend his avoidance of publicity are of opinion that no archbishop of New York can ever again successfully secure it. The city and the diocese have become too important that the leaders, the administrators, should not be always in the public gaze. The present archbishop's career is an illustration in point. Hereafter he must either present himself to the world in a pose chosen by himself, or be posed to suit the public whim; and, therefore, caricatured and misrepresented, perhaps vilified. It is a simple fact that among the thousands who have become interested in Archbishop Corrigan's career, very few know of what order are his abilities, and what grasp he has, if any, of the great questions of the time.

Five questions now take the lead in public interest among Catholic Americans. The assimilation and Americanization of the immigrants is chief; the education of the children; the social condition; state aid to charities; and the status of the Pope follow in order. Opinions vary on all these. The general current of thought accepts their existence, and hard facts daily provoke a solution of their difficulties. The Catholic body of the near future must speak English only and be ignorant of Europe. Religion cannot be ignored in the training of

the child. The political heresy of paternalism must not be forced upon the state, because the Evangelical Alliance hopes such a heresy may destroy the Church, or because Bellamy has written a book. The Pope's status is of the same interest to us as to any other part of the Church. On these five questions Archbishop Corrigan has a clear and consistent record, of a character which proves his acquaintance with them and his interest in their development. In fact, it is impossible to be Archbishop of New York and remain indifferent to them. They have been served up at the archiepiscopal table daily, since 1880, with as many piquant sauces as the ingenuity of clever cooks, socialists, bigots, economists, and journalists could devise.

Before Herr Cahensly's zeal had stirred up national sentiment on the continuance of race-lines and foreign languages amongst us, Dr. Corrigan had felt the strength of European interference in diocesan matters, and had taken a few falls out of Cahensly forerunners in the Roman arena. New York had been a target for their petty diplomacies more than once. The archbishop was therefore prepared to appreciate and assist the popular movement to bury Cahenslyism. Two well-known speeches, one at the St. Louis celebration in honor of Archbishop Kenrick, the other at a German convention in Newark, both plain, courteous, stinging rebukes to the followers of Cahensly, were his public contribution to the burial expenses of the race-spirit. In private, he worked steadily against it by providing Propaganda with American statistics, and by prompting the efforts of the Catholic press. As an American he could not well have done less; yet his influence was a useful factor at a time when other American bishops wrote public letters to deny the existence of Cahenslyism and its conspirators. The hot discussion on the school question wiped out the memory of these services. It was unfortunate that temper got away with common sense and facts in that discussion. The fight over the compromise school could not but be a losing one, inasmuch as the compromise school already had a status in the country, and needed only the support of such a man as Archbishop Ireland to give it a strong place in the general plan of education. One thing, however, the discussion proved amply — the interest of Archbishop Corrigan in the education of the children. A number of curious circumstances led him to attack the compromise school, as a feature of the Catholic scheme of education. Dr. McGlynn had taught for years that Church schools were unnecessary, while the public schools were all-sufficient; others maintained the impossibility of supporting proper parochial schools; a third party praised the compromise school as ideal; and these three greeted Dr. Ireland's chart of the education question as the vindication of their past utterances and present theories. They announced the approaching downfall of the parochial schools, and greeted Delegate Satolli's fourteen propositions as the death-knell of the system. It was not in human nature to endure this in silence, and when the archbishop went into the fight he had with him all supporters of the Church schools. For the East and West the struggle had the sorry result of postponing the day of the compromise school, and sending the fourteen propositions to grass temporarily; but the decision of Propaganda, the famous

"Tolerari posse," was a victory for Dr. Ireland.

In the economic question which Dr. McGlynn sprung upon us by his alliance with Mr. Henry George, the injustice of private ownership of land, the archbishop certainly took the safe side in condemning the George doctrine. He has maintained that position since, and has won in all preliminary contests. Dr. McGlynn gave his case away by taking to the public platform at the outset, and denying, as it were, the jurisdiction of the courts. The theological points in connection with the ownership of land are formidable. Dr. McGlynn's career would have been far more interesting and useful, if under the guidance of the shrewd, cool, clear-headed Dr. Burtsell, he had carried these points to Rome instead of to the Cooper Union. Here again the archbishop secured a substantial victory over Mr. George. We hear no more of the land question as first propounded ; it is now the single tax question, — perfectly harmless. In his economic statement to Archbishop Satolli, Dr. McGlynn buried the original idea of private ownership in careful, precise, legal terminology.

This article might be drawn out at length to show Dr. Corrigan's intimate acquaintance with the question of state aid for our charities, and other questions of that nature, but space permits only mention of them. Probably by this time readers will have gained a favorable impression of Archbishop Corrigan's personality. That a different impression should often prevail is due, perhaps, to the fact that he has not courted the press, or paid strict attention to times and seasons, and to popular prejudice in his public acts. It must have been an immense surprise to him when his action against Dr. McGlynn was construed as an attack on labor, on the downtrodden poor, and so published to the world. Instances of this sort point to a fact, which many consider well established — that the Archbishop of New York can never again be a private citizen, but must rank as a public man. Other prelates may attain that rank by their talents ; the rank accompanies his office. Archbishop Corrigan has made a steady and determined effort to remain a private citizen, to be nothing more than the head of a Church corporation under the laws of New York. The effort has resulted in tremendous failure ; in the United States and out of it his name is widely known in legend and in history ; and it is connected with all the questions that are yet to shake the world, the relations of Church and state, of labor and capital, of the people and the land. If he lacks taste for the life of a public man, it is plain he does not lack ability. His voice is weak, but his speech is fluent, his appearance and manners are engaging, his acquaintance with men and events is large, his courage is undoubted. He might not fill the public eye, but he would please and satisfy it. He is a thorough American, with a horror of parading his patriotism. It would be an easy matter for him to influence the church in America with his great diocese behind him. In summing up it must be remembered that many will dissent from the estimate here given of the archbishop. They have suffered from his administration, and have no praise for his good qualities, as members of the opposition. Were he dead, no doubt their generosity would triumph over bitter memories, and this picture of the

man who has ruled a great diocese for nearly a decade would be allowed to pass. This is an age of transition for the Church and churchmen. The old order is yielding to the new, and men are learning over again that

"God fulfils himself in many ways."

The positive side of a man's character, the average results of his work, rather than his deficiencies and blunders, are the real basis of his deserving. On these grounds, Dr. Corrigan's friends demand for him more of the world's applause than he has ever received. In an age of transition, the heritor of the old order can be pardoned for hesitation and delay in giving allegiance to the new.

OCTOBER.

BY JOHN FRASER.

THE leaf is dying on the tree,
But not with sad solemnity,
But clothed in all the various dyes
That ever gladdened human eyes,
From crimson deep to palest green,
And sombre fir arranged between.
Tho' Nature breathes her parting breath,
She's trebly beautiful in death.

October's pencil paints the leaf,
In hues how beautiful, tho' brief!
Man's grand achievements brighter grow,
When seen thro' Life's October glow.
And Life's fair conquests seem sublime,
When looming through the haze of Time.
Ah! live so that thy life, my friend,
May glorious as October end.

ON THE BOIS D'ARC ROAD.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

THERE was no shade on either side the road, and it was full of ruts and stones. To the right, a green sea of wheat, crested here and there with yellow; on the left, rank patches of grass, with clumps of elder bushes.

A few black-jack oaks shaded the low and rambling house.

None of the prim, painstaking air of New England, nor the old-fashioned home-likeness of a Jersey farm surrounded this one.

The well was merely broken, not picturesque, and the wood-pile was ragged with knotty shell-bark logs. There were no trim beds of portulacas, no neat garden walks, with shell borders.

But like many of her children, Nature is a kindly creature when her reign is undisturbed, and in pity of the desolation, a wild-grape vine clambered over a haw tree near by, and a clump of moon daisies had wandered in from the meadows beyond, and flourished in golden glory at one side of the wide gallery which ran around the house.

The front of the house had a door in the middle which opened into the living room.

A cat and five kittens blocked the doorway, and before it stood a woman, who fanned herself with her sunbonnet, the slats of which were bent or broken.

"Sam!" she called loudly. "Sam! Pears like thet boy gits mo' triflin' every day! You Sam," she repeated, as a boy slouched toward her, "fetch me some wood. Ef ye don't keep me in wood, I'll sen' ye back whar ye come frum. Ye're allus dilldallyin' over somethin'."

Sam started sullenly for the wood-pile, saying, —

"Mr. Kidder wanted me daown tu the barn."

"What fur?"

"New case. They thought Merton's horse got lung fever, an' brung him tu git blistered."

"Who come with him?" Mrs. Kidder forgot her wood in curiosity.

"Ole man Merton an' some young lady, an' the smartest dawg. He knows more'n a pussen, thet critter. They left the hoss daown tu meetin' all night, an' —"

"Haow'd thet happen?" interrupted Mrs. Kidder.

"Dunno," said Sam stolidly. "Ole man stayed behin' his wife and thought she'd take Prince hum. She left him fur Mr. Merton. 'Twixt 'em both, thar in the church stall he stood all night, an' Jack a settin' ez close ez he could git tu his nose, fur when the man come to hunt Prince in the maunin' thar they wuz, an Jack's daown tu the barn naow," and Sam strolled over to the wood pile, and a lugubrious whistle soon resounded to an accompaniment of chopping.

Mrs. Kidder went into the house. She walked slowly, dropping one hip at a time like all "do less" people. She was tall and very thin, and her faded calico gown hung limp and guiltless of stiffening, although lumps of starch clung to it here and there.

Four dirty children, in various stages of dishevelment, rolled around the kitchen floor. Three more were about the place somewhere. All were sure to be quarrelling.

Mrs. Kidder said, in speaking of the family, —

"Thar's me an' Kidder, three uv mine, three uv hisn, an' one uv ourn."

Both she and her husband had been married twice and each had children by the former incumbent.

The "one of ourn" now sat on the floor trying to strangle the cat. "You Lize-Jane," said the mother, "why don't ye min' thet young un'? You un's kin all git right out frum under foot." As she spoke she lifted Calhoun Clay — Cal for short — bodily on to the back step, and shoved the girls after.

"Mam's mad," said Lize-Jane. "Less go down tu the barn," and away they trooped.

Mrs. Kidder sat down on a chair with a hickory splint bottom. She wiped the perspiration from her face, yellow with malaria, pushed back her wisp-like, straw-colored hair, then laid her hands on her knees. "Laws-a-massy!" she said. "Ef I ain't tired! Those chillen use me up! S'pose I've got tu git dinner, an the Laud knows what I'll git. Sam," as the boy threw a handful of wood

in the corner of the kitchen, "go'n pull me some dandylion greens, an' kill a chicken. Hurry up, naow! Deary me! I'm afraid Sam ain't much good! Reckon we can't afford his keep much longer. I'd hate tu sen' him back tu the poor-house. He's good nuff fur a boy! Oh! deary me!"

"Mam," said Mr. Kidder at the dinner table, "it's goin' tu rain. I seed a snake track in the dust 'smornin', an' the black hog had leaves in his mouth."

"One of Ourn."

Mr. Kidder was a large man, with a good-natured face, and a quid of tobacco.

"Laud 'live, I don't care ef it does rain," said Mrs. Kidder. "Tain't goin' tu rain money. Thar's greens, pap, jest retch an' help yerself. How's Merton's hoss?"

"He'll pull through. Wasn't much the matter but a cold. They're comin' fur him this atternoon. They're awful good pay."

Mr. Kidder was veterinary surgeon, or "hoss-doctor" for all the county. He took life leisurely and was a kindly creature. He was not garrulous, for companionship with dumb animals had taught him to use the language of gentle looks and touches, rather than words. His voice when he did speak had a soft caressingness, a sort of "so-boss so" sound.

He treated all the cases brought to him, but seldom received much remuneration for his service.

"Thet air hoss is jest like a pussen," he continued. "A heap sight better'n some. He an' Jack set thar an' talk, an' thar ain't no quarrelin' nuther. I git so tired uv hearin' them young un's fussin'. They're like a lot uv jay-birds fightin' over a straw, an' likely's not they ain't got no more'n a straw to fight over!

"No, mam — the dun heifer's milk ain't fit tu use yit. One uv them collie pup's got the dumb rabies, an' I hed tu shoot him. Made me sick!"

"Me tu," said his wife. "Naow we won't git nawthin' fur him. I tell ye what it is, Bill Kidder, somethin's got tu be did. Thar's mighty nigh nothin' in this house, an' we ain't got no clothes scasely. I heard the people on Gratz farm say we wuz po' white trash — an I won't take thet off'er no one!"

"Sain' so don't make it so," said Mr. Kidder philosophically.

Mrs. Kidder's face settled into long lines of complaint, until her skin looked like a mummy's. Her light-blue eyes were dim and watery. Her brows and lashes were so pale a yellow that it made her face look as though her intellect was lost in a sand heap. There were times when her husband's insistent cheerfulness seemed to her an added injury.

"Well, maw, don't yew fret," he said, as he rose to leave the table. "We allus hev got on an' I reckon we allus will. Ye're goin' tu hev a visitor, fur thar's a rooster crowin' on the doorstep. I hear Merton's hoss nickerin'; guess he muss' be better."

"It's all easy 'nuff tu say, 'Don't yew fret,' but 'tain't so easy not tu. I've got three meals a day fur 10 hungry people, an' clothes, an' everything else tu see tu," said Mrs. Kidder disconsolately. "Oh, Laud!

Don't I wish I jess' hed a whole ham a'hangin' from thet air lugger-pole a'cookin'," Mrs. Kidder began to cry limply. She was never energetic in anything, even grief.

Sam stood and looked at her. He was an ungainly boy of 14. One eye was set in the socket at a different angle from the other, and when he looked at you, it was as if he was peering round the corner with the off eye. His face was peppered with the bright-brown freckles which often go with carroty yellow hair. He was not an attractive boy, certainly; he was scarcely even bright.

The early part of his life had been spent in the poor-house; a foundling does not always find charity a sweet mistress to serve. He was bound out to the Kidders, but as they were all kind to him in their rough way, he did not find his period of service to them one of Egyptian bondage.

Of course he never had any money, but he never had owned any, so he did not feel the need of it. Wants are purely relative in this world of ours.

He made up in heart what he lacked in intellect, and was devoted to the whole Kidder family.

The word "gratitude" he perhaps had never heard, but the feeling was strong within him.

He did "chores," helped Mr. Kidder with the stock, with whom he was a great favorite, intellectual ability not seeming so great a requisite with the lower orders of animals as kindly looks and gentle tones.

During Mrs. Kidder's temporary shower, Sam stood first on one dirty bare foot, then on the other, saying to himself, "How kin I git her thet ham? She wants it powe'ful bad!"

When she went on with her work the idea clung to him persistently.

The crowing cock told the truth, for in the afternoon came pretty Grace Merton to ask after old Prince. "How d'ye do, Mrs. Kidder?" she called in her soft Southern accent, from the depths of her neat basket phaeton. The comfortably stylish village carts had not reached Green county.

"Howdy, Miss Grace," said Mrs. Kidder, as she came out to the carriage. "How's Mis' Merton?"

"Mother's quite well, thank you. I came to see about Prince. Is he any better?"

"I'll sen' fur Kidder an' he kin tell yew. You, Sam, run an' tell pap to cum-mere."

Sam hastily did her bidding, returning quickly and saying, "Mr. Kidder says he'll be 'long."

"Thank you," smiled Grace, then turning to Mrs. Kidder, she asked, "Are there any sensitive plants in bloom yet? I want some flowers very much."

"I dunno. I ain't no time fur flowers. Sam, hev you saw any?"

"Yes'm," said Sam, and was off like a shot, running toward the pond.

Mr. Kidder soon appeared leading Prince, who, although he had in his eyes the strangely aged look which an animal gains after an attack of pain, still seemed well.

He recognized Grace, and greeted her shaggy pony with a whinny. Jack followed him and jumped at Grace rapturously, as if to tell her all his new experiences.

"He's all right, Miss, an' I'll hev Sam ride him hum fur yew if yew like," said Mr. Kidder stroking Prince gently.

"Thank you," said Grace. "Father will be delighted," and she pulled out her purse and paid the surgeon generously.

Just then, Sam ran up and offered

Grace a ragged bunch of flowers. There were soft lavender blooms of the marimosa or sensitive plant; tri-colored violets, a few fragrant wild roses, their pink buds just opened; some early French daisies, and the green leaves of the rabbit-berry.

Grace exclaimed in delight, and a faint smile stole over Sam's dull face.

"You, Sam, git on Prince an' ride him daown tu Merton's farm. Then g'won ter Bodark, an' git a quarter's worth uv sugar an' a sack uv meal," said Mrs. Kidder.

Sam mounted Prince, on whose tall form he looked like a weasened monkey astride a camel, and Grace called a cheery "good-by."

Offered Grace a Ragged Bunch of Flowers.

The cardinal grosbeak in his cage on the porch sang gaily, and Mrs. Kidder watched the cavalcade out of sight.

Her husband went to the barn calling the pigs in his musical way, "Whooee! whooee! whooee! whoo!"

Sam left Prince at the Merton farm, a large, comfortable-looking place, with plenty of old shade trees and some flower beds, the latter an unusual mark of care in a Missouri farm.

A parrot hung in his cage by the well, and he whistled to Jack, who came running to find his master. The parrot laughed at him, and Jack sneaked away, his tail between his legs. A dog hates ridicule of any kind, and there is something peculiarly fiendish in a parrot's laughter; an especially derisive sound, as if some primeval forest spirit was caged within the green and gold feathers, and enjoyed the discomfiture of a newer race.

Sam watched the parrot and petted Jack, and finally went on to the village, after receiving a quarter from Grace, and a last wag of Jack's fluffy tail, while Polly shrieked "good-by."

The village of "Bodark" had once been Bois d' Arc. It originated from the osage orange wood which abounds in Greene county, and is the best bow wood in the country.

In the days of the early trappers the Indians came down from far-away Dakota to cut their bows from the strong branches. The Osages and Delawares sold their bows to wandering Indians, and the fame of the bois d'arc trees went far and wide.

The town of Bois d'Arc was not large, but it was the congregating place for all within a radius of several miles. The Kidders lived two miles from it and the Merton farm, the largest in the county, as they were the richest people, was only a half mile away.

Sam trudged along the road edged with brambles and elder bushes till he reached the town. He went to the country store and bought the sugar and corn meal. Then he hesitated. He had never had a quarter before, and he turned it over and over in his dirty, brown palm. It shone to him like sunlight. What could he buy? What did other boys buy anyway?

He lounged around the store. Then he stepped up to the counter, the light of a sudden resolve in his face.

"How much is a ham?" he asked.

"A ham? Big un or little un, Bub?"

"Dunno; little un, I reckon."

"Littlest one we've got's fo' bits."

Sam's face clouded, and he turned on his heel and left the shop. His precious quarter was useless, and he felt all the bitterness of an unavailing sacrifice, the planning of which

Kidder and Prince.

has been a joy, the failure a keen disappointment. Lost in dismal dreams, the boy heard nothing until a voice said, "I'd give a dollar fur a boy."

Sam looked up quickly. Two men sat by the road-side, trampish-looking fellows, and they eyed Sam suspiciously, as he came up to them, and said, "What do yew want with a boy?"

They looked at each other, then at Sam. "Say, Bub, what's yer name?" asked one.

"Sam."

"Well, Sam, do yer want a job?"

"What'll yew gimme?"

"What do you want?"

"A ham!"

"A what?"

"A ham, I want a ham an' nothin' else." Sam adhered to his one idea doggedly.

The two men withdrew and talked together in low tones, then came back. "Sam," said the elder, "we like yer looks, an' we want yer ter hev thet ham thet yer wants so bad. Ef you'll come here at ten o'clock to-night, we'll bring yer a ham if ye'll do somethin' fur us!"

"I want the ham," repeated Sam; "what is it yew want me ter do?"

"We'll tell yer when yer comes, an' ef yer don't do it, yer won't git the ham, but yer can just go home agin."

"All right," said Sam, "I'll be here," and he ran off down the road and was soon out of sight.

That night was dark and cloudy. The moon hid her face under a black cloud curtain, and the wind sobbed and moaned as if foretelling disaster.

Sam trembled and turned pale as he ran toward the village down the Bois d'Arc road. It was a lonely spot, and he had never been out so late before. But he tried to put his fears aside, for the love that beat within his breast conquered all else, and the desire to give pleasure to those who were kind to him predominated. He sped along and soon was at the meeting place, an old tree by the road. The men were there, and they sat and waited.

"There's Bodark clock. strikin' 'leven," said one of the tramps. "Naow, Sam, listen; all we want yew ter do, is to go 'long with us till we git to a house, then climb in the pantry winder, go 'roun' an' open the back door, then yer gits yer ham."

Sam hesitated. Right and wrong is not strictly defined on the Bois d'Arc road, and his education had been somewhat neglected.

That which was required of him seemed a small act, when compared with the reward. Just at that mo-

ment the second tramp held the longed-for ham. Sam's eyes glistened ; he held out his hand for the treasure.

"I'll do it," he said quickly. "Gimme the ham!"

"No, yer don't, not till yew come back hyah an' the door's open."

So they started on, and soon turned in at the Merton farm.

Again Sam hesitated.

"I didn't know this yere wuz the place," he objected. "I don't like tew go hyah."

"What's the matter with yew? Thought yer wanted thet ham so bad. Go 'long now," and after a few whispered explanations as to what he was to do, Sam yielded. They told him the pantry window was always left open for the water-jars to cool there, and described the location.

Sam crept away promising to return speedily.

He reached the house, then paused, and listened. All was quiet and he stole to the window. It was unlatched, he could easily climb in, and he started to do so, when something pulled at his ragged trousers.

He turned quickly, and saw Jack sniffing at him suspiciously. But at Sam's "hyar, Jack," he recognized him, and seemed satisfied. He went back to his kennel, and lay down, with one eye open.

Sam scrambled into the window, tip-toed softly through the little hall into the kitchen, and unlocked the back door. Jack met him on the step, seemingly a trifle anxious, but still trusting Sam implicitly.

The boy looked at Jack, patted him, and he wagged his yellow tail approvingly. He licked Sam's hand and dirty bare toes, making delicious little thrills run over him at the contact of the soft, wet tongue.

Sam was completely puzzled. He had learned his part thoroughly, but here were lines for which there was no cue. He could obey instructions with exactitude, but could not act in emergencies. He looked at Jack, at the house, down the road. The moon peeped out from behind her curtains, and gleamed silvery bright on a row of shining milk-pails, on a bench outside the door. They caught Sam's eye.

Suddenly he started up, pushed Jack aside, and sent his fist flying at the first milk-pail. With a deafening clatter the whole row fell to the ground. Jack barked wildly, and Polly, from his cage within the kitchen, fluttered his feathers and shrieked, "Fire, Fire, Bad Boy!" Sam's bare feet took him swiftly down among the trees, where within the deep shadow lurked the tramps.

"It's no go!" he cried. "I kep' my promise but I woke all of 'em up."

A lantern flashed among the trees, and the men with muttered curses ran quickly down the road.

Sam followed, but his weary legs left him far behind them, and he soon paused for breath by the elder bushes. Their feathery blooms cast fairy-like shadows on the dusty road, as the boy murmured to himself, "Laud knows, I wanted thet ham powe'ful bad! But I wasn't goin' ter be meaner than a dawg thought I wuz!"

SHAM SCIENCE.

BY DR. THOMAS DWIGHT.

DISTINGUISHED educator remarked some years ago on a public occasion that the same influences which formerly made the monk now make the man of science. Absurd as this is to one who knows what a life in religion implies, a superficial resemblance between the callings may be admitted. In both cases the bustle of the world is left for the quiet of the cloister or of the laboratory, from which messages of great import occasionally issue. As education in the middle ages flourished in an atmosphere of religion, so now it lives in one of physical science. Custom is, moreover, to be counted as a factor. Besides those drawn by an overmastering attraction, many dabble in science, as some may have entered religion, without enthusiasm. But the cowl does not make the monk; neither does a title nor an office make the man of science. Both have been disgraced by the unworthy. It would be well for science were there some method of degrading or of expelling those who wear her colors and are false to her principles, of driving them into open hostility to play the parts of the unfrocked monk and of the "escaped nun." Happy is he who has his enemies before him! That old aristocrat who said: "When you popularize science you plebify it," was not so wholly wrong. He was only behind the times. For good or for evil science is to be popular. The task of the wise man is to guide, not to resist, the torrent. The scientific demagogue is no less contemptible, and perhaps in the long run more dangerous, than his political prototype. Even as the latter but too often soars from his stump to higher spheres, which I am too polite to specify more closely, so the arrant scientific quack may sometimes be found disguised in professional robes.

It seems pedantic to define the word "sham;" but it is worth while to state clearly what is meant by sham science. In the strictest sense it is something that is not science but yet pretends to be. Science, moreover, makes itself a sham when, not content with its own province, it presumes to dictate where it has no jurisdiction, as in the realms of religion and morality. Confusion becomes worse confounded when deductions, which in no case would be justifiable, are made from absolutely false premises Of course, all this is an evil and a very serious one; but is sham science so prevalent as to be a real danger? The baseness that for ulterior purposes would misstate facts of direct observation and mislead the public by false drawings of actual objects is happily very rare among prominent men of science. When we pass to matters which are beyond the range of direct observation, the prospect is less pleasant. We meet with scores of statements which are without adequate foundation, which are often in contradiction with primary truths.

The characteristic which, above

all others, marks the science of the day, is the absence of first principles. There is no certain basis. With some this want of principles is in itself a principle. By a strange contradiction, while glorying that we can certainly know nothing, they dogmatize as if they knew all things. Professor Huxley's writings abound with instances of false philosophy which a rudimentary knowledge would detect. As an example, take the following:[1] "But I am not ashamed to share David Hume's want of ability to discover that polytheism is in itself altogether absurd. If we are bound or permitted to judge the government of the world by human standards, it appears to me that directorates are proved by familiar experience to conduct the largest and most complicated concerns quite as well as solitary despots. I have never been able to see why the hypothesis of a divine syndicate should be found guilty of innate absurdity." The answer is so plain, so elementary, that a child might give it. It is simply silly to talk of judging the government of the world by human standards. It is not for the finite to lay down laws for the Infinite. As for the rest, the refutation is complete in the Catechism, and, be it noted, that it rests, not on dogma, but on common sense. In fact, all this vaporing seems so weak to those who are blessed with faith, and have at least some rudimentary knowledge of philosophy, that they do not appreciate the harm that it does. They, indeed, may be safe, but there are multitudes who are not. Of the many pests of the times, one of the worst is the atheistic hanger-on of science who gives popular lectures. Ignorant of first principles, unscrupulous in his assertions, he will lose no opportunity of attacking religion. He does not know whether there is a God or not; but he does know that man, body and soul, came from an ape. There is no certainty that our senses tell us the truth, yet there is no knowledge but from observation. The processes of life are but the action of mechanical forces. An idea is nothing but a glorified sensation. Idiocy is a reversion; free will a delusion; crime a disease; religion an emotion. Glib, brilliant, convincing, he speaks with the authority of the philosopher, the fire of the patriot, the constancy of the martyr. The average lecture goer does not suspect that he is getting stones for bread. He sees the man petted and flattered. The plain fact that this hero is but a quack does not occur to him. What are the logical consequences of this teaching? If there be neither God nor free will, why waste our time in canting about the nobility of self-restraint? "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Let us deny ourselves nothing (for what is law but a tyranny?) and if society in self-defence rises against us, it is easy to put ourselves beyond its reach. There is no flaw in this argument if the premises be sound. The ghastly record of suicides shows how many already practise this doctrine in part. The time is at hand when we shall have the whole programme carried out on a grand scale with logical cynicism.

There are those who appalled by this outlook try to recast both religion and science. Professor Henry Drummond's recently published Lowell Lectures furnish a curious illustration of this. As popular lectures, they had a great success when they were delivered some two or three years ago. The flowing style, full of striking metaphors, was

[1] The Nineteenth Century, June, 1891.

never dull. No great demands were made on the attention of the hearers. All was told fluently and plausibly, like a scientific fairy tale. When the mind is once attuned to the marvellous, nothing seems unnatural. That the charms of the good fairy should at last overcome the spells of the goblin does not surprise us. It would be out of place to ask how the charm acts. We have accepted all that when we sat down to listen. It is related, but I do not vouch for the fact, that once when an Indian conjurer was executing the trick of throwing one end of a rope into the air, and sending up a boy to perform gymnastics on the unsupported rope, one of the spectators took a shot with a camera. When the plate was developed it showed the man gesticulating, but there was no rope and no boy. From this it was argued that the trick consisted in hypnotizing the spectators. Assuming this to be possible, it suggests the state of mind of the audience under the spell of Professor Drummond's charming presentation of the case. No theory is too weak for a starting-point, no leap too long, no transformation too dazzling. Passing rather lightly over the questions of physical evolution, he dwells at greater length on the development of civilized man. In this journey he has to cross the great gulf dividing acts for the good of oneself from those for the good of others. This is not done without difficulty. Fundamental distinctions have to be ignored. Words appear in such new senses that they must seem strange to themselves. One would think that the most profoundly hypnotized auditor would struggle convulsively to free himself from the spell at such a passage as the following: "Every plant in the world lives for Others. It sets aside something, something costly, cared for, the highest expression of its nature. The Seed is the tithe of Love, the tithe which Nature renders to Man. When Man lives upon Seeds he lives upon Love. Literally, scientifically, Love is Life." One can only exclaim with Jeames Yellowplush, when bewildered by Bulwer Lytton's rhetoric, "Explain this, men and angels!" By a charming euphuism in the same vein, reproduction is called "the struggle for the life of others." Discussing the origin of mind, whether or no it has "come down the ages" like the body, the author says: "Let the mother look at her child and answer: 'It is the very breath of God,' she says; and she is right." Yet it is implied that associated with the matter of the lower animals are the elements of the future mind. Theist as he is, and admitting as he seems to do that God first created, Professor Drummond draws no sharp distinction between God and nature, nor between spirit and matter. "Are we even quite sure," he asks, "that what we call a physical world is, after all, a physical world? The preponderating view of science at present is that it is not." But for the greatest surprise of all, we must turn back to the preface: "In these pages an attempt is made to tell 'in a plain way,' a few of the things which Science is now seeing with regard to the Ascent of Man. Whether these seeings are there at all is another matter. . . . The thread which binds the facts is, it is true, but a hypothesis. As the theory, nevertheless, with which at present all scientific work is being done, it is assumed in every page that follows." This is an honest statement, and as such to be respected;

but what an abandonment of reason have we here! Let a man accept one view rather than another because it seems to him more in accord with faith, and we hear of the "shackles of superstition." Here is one accepted simply and solely because it is the fashion. Nay, more, the acceptance once made, the author proceeds as if his certainty were beyond question, just as the nurse, having warned the children that the fairy tale is not true, can bring on her dragons and genii with a clear conscience. Voltaire's well-known definition of metaphysics as one man's telling what he does not know to another who does not understand him, would apply far better to a great deal of popular science. But what is truly pathetic is to see those whose faith is in danger, who ask with Professor Bruce,[1] "Does evolution leave us a God, such a God as a Christian can earnestly believe in?" welcome such a book as a protection against infidelity.

Thus far I have barely alluded to dogma in my criticisms of sham science. I have called it sham, either because unjustifiable assertions are made or primary facts ignored. The refutation, when not offered by physical science itself, is wholly within the province of philosophy. There are certain great truths which man can know by his reason alone; which, indeed, he should know. First of these is the existence of God, thence comes the contingency of all else, the distinction between God and nature. No revelation is needed to show the difference between spirit and matter. A sound philosophy is enough. To this comes the retort that men of great ability think otherwise. The monist will have none of this dualism between God and nature, between spirit and matter. There is, he holds, but one force in the universe. One can only reply that through many causes the best minds may go astray. The finest machinery will accomplish no good work if badly managed or applied to bad material. The working of the human will and intellect is an unfathomable, indeed, an awful, mystery. We are all familiar with Burns's cry for the "giftie" to see ourselves as others see us. It would be quite as interesting (and less mortifying) if we could look into the minds of others not merely through the outer veils of civility, custom, and selfishness, which hide little; but down into the lowest depths which the owner himself is both unable and unwilling to explore very thoroughly. There lie the true causes why the intellect is deceived, why the will accepts error and refuses truth. One need have no sympathy with the French saying that to know all is to forgive all, to own that such a vision would reveal a host of mitigating circumstances arising from the mental astigmatism to which so many are subject. But this knowledge is now denied us, and to discuss without it why so many cannot understand, will not accept, the first principles of sane philosophy, is practically an idle speculation. But as each is responsible for himself, all Catholics who are brought into contact with science, indeed, all who aspire to a liberal education, should master at least the rudiments of scholastic philosophy.

We have heard enough of the "Conflict of Religion and Science" from both the ignorant and the dishonest. Able refutations have not been wanting to show that such conflict is impossible; but too often

[1] The Message of Israel, The Contemporary Review. July, 1894.

Catholic writers have stood too much on the defensive; their tone has been too apologetic. Instead of declaring that our faith is no hindrance, it is for us to show that it is an advantage to sound thinking and a protection against error. True, the great primary principles, already alluded to, are to be known by reason alone; but in so far as they are also matters of faith, or directly deducible from such, we know them with a certainty to which scientific demonstration is not even "as moonlight unto sunlight." Knowing, as we do, that in the beginning God created heaven and earth, we know that there is design. This design is obscure to us partly through our limitations, partly by the action of secondary causes, but we know that it is there. Knowing as we do that there is a judgment, we have a certainty of the freedom (hence of the immaterialty) of the will of which no sophistry can deprive us. Although every man regulates his daily life on this freedom, though all language proves that this belief is almost a part of our nature, many have so addled their brains as to doubt, or even honestly to deny it. Faith blows all such delusions away. The new science of criminal anthropology, in which there seems to be a germ of truth smothering in error, need alarm no one's faith. It bristles with questions which are hard to answer; but we know that God is just. Our certainty of this can be shaken by no puzzling anomalies. Thus the Catholic brings to the study of science a great advantage which he should be the last to disparage. He pursues the same methods of research as others. But though reason alone should suffice to ward off error, in point of fact it too often proves inadequate. Hence the inestimable good of a higher criterion. It will be plausibly objected that it is fatal to the freedom of science to admit religion to the discussion of its problems. It will be said that religion is in one plane and science in another. It is not to be denied that the progress of science has been impeded by the unwise application of religious criteria.

It would be easy enough to collect instances of sham science perpetrated by pious people ignorant of science, and too sure that they were blessed with the knowledge of the precise interpretation of the Scriptures. Such, for example, is the suggestion of a writer of a past generation in support of the literal interpretation of the days of creation, that great geological convulsions, the evidence of which is indisputable, may have been caused by the appearance of sin on the earth. Such extravagances hurt both religion and science. Just in proportion as an agent is powerful for good is its perversion disastrous.

To return once more to the lectures on the "Ascent of Man," the following passage is very suggestive of the want of sense of proportion which reigns in most non-Catholic minds owing to the absence of religious convictions. "When evolution comes to be worked out along its great natural lines, it may be found to provide for all that religion assumes, all that philosophy requires, all that science proves." When we understand that the author does not feel that there can be no greater certainty than that of faith, that to him science "proves" while religion only "assumes," we need no longer wonder at the confusion of ideas in which

he tries to be a Christian monist. It were easier to be a white black-bird. It is but natural that our opponents should hold us guilty of insufferable arrogance; especially as the gift of faith is not ours to give, much as we may wish to. None the less this position is our right and our strength. It is our best protection against sham science.

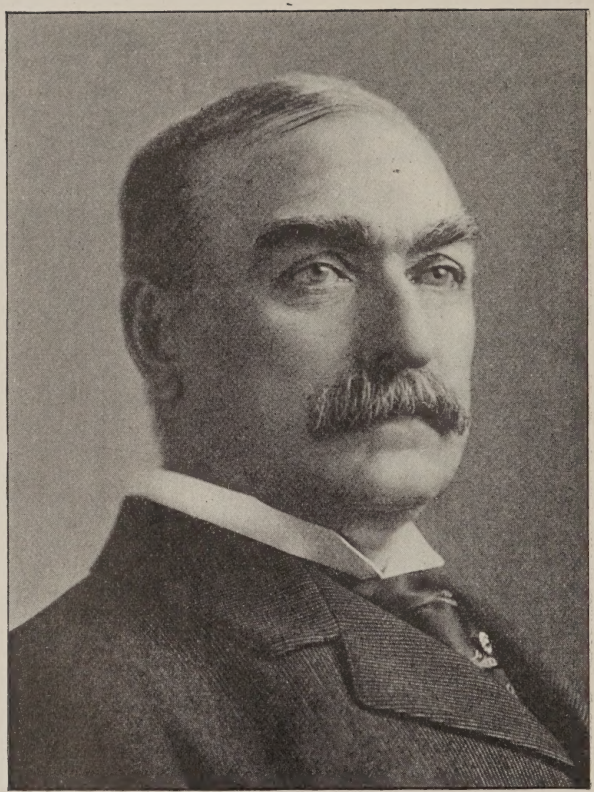
IN MINOR KEY.

BY CHARLES S. O'NEILL.

We cling to life when heart is young,
As pledge of fullest bliss,
And talk of death with trembling tongue,
As though a Nemesis;
Not so, if 'tis our lot to live,
Until there comes the day,
When life has little left to give,
And less to take away.

Time steals from life the light once shed,
From death the sombre gloom,
And bids us confidently tread
The pathway to the tomb;
Then, wherefore should we long to live,
And nurse our dreams of clay,
When life has little left to give,
And less to take away?

WHEN LIFE IS YOUNG.



THOMAS F. GILROY,

Mayor of New York City,

Was born in county Sligo, Ireland, in 1840. In 1845 his father died, and his mother brought him and her four other children to New York. After a few years in the public schools, he apprenticed himself to Edward O. Jenkins (who was afterwards a school commissioner), to learn the printers' trade. He served with Mr. Jenkins till he became of age, and then worked at the case for several months, but became disgusted at the small chance he had of advancing himself without capital. Even as a boy he had been deeply interested in politics, and now devoting himself entirely to that as a persuit he obtained a clerkship in the Finance Department of the city. Since that time he has been in the employ of the city government in one capacity and another continuously, excepting, that he was a senate committee clerk during two sessions of the legislature at Albany. He filled several clerkships, steadily rising, but always remaining poor, because of his heavy family expenses, until, when he was Deputy County Clerk, in 1887, he was made receiver of the concern of Mitchell, Vance & Co., which was in financial difficulty. It was $200,000 short when he took hold of it; but his extraordinary business ability enabled him to reörganize the firm as a corporation, and turning it over to the owners with $600,000 available assets. For this he received about $20,000 which was the first considerable money he ever had. Mr. Gilroy, after being Deputy County Clerk, served a few months as Under Sheriff, and, in 1889, was appointed Commissioner of Public Works. He retained that office until 1892, when he was elected Mayor.

SOME NOTES ON CATHOLIC NEW YORK.

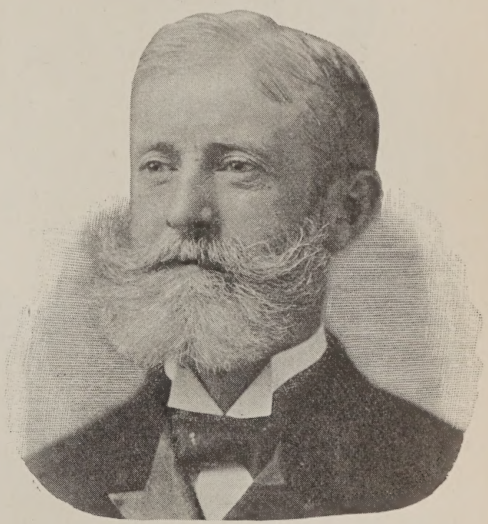
MATHEW P. RYAN.

CATHOLIC New York may be compared, not inaptly, to a well-cut precious stone which presents to the view many faces, each seemingly more interesting than the other, the whole as brilliant to the eye as is presented by any city in the world. Whether viewed from a literary, artistic, professional, or business standpoint, the Catholic element is is alike prominent, powerful, and honorable.

To treat such a subject adequately would be beyond the province of a magazine article. The most that can be done is to glance lightly at some of its most salient features.

It has become the custom to associate the Catholic element of New York city with the party of the people; and, indeed, a census of political opinion would show that a large percentage of that element throws its influence into the camp of the democratic party. This, however, is by no means universal, as many eminent men among the various "antis" are stanch Catholics, and are regarded as being among the sturdiest pillars of Catholicity.

Between twenty and forty years ago, when an enormous tide of Catholic immigration was pouring into New York, the one important republican paper gave them scant welcome. They were sneered at as "foreigners" and "aliens," and they naturally turned to where the hand of welcome was held out to them. That welcome came largely from the democratic leaders, and to their generosity is due a very considerable portion of the party strength to-day. There is no intention of injecting

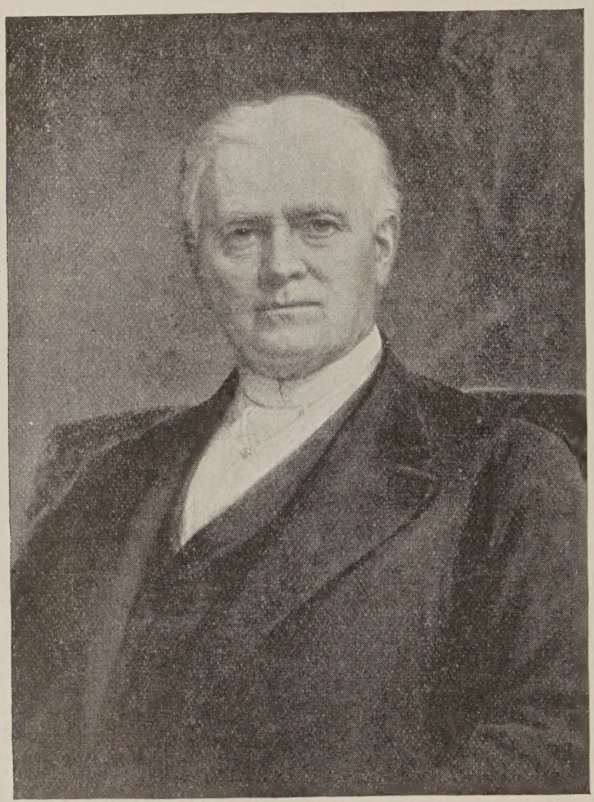


JOHN D. CRIMMINS

Was born in 1844, at Strykers Bay, N. Y. He attended the public schools, and afterwards was a student at St. Francis Xavier College. At 16 years of age, he left school and became a contractor in association with his father, Thomas Crimmins, who is still living, at the age of 81. Mr. Crimmins is a trustee of the R. C. Orphan Asylum; a director of the Fifth Avenue Bank, and of the Union National Bank. He is a member of the Catholic and Democratic Clubs, and a Governor of the Manhattan Club. Mr. Crimmins has controlled many important contracts. He built the first subways in New York; the Seventh Avenue and Boulevard Elevated Road, and the Broadway Cable. Mr. Crimmins is a brother-in-law of Judge Morgan J. O'Brien. At Hunter's Point, N. Y., stands one of the most beautiful and artistic memorial chapels in the world, built by Mr. Crimmins. Attached to it is the Convent of the Dominican Sisters of Perpetual Adoration. The firm, of which Mr. Crimmins is the head, is J. D. & T. E. Crimmins.

any political opinions into this sketch; but the student of events does but his duty in placing on record matters of fact. The races, from which the Catholic army is so largely recruited, are noted in possessing a genuis for politics, and to this circumstance is due the fact that we find so many Catholics among the men in public life in New York city.

In the matter of charities, Catholic New York yields place to no other community in the world. Our Hebrew fellow-citizens are pushing the grand old Church hard in this respect, and it is a glorious race for the welfare of suffering humanity.



EUGENE KELLY

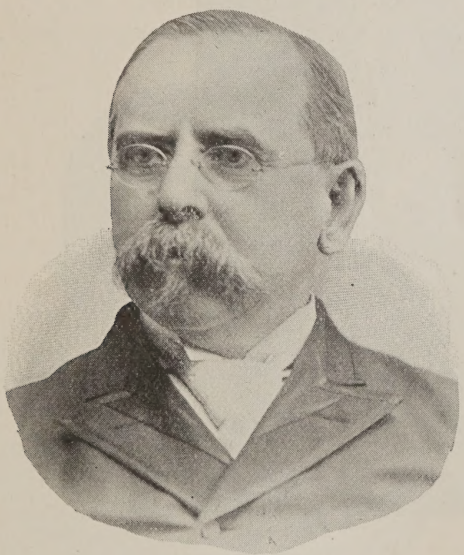
Is a son of Thomas Boyne O'Kelly, of Mullaghmore, Ireland, and was born in County Tyrone, in 1808. The family had once been very wealthy, and one of its members served in the Irish Parliament, in 1585.

Eugene Kelly was fairly well provided for when he came to this country sixty years ago and took a clerkship in the store of Donnelly & Co., in New York City. He soon went to Kentucky, and afterwards to St. Louis, where he married, and soon after became a widower. Mr. Kelly established the New York house of Eugene Kelly & Co., in 1856, and in 1857 married Miss Margaret Hughes, a niece of the late Archbishop of New York. When the gold fever broke out in California, he assisted in establishing at San Francisco the banking house of Donohoe & Kelly, a firm that still exists. All of Mr. Kelly's business ventures have been prosperous, and when he retired a few years ago his fortune was estimated at over a million dollars.

Mr. Kelly has been an earnest Catholic, and a few years ago Pope Leo XIII. appointed his son Eugene, Chamberlain of the Cape and Sword, an honor which has been conferred on but two Americans. For many years Mr. Kelly has been known as a liberal philanthropist and a promoter of the cause of Irish Home Rule. He once contributed $20,000 to the Parliamentary fund, and was active in securing contributions from others.

With adequate hospitals, orphanages, and general charities, the Church not only looks after her own children, but is never known to refuse to listen to a cry for help, let it come from where it may. The splendid orphanages near the cathedral, the House of the Good Shepherd, the Maternity Home, the Homes for Poor Children in charge of the Sisters of Mercy, Sister Irene's Foundling Asylum, the Homes for the Aged, managed by the Little Sisters of the Poor, the great hospitals, and the two wonderful trade schools in Westchester and Statan Island, are a few of the great charities carried on by the Catholic body.

The literature of Catholic New York is still in its infancy; but its record is brilliant, even for the brief period of its existence. Many Catholic publications and periodicals have their birth in the great city, and of the rank and file of the great secular papers, a goodly percentage are Catholic; and these consist largely of bright and earnest young men who love their Church as they love their country. Their power for good is therefore enormous. One of these brilliant young workers, Mr. John



WM. R. GRACE

Was born in Ireland, and came to New York when a lad of 14. He became a merchants' clerk and later started in the commission and shipping business on his own account. He became a successful and prosperous merchant, and is now the head of the firm of William R. Grace & Co., which is engaged in the South American trade. Mr. Grace, who is a democrat, occupied the Mayor's chair in 1881–82, filling the position with discretion and judgment. In 1884, he was again elected to the same office, serving for the years 1885–86. The Senate of the United States has long been open to him and political prophets name him as a future governor of his state.

JOSEPH F. DALY,

Chief Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, became an Associate Judge of the court in 1870, when he was less than 30 years old. He was born in North Carolina, but has spent the greater part of his life in New York city. He was the junior member of the firm of Henry, Olin & Daly at the time of his election as Judge. He is a brother of Augustin Daly, and, like him, is deeply interested in theatrical matters, being one of the original members of the Players' Club. Conscientious and cautious, he holds a high place in the estimation of the Bar.

Boden, in a paper recently read in the school where he was educated, suggested, that when the young students go annually into retreat to meditate upon a suitable occupation in life, that the profession of journalism be added to those of law, medicine, and the Church, as opening an extended field of usefulness to the army of Catholic scholars that are graduated every year. It is more than probable that this idea will bear good fruit in the near future. In the meantime its author is an earnest worker on the metropolitan press.

FREDERIC RENE COUDERT

Was born in New York in 1832. He graduated at Columbia College in 1850, at the age of 18, and, there being no law school at that time, he entered the office of Edward Sanford. He was admitted to the bar in 1853, and has practised in New York ever since. He received the degree of LL. D. from Seton Hall and Fordham Colleges, and the degree of J. U. D. from Columbia, being the first man that Columbia had so honored.

He enjoys the distinction of having never held a public office except as Commissioner of Education and as Governor and Director of the Pacific Railroad, both of which are uncompensated.

He was chosen as orator by Columbia College at its Centennial in 1887.

He has represented the Chamber of Commerce at various conferences for establishing international rules in maritime affairs and the United States as Counsel in the Behring Sea Arbitration.

He is or has been President of the Manhatten Club, the Bar Association, the Dramatic Club, and the Columbia College Alumni for many years.

The editor and proprietor of one

of the leading American magazines, published in New York, is an earnest Catholic, ever ready to respond to the calls of his religion with purse or pen.

It will thus be seen that the journalism of Catholic New York is no mere name, but a powerful, working force, that is growing stronger day by day.

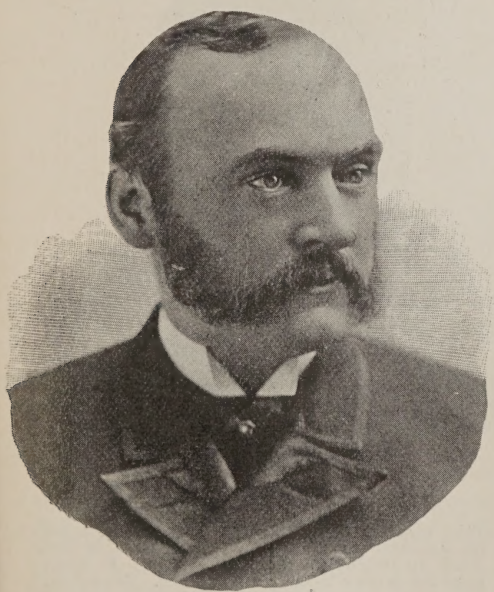
In glancing at the architecture of Catholic New York, it is well to remember that the fine Columbus monument which now graces the city is the gift of the Catholic Italians of this city. The noble cathedral, fit temple for the worship of the living God, has been often described, and remains the wonder and admiration of all lovers of the beautiful, blended with the grand. Richard H. Clarke, LL.D., has said of it :—

Some details in relation to this, the grandest Christian temple ever erected on the continent discovered by Columbus, will interest American readers everywhere. The cathedral block is 200 feet wide in front and rear on 5th and Madison Avenues, and 420 feet in width on 50th and 51st streets

JOHN BYRNE

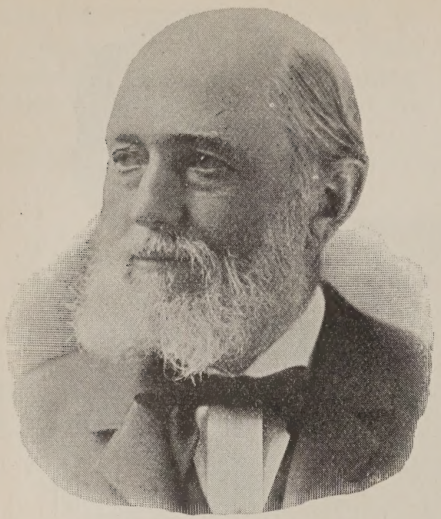
Was born in Maryland in 1846; entered the Union army from that state as a boy in the Third Maryland Regiment. After the war he took up the profession of civil engineer, and subsequently the business of railroad building inherited from his father. For several years he was on the staff of C. P. Huntington, the great railway builder and owner, in a confidential capacity of great trust, finally coming to New York, the headquarters of the Huntington system in 1887. Since then he has been president of the Scioto Valley Railway, Ohio, and is now president of the Central New York & Western Railway, and is also president of the Interior Construction and Improvement Company, largely engaged in building railroads, gas works, and other internal improvements, with offices located at 45 Wall street, New York.

He built the great Natural Gas Conduit from Ohio into Detroit, 90 miles, by which Detroit is now being supplied with natural gas as fuel. He is now engaged in laying a conduit under the Detroit river to convey gas from Canada to Detroit. He and his brother are large owners in Detroit gas works. John Byrne's unselfish services in the cause of Ireland has been as notable as those of any man in America in recent years.



MORGAN J. O'BRIEN

Was born in New York city about 43 years ago. He was graduated from St. John's College, Fordham, and took the law course at Columbia College. He practised law in New York city and was appointed Corporation Counsel in 1886. He was elected Judge of the Supreme Court of the state of New York in 1887. Judge O'Brien has been one of the presidents of the Catholic Club of New York. He was president of the Catholic Congress held in Chicago in 1893. It was largely through the efforts of Judge O'Brien that the present Catholic Club was evolved out of the older and smaller organization. Judge O'Brien is highly esteemed by the younger members of the bar for his high sense of justice and breadth of character.



DR. RICHARD HENRY CLARKE

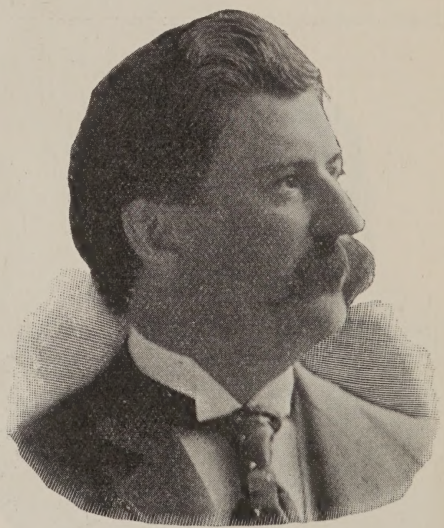
Is one of the representative university men of this country, and is a member of one of the oldest American families. He was born in Washington, on July 3, 1827, being connected on his father's side with the earliest colonial period of Maryland; on his mother's side with Daniel Boone, founder of Kentucky. He entered Georgetown University, received his graduation degree of A. B. in 1846, the degree of A. M. in 1848, and the honorary degree of LL. D. in 1872. He was admitted to the bar in Washington, in 1848, and practised law with distinction there until 1864, when he removed to New York, where he has since practised law, and is a noted figure in Catholic society.

Besides numerous contributions to magazines and reviews, Dr. Clarke has won a national reputation as an author. He is now engaged in preparing important historical and legal works.

It would be difficult to compute the present market value of the cathedral lot, less than one half of what in 1799 sold for £405 of colonial money, in 1829 for $5,500 of federal money, and in 1852 one half interest was purchased, making the whole then worth $119,000, for $59,500. But less than half as now owned and occupied by the cathedral is worth by estimation about $2,000,000. The Cathedral structure itself has cost by estimation $3,000,000. The archiepiscopal residence has cost $90,000 and the parochial residence, $80,000. So that the improved real estate of the Cathedral site is now worth $5,170,000. These figures do not include the splendid marble altar which was presented to the cathedral by Archbishop, afterwards Cardinal McCloskey, nor the beautiful and elaborate marble pulpit presented to the Cardinal Archbishop by the priests of his Archdiocese, nor the precious altar services, costly vestments, valuable paintings, the library furniture, and other equipments of the archdiocesan establishment. The corner-stone of the cathedral was laid by Archbishop Hughes on Aug. 15, 1858.

From the little gem of a church, St. Leo's, to the beautiful and splendid, St. Paul's, all of the Catholic temples of New York are comfortable and adequate, while many are extremely beautiful and artistic.

The art life of Catholic New York is by no means its least interesting feature. In the dramatic world Augustin Daly has given dignity to the name of manager, both



MR. DAVID MCCLURE

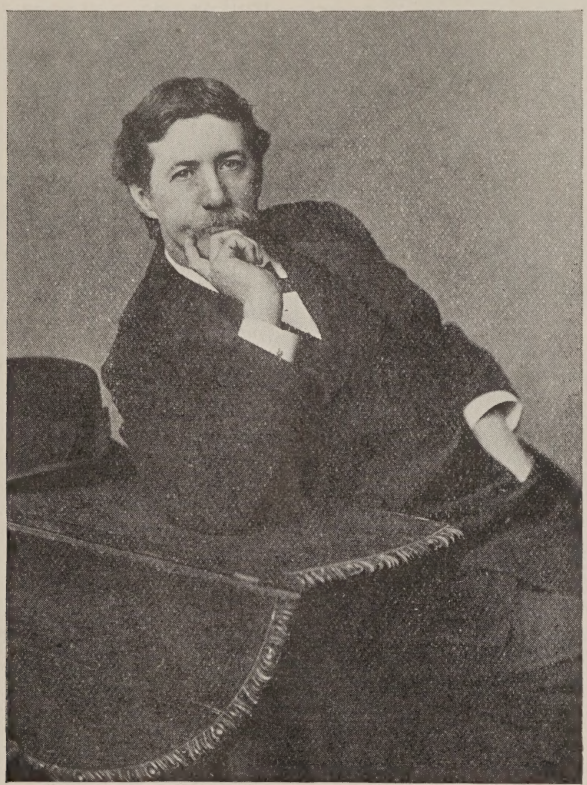
Was born at Dobbs Ferry, New York, Nov. 4, 1848. He was admitted to the bar of the state of New York, in December, 1869, and has been in active practice in New York city ever since. The present firm practices under the title of Turner, McClure, & Ralston.

Mr. McClure has appeared in many important cases, and was counsel for Cardinal McCloskey in the celebrated Merrill will case, tried more than a dozen years ago. He is at present counsel for Archbishop Corrigan, and the trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral. He is also counsel for the R. C. Orphan Asylum, of which he is one of the Board of Managers.

Mr. McClure has declined appointments to the Bench of the Court of Appeals of the state and of the Supreme Court. He was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention of the State lately in session at Albany.

Mr. McClure was one of John Boyle O'Reilly's earliest friends in this country, and the intimacy continued until the lamented death of the poet-patriot.

at home and abroad. M. Frederic Paulding, Miss Jane Stuart, Mr. Joseph Haworth, Manager Frank Murtha, are practical Catholics, while upon themselves and the work in which they are engaged. Lafarge, the architect, Miss a Becket, the artist, Mr. Reidy, the sculptor, are

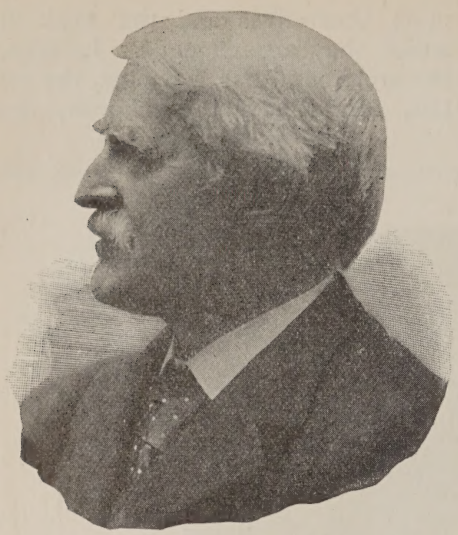


AUGUSTIN DALY,

Dramatist and dramatic manager, was born in Plymouth, N. C. July 20, 1838. He began his literary career as dramatic editor of the Sunday Courier, in New York city in 1859, and remained on the New York press in a similar capacity until 1869, when he opened the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Twenty-fourth street. In 1879 he established Daly's Theatre on Broadway near Thirtieth street, and has lately added a London theatre to his realm of management. His career as a dramatic author began in 1862, with an adaptation from the German of Mosenthal's "Deborah," and since then he has produced original plays and many adaptations. Most of his productions have won popular success. He is an enthusiast and a hard worker in his profession, devoting all his time to the success of his theatre, a great reader, and a well-informed student of the dramatic literature of many nations. The charitable institutions of New York have been indebted to him for the frequent use of his theatre to raise money for charity. His private benefactions are very numerous.

the rank and file of the profession contains a large percentage of sturdy sons and daughters of the Church, whose high moral tone reflects credit names taken at random from a long list of notable Catholics.

The social side of Catholic New York becomes more amplified each

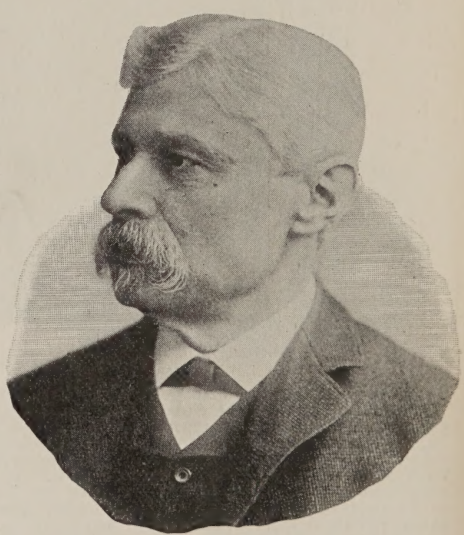


COL. GEORGE BLISS

Is a son of Massachusetts, having been born at Springfield, May 3, 1830. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1851. In his college days he was associated with David A. Wells in the publication of two volumes of the Annual of Scientific Discovery. After being graduated, Colonel Bliss went to Europe and studied at the University of Berlin. He studied law and was graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1855, and began the practice of law in New York city. In 1859 he was private secretary to Governor Morgan, from whom he imbibed his first insight into practical politics. Colonel Bliss has published several works of a legal nature. He was on the staff of Governor Morgan, and afterwards paymaster-general of the state of New York. He organized three regiments of colored troops during the rebellion. He is an active republican and a powerful speaker. His entrance into the Catholic church occurred only a few years ago.

year. For five years past parishes all over the city have inaugurated social clubs, with athletic annexes in summer, dramatic in winter Some of the amateur athletes of such clubs as the St. Francis Xavier, Rosary, and St. James', have acquired a national fame.

The palatial and luxurious Catholic Club cannot be passed over with a word, although it would require the space devoted to this entire sketch to adequately describe it. It represents the nucleus in which it is hoped will one day be found the highest culture of Catholic New York. This magnificent club house is located on the south side of 59th street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, commanding a fine view of the most picturesque portion of Central Park. The front of the building is treated in the style of the early Italian Renaissance, the basement and first story being faced with rustic stone, and the upper stories with Roman brick and terra cotta. The effect is warm and cheerful. William Schickel & Co. were the architects of this fine structure. The interior is finished in hard woods, and the general effect is that of quiet elegance. A beautiful and complete library is not the least effective feature of the Catholic Club. From the date of its organization in 1871,

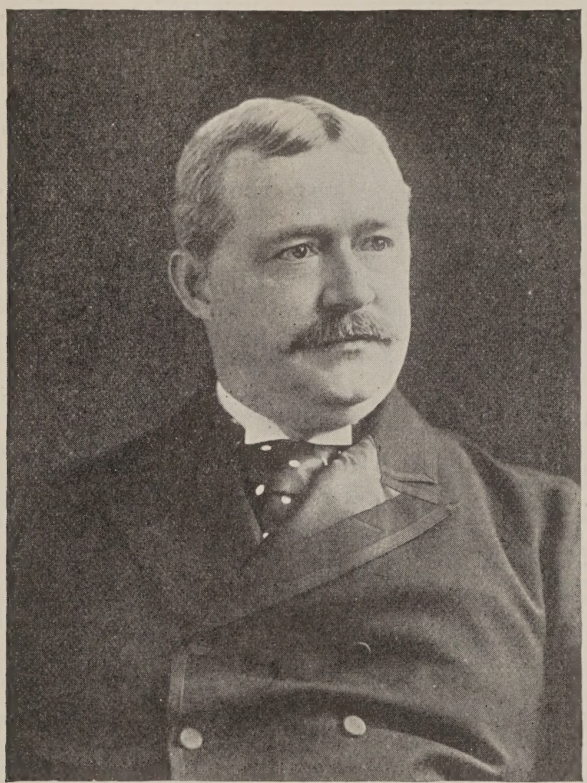


JOSEPH THORON

Came to New York in 1854 from the south of France. He was instrumental in founding the Xavier Union in 1871, and was six times its president. For his efforts in its behalf, he received from Leo XIII. the distinction of Commander of Knights of Gregory the Great. Mr. Thoron is President of the French Benevolent Society and of the French Hospital. He received from the King of Greece the Cross of Officer of the Order of the Saviour. He is First Vice-President and Chairman of the House Committee of the Catholic Club.

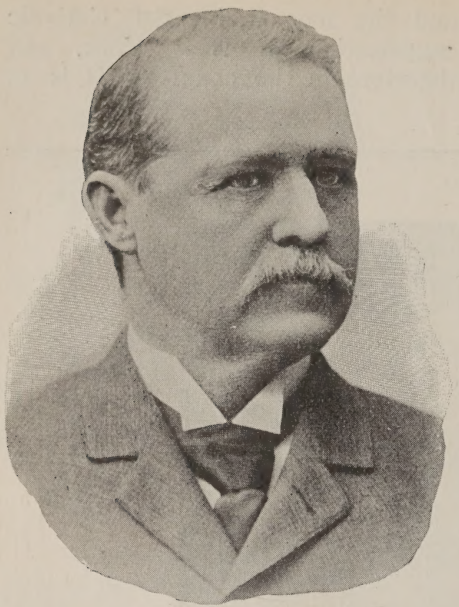
despite many difficulties, this important association has steadily advanced, until to-day it promises to become the most prominent and influential social Catholic organization in the country.

It can become, beyond doubt, the most important, the most prominent, and the most influential Catholic organization in New York, and therefore in the country. It is an institution worthy of the attention of all our citizens, and must command their admiration. It has one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful club houses that adorn our city. It



JOHN A. McCALL

Was born in Albany, N. Y., March 2, 1849. He was educated in the public schools of Albany and afterwards at the Christian Brothers School. He also took a course at Bryant & Stratton's Commercial College. He entered a commercial house and at 21 years of age entered the Insurance Department of the state of New York as a clerk. He rose step by step in the department, until he became superintendent, appointed by President Cleveland when governor. He declined reappointment and entered an office in the Equitable Life Insurance Company that was created for him — that of Comptroller. He was tendered and accepted the position of President of the New York Life Insurance Company in 1892, his present office. Business men consider him one of the ablest of our financiers.



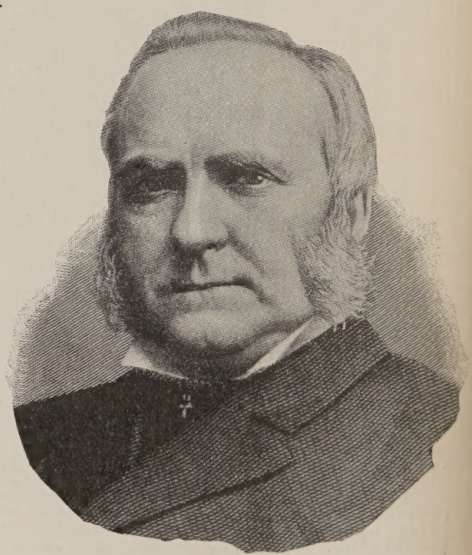
DANIEL O'DAY

Was born in Ireland, Feb. 6, 1844. He came to this country when an infant, his parents settling in Cattaraugus county, N. Y., which was at that time a wilderness, and young O'Day had experience as a boy in clearing up a farm. He drifted to the oil regions in 1865, and in the year following became an humble employee of the Standard Oil Company. He became closely identified with the transportation interests of the company, and had charge of the construction of the sea-board pipe lines. Mr. O'Day is at present Vice-President of the National Transit Co.'s pipe lines.

has a library that far surpasses that of any organization of its kind in the city, and which though not so large as some of our public libraries is much more valuable. Its entertainments both social, literary, and artistic, are rare treats. Its membership is large, and embraces some good materials. On its rolls will be found the names of the members of our communion, who have achieved distinction or success in every walk of life, as well as the names of their bright, clever, and intellectual young men, who have still their greatness to achieve.

The Catholic Club was organized early in March, 1871, as the Xavier Union, and received its present name on Jan. 1, 1888. The object of its organization was to promote the Catholic spirit, to encourage the study of Catholic literature and history, and to unite more closely the Catholics of the city who had not, until its organization, a club which was truly representative in character.

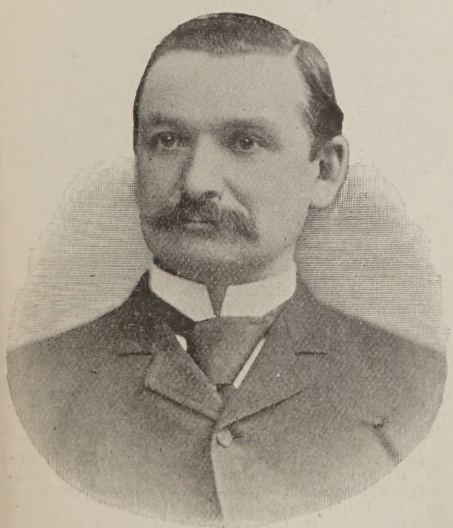
The importance of the Catholic Club, and its influence and power for good in the community, was well demonstrated in the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by that great son of the Church, Columbus. In the celebration of this event the Catholics throughout the country had an especial interest. The part



JOSEPH J. O'DONOHUE

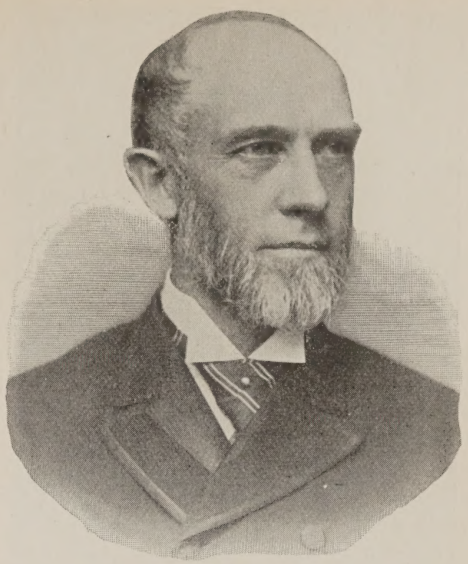
Is by birth an American, having been born less than sixty years ago in New York. While attending school, at the age of 10, he began to assist in his father's business, that of wholesale merchant, and when 15, he took entire charge of the store, and a little later become a partner. In 1880, with his son, Joseph J. O'Donohue, Jr., he established his tea and coffee importing house at 101 Front street. Of recent years, Mr. O'Donohue's time has been taken up chiefly with public duties. He has been honored in many ways, social and political, by his fellow-citizens. He is, at present, Chamberlain of the city of New York.

that the Catholic Club took in the celebration cannot better be described than in the words of the learned and scholarly Professor Charles G. Hertermann, LL. D.: "The Catholic Club and the Catholic Historical Society combined their forces to make the celebration worthy of the event commemorated, of the hero, and of the metropolis. A joint committee was organized and a programme mapped out. To others was committed the charge of the outdoor celebration, and how well they acquitted themselves, all bear witness who beheld the parade of the parochial school children and of the Catholic societies. The Catholic Club and the Historical Society took in hand the literary and artistic celebration of the great anniversary."



PATRICK FARRELLY,

Who now at 50 years of age is the chief officer of that great national distributing agency for newspapers and periodicals, the American News Co., was in his youth a newsboy on the Erie R. R. He was born in county Cavan, Ireland, and came a boy to this country, his parents settling in Penn Yan, New York. Before he was 21, he had come to New York city, and was a member of the firm of Hamilton, Johnson & Farrelly, wholesale newsdealers. From this firm grew the American News Co., organized in 1864, which has since developed into the mammoth enterprise that handles and disseminates the periodical literature of America.



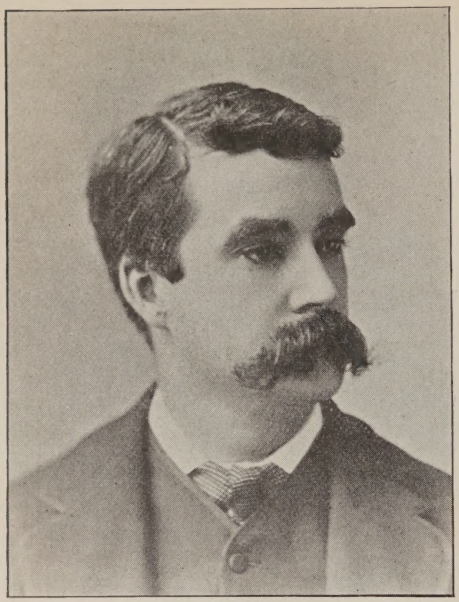
JAMES MCMAHON

Was born in Franklin county, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1831. His early education was acquired in the public schools of Rochester. He came to New York in 1848 and entered the well-known book-trade house of Cooley, Keese & Hill. Leaving the book business 30 years of his life were devoted to the business of transportation. The well-established firm of Easton & McMahon became the Easton & McMahon Transportation Company, from the presidency of which Mr. McMahon retired eight years ago.

Mr. McMahon has been connected with the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank for 15 years as member of its finance committee, its chairman, and as trustee and president.

He is chairman of the finance committee and Vice-President of the Irish Emigrant Society; member of the Chamber of Commerce; Vice-President St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn; Director of the Institute of Art, and Sciences, Brooklyn; Vice-President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Brooklyn; Director of the People's Trust Co., Brooklyn; Vice-President St. Mary's Maternity, Brooklyn; President of a Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society; member of the Catholic Club and of the Hardware Club, New York, and of the Columbian Club, Brooklyn. Mr. McMahon's personality is as simple and charming as that of a child.

It is, perhaps, interesting in this connection to notice the growth of reading circles, which are rapidly becoming a feature of Catholic life in the city. Almost every church in the city has its reading circle, meeting frequently during the month to read essays and hear lectures on literary subjects. Each parish

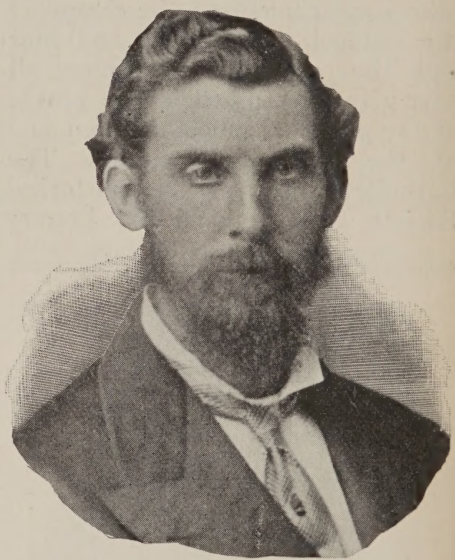


THOMAS F. GALWEY

Was born in London, Eng., of Irish parents, April 12, 1840, and passed his childhood and boyhood in Cleveland, Ohio, where he attended school and received private instruction, until the outbreak of the Civil War, when, though a boy only, he enlisted in the Eighth Ohio Infantry. He served for nearly four years, rising to the rank of captain, participating in twenty campaigns, being present in more than sixty engagements, among which were: Romney, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Bristow, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, and the siege of Petersburg. He was several times wounded. At the end of his military service, he resumed study, spending some time at St. John's College, Fordham, and then kept on under private instruction. After that he was for some years engaged in the book-selling and publishing trade. Then he became editor successively of the Catholic Telegraph of Cincinnati, the Catholic World magazine of New York, the Texas Monitor of Galveston. After that, he was for six years professor of Latin and of French literature at Manhattan College. He now holds a position in one of the departments of the New York City Government, but is a regular editorial writer for the Catholic Review, and a constant contributor to other well-known periodicals. Mr. Galwey is a member of the New York bar, but has never practised.

church has also its free circulating library which is very extensively used by the younger members of the congregation. Besides this, very many of the churches have debating societies which produce many graceful and forcible speakers, trained to the discussion of questions of public moment. The Paulist community, through Rev. Thomas McMillan, was the first to organize the reading circles, and the priests of many city churches have taken up the scheme.

It is a gratifying fact that all the diverse elements that go to make up the great city of New York recognize the breadth of view and good citizenship of their Catholic fellow-citizens. Although the element that has considerable control of the machinery of municipal government-



DR. WILLIAM B. WALLACE

Was born at Kilmamock, Limerick, Ireland. When 13 years of age he went to England with the intention of joining a brother in mercantile pursuits. From there he went to Mount Mallory to study for the priesthood, and afterwards to All Hallows College, Dublin. Having spent two years there he was called away by the protracted illness of his brother and shortly after gave up the idea of returning to All Hallows. He remained in business in England for four years, marrying at this period Miss Hannah Hickey of Clogheen, county Tipperary. Shortly afterwards,—1867—he came to New York city. He became a teacher in the public schools and continued in that capacity for six or seven years. Meantime he was appointed a member of the Board of Education where he served for three years.

While teaching he continued his medical studies at Columbia College and was graduated in 1871. He has practised his profession in New York ever since.

Dr. Wallace imbibed from his father an intense love of Ireland and the Catholic Church. He was president of the Central Organization of the National Land League; was a member of the National Council of Seven created by the Convention of Philadelphia; president of the state organization of the Irish National League. He is at present one of the Trustees of the Irish Federation of America.

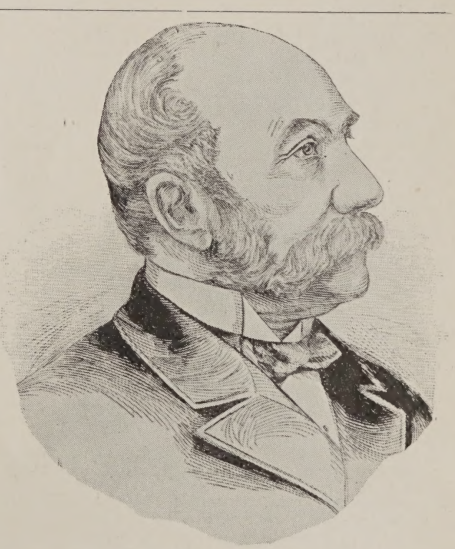
WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN

Was born in Ireland, Feb. 28, 1854; was educated in France and in his native country; removed to America when 17 years of age; soon after his arrival received the appointment of teacher in a private academy; was principal of a public school in Westchester County, N. Y.; while engaged in teaching read law and was admitted to the bar in 1876; was a member of the Fiftieth congress; was a member of the Commission to revise the Judiciary Article of the Constitution of the state of New York; was elected to the Fifty-Second and re-elected to the Fifty-Third Congress as a Democrat receiving 16,575 votes. As an orator Mr. Cockran is considered by experts superior to any of his contemporaries, and not unworthy of comparison with past celebrities.

wielding great power and regulating the distribution of immense sums of money, is of Catholic affiliation, yet New York is freer from such movements as the A. P. A., or other professed enemies of Catholicism, than any other community in the country. The fact is recognized that the Catholic of New York is, first of all an American and a good citizen, and it is no unusual occurrence to find the Catholic, the Hebrew, and the Protestant fighting side by side in defence of some great principle of right and justice.

Catholic New York will always be found on the side of law and order. It is the same to-day as when, during the draft riots, Archbishop Hughes, in the full splendor of his ecclesiastical vestments, stepped, crosier in hand, before the mighty multitude, and sent among it the white-winged dove of peace.

After all it is men, and not material things, that make Catholic New York what it is to-day. The portraits of some of them grace the pages of this magazine; but they are a small contingent of that noble army of useful citizens whose worthy and earnest lives make for the glory of God and the lasting honor of our country.



THOMAS ADDIS EMMET

Was born at the University of Virginia, May 29, 1828, took a partial course there, and was graduated in medicine at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1850. He began practice in New York city in 1852, and in 1862 became surgeon-in-chief to the Women's Hospital, of which he had been assistant surgeon since 1855. He retained this office till 1872, and since then has been visiting surgeon. Dr. Emmet is a member of various medical associations. Since 1859 he has made a specialty of the diseases of women and has introduced new operations and methods of treatment that are important in the history of medical science. He has contributed largely to the literature of that branch of medicine, his important papers in medical journals numbering nearly 40. He is the author of a number of important works in book form. Dr. Emmet is descendant of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot, and has earned the esteem of Irishmen by his labors in behalf of the Irish party and Home Rule.

FAITH.

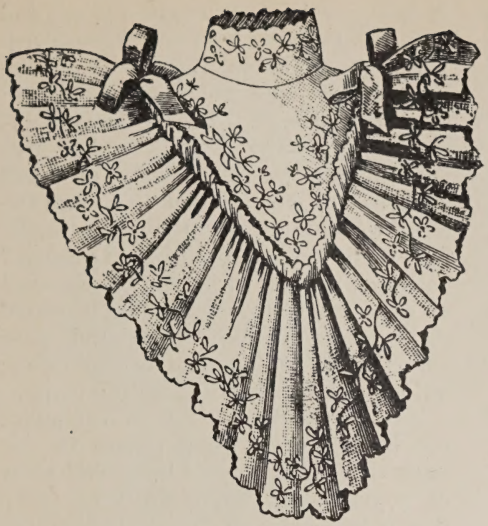


Fig. 6. — A Silk Muslin Bib.

Fig. 8. — A Bib of Chantilly Lace.

WOMAN THIS WINTER.

BY JOSEPHINE BENEDICT.

SHE is going to be a delightful, indescribable blending of chic and grace. The manishness we deprecated in our own and laughed at in other girls, has been tempered and toned down, till it is only a fascinating suggestion, not an aggressive fact. The severe lines of the tailor dress are to be modified even for the street, while house toilets are to be all light and fluttery with ribbons and lace, and adorned where ever there is the faintest shadow of excuse for their introduction with all the pretty conceits that women who are women at heart buy, "just because they were so pretty, I could not bear to leave them." And bibs, chemisettes, and vests of all colors of the rainbow, and every imaginable texture, make the plainest of house dresses into charming toilets (observe the distinction) in the twinkling of an eye, and with very little expense to the deft-fingered woman who realizes the possibilities of the bit of bias velvet left after the dressmaker has gone, and of the half yard by which the lace remnant was longer than she needed.

There never has been a winter of such lovely colors, rich leaf browns, reds, and deep grays, plaids and mixed goods generally, everything that suggests warmth and quick, stirring blood, exercise, and a good appetite; blues and tans and cold colors are gone. The materials look thick and rough also for outdoor wear. Tweeds and frieze, and, better than all, the dear old tartan plaids are here once more, — those delightful blue and green plaids with lines of red and yellow running through them. The cheerful Stuart plaid, the Campbell, and all the others which no clan will ever claim, but which make such pretty serviceable street dresses and school frocks for the small girls as well. Changeable goods will con-

tinue popular, trimmed always with velvet of the deeper tone. A curious

The Æsthetic Rough Cloth.

goods like a bison serge in two tones is a novelty. It shades from gray to brown and also from brown to green. Those two colors are the favorite combination again this winter, every imaginable shade of each being used in combination. Gray has this winter a pretty pinkish tone that takes away from its coldness but is seldom used by itself, always in combination with some other deeper shade. The very prettiest goods of all are the rough cheviots, with threads of every imaginable color running through them, blending together, and toning up to a warm, reddish brown. Plushes will be revived and very generally worn, both as trimming and as the foundation material. A heavy weight cravenette is new, and comes in the new gray and the browns.

For evening wear there is no change in materials, the novelties are all in color and design. The picturesque is sought for; large flowers and figures predominate to the dismay of small women who are obliged to forego the close following of the prevailing mode. For them there are a few "Dresden" patterns, tiny flower designs scattered all over pale backgrounds, and intended to be made up with any trimmings of embroidered tulle and ruffles of chiffon; but enough of materials as to gowns.

The five-gored skirt is still popular, but is now cut with a sweep to the back like the always lovely bell skirt of a year ago, thus doing away with the ugly swing to the front that the best hung gowns often showed as soon as the first stiffness had fallen from the lining. Notwithstanding all said to the contrary, plain, full skirts will be worn as much as ever, a pointed apron overskirt being sometimes simulated by the use of a braid or passementerie. The ugly four-pointed overskirt which looks as if a hole had been cut in a square of cloth and slipped over the head has gone, thank Dame Fashion.

A few gracefully draped skirts are shown, the overskirt being fully as long as the under, and lightly raised in a box plait on one side. Sometimes the facing is of a bright or contrasting color.

The petticoat for winter, whether it be the dainty creation that must go

A Triumph of Nature and Art.

to the cleaner, or the more serviceable article that defies the wear and tear of the laundry, is ruffled almost up to the waist, to make her frock stand out well without the extra stiffening which the most conservative dressers abhor. It

A Study.

Photographed by Emily Stokes. — See page 441.

is at least two inches shorter than her dress, and is set on a yoke.

Tan stockings or black ones are the only ones permissible for street wear. For the house, and all formal occasions, they must match the costume, or at least its prevailing color. A great many more side elastics will be worn this winter, are being worn now in fact, just why no one knows, as they are tiresome and draggy, dreadfully hard to fasten, ruinous to the stockings, and not a bit pretty. As if to protest against being abandoned, garters are prettier than ever. Very elaborate buckles are never in good taste, and usually tears one's ruffles.

For street wear all shoes are made on the "piccadilly" or London last. The former has a more pointed toe, both have the common sense heel. Square tips are the newest thing. Patent leather vamp, or foxings with black cloth uppers, are the most approved. Colored cloth uppers will not be worn, neither will low shoes and gaiters be as popular as they have been. Kangaroo leather is another fancy whose time is past, and all kinds of tan and russet shoes will disappear with October. For home and evening wear the choice is for satin or kid matching the toilette; black kid or satin beaded is pretty; black satin with a big silver buckle is always pleasing, as is a magpie combination of patent leather and white kid, and for a home morning our girl slips her pretty toes into a pair of tan suede slippers.

Combs especially are the rage, and come in such a variety of styles and materials that every girl in town can find exactly what she wants,— amber

Broadcloth Street Dress.

for the blonde, tortoise shell for every one, pierced silver and gold for girls with rich papas, and an endless variety

of enamels for those who fancy them. The big Spanish comb has been revived, and is seen side by side with a pretty one called the Mercury, which has two

Corduroy Skirt with Velvet Jacket.

mercury wings joined on a dainty base. The Diana is a fairy-like crescent. All these combs, or pins rather, for they usually show but two prongs, are long and far more substantial than they look, enabling our girl to rejoice in the consciousness that her twist is firmly "done," and will not slip. Side combs and hairpins come to match these combs, and a set will make a most acceptable Christmas present to maid, wife, or widow. An unexperienced buyer should remember that the large Spanish combs are pretty sure to be shell, as horn does not come large enough for their manufacture. In buying the smaller ones more care must be exercised. But she is dressed, this winter girl of ours, and going shopping.

Basques are either very long, quite to the knees, or barely a finger in length. These last are so full as to suggest fluting. A few coat tails are seen on travelling dresses. The long basques are cut as nearly as possible like a Prince Albert coat, and are chiefly desirable in that they render a pocket possible by hiding the opening.

Sleeves are, if possible, larger, but many are pleated down on the lining so as to mitigate their almost caricature-like proportions. They are certainly the salient point of the dress, and, as one girl said, have to be planned for first, the rest of the dress being an afterthought.

Crush velvet collars appear on everything, and are varied by an enormous velvet alsacian bow, either in the front or back as fancy dictates.

Fig. 1 is a tobacco brown rough cloth,

Fig. 1.—Tobacco Brown Rough Cloth.

draped over an underskirt of the same brown velvet, edged with a cord of brick red, forms the binding, and the buttons are of velvet. The cutaway coat discloses a red ladies' cloth vest, barred with brown velvet, and the cuffs are the same. The toque has a flat-beaded velvet crown, around the edge of which small wings lie flat, alternating with twists of brown satin ribbon. Then wings standing erect, and a buckle trim the front.

Fig. 2 is a Lincoln green, ladies' cloth, with a pattern in Soutasch braid. The front is cut wide, fitted with darts, and all the fulness drawn to the back.

Fig. 2. — Lincoln Green Ladies' Cloth.

The skirt comes over the waist, and is finished with three rows of braid. Two large smoked pearl buttons adorn the front.

The short bodice has revers of plush, opening over a simulated waistcoat of

An End of the Century Girl.

the same. They end under two buttons. The sleeves are set in the armhole in pleats, and the extra fulness is tacked to the lining. They are sloped sharply to the lower arm and end in stiff turned back cuffs.

A home reception dress is of silvery green silk, fitting very closely about the hips, and flaring below. The front opens over metal-green satin, with guipure embroidery. The pointed bodice is trimmed with the same as is also the collar. The sleeves are balloon of the darker shade. A lovely evening dress is leaf brown chiffon, simply hung over rose satin. The baby waist is the same,

Fig. 3. — A Picture Hat of Velvet.

Fig. 4. — A Theatre Hat.

with huge rose satin sleeves and rosettes of the satin, catching the fulness at the waist and shoulders.

A pale primrose silk was cut long, the skirt trimmed with heavy white lace put on in festoon style about twelve inches above the bottom. The bodice was cut low and round, and had a jacket of the lace opening over a front of ungathered silk. The sleeves of silk were puffed high, a band of pearl passementerie outlined the bodice and trimmed the neck.

Of course the big sleeves make jackets far from popular. There are a few for early winter wear, of rough tweed and pilot cloth, but capes will be the garments par excellence. It has no yoke, no shoulder pieces, no ruffles. It is cut to hang straight and full from the neck, skilful pressing at the hand of the tailor giving it a spring at the shoulder, but otherwise full, plain folds are what must be. They hang well below the waist, are made of tweed and weather-defying goods generally, and would be delightful articles of apparel were it not that they are buttoned from the neck down to the very bottom so as to make one's hands practically useless. A hood adorns the back, otherwise the cape is perfectly plain, save as to lining, for which nothing is too gay. Vivid reds and yellows are used, dazzling plaids, everything that has been considered too bright to be used before can now be shown in the garment.

In hats the sailor is still popular, made in felt of two tones, and elaborately trimmed with tiny ostrich tips set in a regular row round the band and with bows whenever there is room for them. Sometimes they are mounted directly on the middle of the crown again they are on the sides, one on each side. Thus adorned they will be worn on the dressiest occasions.

A wide tan felt has a slit rim, three slices are taken out of the felt all round, the crown is of puff black silk, three coque plumes on the left side form the trimming.

A picture hat of velvet has a twist of velvet round the soft crown and two plumes on the front for its only trimming. Fig. 3.

A theatre hat has mercury wings of lace starting from clusters of pink roses, the same roses also set on the hair behind. Fig. 4.

A fancy muff has an alsacian bow of velvet through a gold buckle.

In furs sable, mink, and persian lamb are the most popular, the latter being used for coats and the others for capes.

Fig. 7. — A Plastron of China Silk.

The capes are cut like the cloth garments, and the coats are as full as possible in the skirts.

Boas now have two animal heads clasped together in front, the tails and feet hanging down the back. Sable and mink are the most worn with ermine for evening.

A delightful novelty for a child is a carriage robe of lamb's wool so split in the middle that it can be slipped over the child's head and shoulders covering him and his carriage entirely.

Fig. 10. — The New Stock Cravat.

A skating suit for a young girl is in

Fig. 9. — An Evening Sleeve.

For a Miss of Nine.

Lincoln green cloth, made like a Russian blouse, edged and belted with

A Stylish Cape.

mink, mink also edges the short full skirt, closes the Russian sleeves, forms the collar and edges the green deer-stalker hat. Long brown gauntlets complete the costume.

SOME ADORNMENTS OF DRESS.

Fig. 6 is a bib that will make a very plain dress attractive. It is of cream-colored silk muslin embroidered. The ruffles may be of the same or of embroidered chiffon; rosettes may replace the bows on the shoulders. It can be repeated in china silk and will be very dainty.

Fig. 7 is a plastron of rose or lemon china silk, with a ruffle of any pretty lace set on in yoke form, shirred ribbon for a heading. The standing collar is covered with the lace, or may be replaced with one of crushed velvet.

Fig. 8 is a bib of chantilly lace on a collar of black satin, knots of black satin ribbon adorn each side of the collar.

Fig. 9 is an evening sleeve which the best dressmakers prophesy will be very popular as a change from the balloon effect.

Fig. 10 shows how to tie the new stock cravat.

Striking Costumes for School-Girls.

WHAT SHALL I DO TO SUCCEED?

Shall I become a Photographer?

The question of women's work and remuneration has so many sides and phases, that the whole can only be considered by its separate conditions, and the profession or trade analyzed as to its bearing on the whole.

The photographic profession, of which I can speak, is one that invites the seeker for an occupation to enter, provided she is "thorough" in her intention to rise beyond the mechanical position of the "art", — for art it is, no matter how much those who arrogate to themselves the title of "artist" object. The Paris Exposition of 1889 settled that question forever. As one woman to another I say, "Unless you only wish to be a machine, have no feeling or knowledge of drawing or painting, don't attempt the business." The number of successful photographers, even amongst men is few, and amongst women they are less. Why so? Because every one thinks it is nothing to take a photograph; don't they know that Fanny or Jenny have "Hawkeyes," etc., and "take pictures!" There is not one in ten thousand amongst the amateurs who would be able "under glass" to pose, and expose a plate successfully; while to take the latter from the camera to the finished, burnished picture, not one in twenty thousand could. I know from my own experience. When circumstances made me leave the amateur to enter the professional field, I had but little knowledge of the multitudinous operations to be performed, the loss, waste, the trials of a photographer, and the absurdity of comparing the workings of a 4×5 outfit to an 18×22, the making of a few "blue prints" to from 500 to 1,000 a day in albumen, ilo, or platinotype. Then the non-professional has not to contend with the capriciousness of the public, the making old young, mouths smaller, eyebrows to be introduced, wrinkles softened, all by request; and when friends say, "Hardly like you, dear!" the one who has ordered this done has not the honesty to say, "I told the photographer to do so and so," but lets the blame rest on the poor artist, who has done what she has been told. But, it will be said, should an artist do this? I answer, "How many of Copley's, Reynold's, Lawrence's, or Sargent's portraits are true to the living image? Are not lights and shades introduced, color added, or toned down? and, after all, when people pay for what they want, are they not entitled to have it?" But let them be honest. This brings me to the main question, Is the work suitable for women? Now the point is, does the aspirant only want to earn a bare living, or does she seek to master the whole process, and become an employer? There are employers who call themselves "Lady Photographers," having no practical knowledge beyond the "show case," though this is a position suited to those having no artistic feelings and ambition.

The "show case" in its sphere is an important part of the business. The occupier must have tact and judgment, a lady-like appearance, and the temper of an angel, or be able to cheerfully accept without murmuring the absolute insults that disappointed sitters hurl at the unoffending person who has the temerity to hint "that the pictures are as ordered." The usual pay is from $8 to $15 a week. The applicant must be able to keep books and write a fair hand.

The operator and "poser" holds the most important position in the studio, and has the highest salary. Now, I do not remember ever having met a successful operator amongst my sex, i. e., up to professional standard. Personally I "pose" all my subjects

whilst a gentleman works the camera. A woman must be strong to work a large 18 × 22 outfit, or even 11 × 14; holders and plates are heavy to handle; smaller sizes can be, and are, handled well; but one has to take the business as a whole. I cannot state the pay earned, as I have never seen a female operator, but men get all the way from $12 to $60 a week, the higher the pay, the less they do, as those at the head of this branch do not develop their plates, but have a "dark room" man. Here, again, a woman, not of good constitution, would be handicapped by having to work the heavy glass in a confined space, and would hardly care to undertake the job.

The retoucher, or finisher, is one who should be up in the anatomy of the face, neck, and shoulders; this is essential, and when one sees the absurd, distorted productions, it is easy to judge of the anatomical knowledge of the retoucher; it is also necessary to be fairly well grounded in drawing. The drawback is the great strain on the eyesight, and the use of artificial light, which is being introduced more and more, adds to the discomfort. Pay is all the way from $8 to $20 a week; as may be supposed but few get the last-named sum. Those who work by the negative, of course, can do as they like as to hours and amount; in some places, though, a certain number have to be done; hours are usually from nine to five.

Printing, next to "operating," is the most interesting part of the business, and where any average woman will be on the "jump" all the time, wages are from $8 to $15. Men get up to $30 in large studios, though $18 is about the average. Mounting and spotting are the lowest positions in the business and the worst paid. Mounters alone, beginners, get from $4 to $6 a week, and not much over the latter pay ever. This work is suitable for young girls, with quick eyes and hands, able to see at a glance any imperfection in the work. The "spotter" has to cover up with India ink, &c., the defects in print, through "specks," on negatives or paper, must have artistic feeling, be able to bring out "points," add a shade here or there, and be, as it were, a judge of the last "court of appeal," before which the photograph goes before its final "burnishing," that is, if of silver or aristotype; regular wages from $8 to $15, beginners, from $6 to $8. A good "spotter" is a treasure, and a great help. In most medium studios the "spotter" also mounts. Burnishing is not a separate part, but comes under the printer's charge; usually an assistant does it. It is anything but a pleasant occupation, turning a stiff crank 20,000 times on a summer's afternoon, with a frame of gas jets heating the machine. With all this discomfort, one of the best "burnishers" I ever had was a lady. I hope I have given a fair idea of the pay to be expected, the labor to be expended, and the difficulties to be overcome.

Now, will any one say it is unfit work for women? Hardly; there is nothing objectionable in the business. In days gone by, there were many things, but daily improvements are being made that render it far more easy and pleasant. As I have said, there are positions where physical strength has to come into play; but any girl who is not afraid to exert her muscles, will find it not worse in that respect than many other occupations. When I first thought of going into the photographic profession, it was through the influence of some friends of mine in London, who were, and are, deeply interested in women's work and development, and who believed in their employment in occupations where the competition of the sexes was the least likely to be objectionable, and where woman's presence would tend to elevate.

I can say, in my observation, that as far as the photographic business is concerned, the advent of women into the "sphere" has done good. I am not a believer in "woman's rights," but I

think that there are many positions filled by men that women can fill with benefit to all.

Now to all girls who wish to become photographers, or to study, I want to say, first, be sure you will like it; then, be thorough, learn all you can, and remember what you are taught. Give cheerful obedience to those over you; they know what is wanted, and your work is to carry out their intentions; and always remember your employer's interests are your own.

Some will say that what I have stated contradicts itself, but when I am asked, "Shall I become a photographer?" I must give both sides of the question. Personally, I have never found any portion of the work that I could not handle, and I cannot see why others cannot do likewise.

MRS. EMILY STOKES.

Shall I be a Milliner?

I ASKED myself that question very early in life, and answered it in the affirmative to my enduring satisfaction; and I now take pleasure in giving a description of the milliner's art, and the facilities it affords to women, as it appears from my point of view.

The very first requisite, for one who would become an expert milliner, is an immense stock of patience, not the quality of that virtue which poses as interestingly smiling on grief, but patience of a good, durable, every-day quality, correct width, fast color, and every thread silk.

A young woman possessing sufficient of this desirable attribute, and, in addition thereto, a moderate amount of taste and indomitable perseverance, may very safely choose millinery as her trade, feeling that she has every prospect of success.

Of course, in this, as in every other walk in life, there are discouragements, but there are really few in comparison with the benefits to be reaped by industry, and the faculty of pushing ahead in spite of obstacles.

Not the least of the considerations to be urged in favor of the occupation, is the fact that it is one that does not tax or overstrain the nervous system, being light, dainty, and congenial, pursued under conditions favorable to health, and essentially feminine. I know that the wish to be regarded as feminine is, in these last days of the century, considered symptomatic of mental weakness, if not of imbecility; still the arts connected with the needle have always had, and always will have, a peculiar fascination for women. Of millinery this is especially true; perhaps because it so particularly lends itself to that adornment of her person which is supposed by some sarcastic masculine critics to be the primary object of her existence.

For three months, the neophyte who wishes to be inducted into the mysteries of the art must work without receiving any emolument, except the instruction she imbibes.

There is plenty of work for her to do, however, since she must commence on what might be termed the "plain needlework" of millinery; she must line and wire and bind; she is then advanced to the "making," — as covering shapes not made of straw or felt is called, — at which perhaps she will continue for years before she begins to trim; though it is quite often the case that a maker is advanced to the envied position of a trimmer.

How much a girl learns during this short apprenticeship depends very greatly upon her application and ability. Some milliners are born, not made — and these are the best ones; with such, the mastering of the craft is a very rapid operation; I have known a young woman to establish herself in what proved a paying business, only six months after she commenced to learn.

I find that a great many become discouraged, when they see how deftly and easily the work is done by those who are experienced, and compare their own clumsy efforts — and here is where patience comes in, or should come in, to do her smiling work. Time

spent in acquiring knowledge of how to do the thing one is to do well — is a good investment and will pay compound interest by and by.

In a first-class establishment a good maker receives from $12 to $15 per week; a trimmer, from $20 to $30. From the first three months of nothingness to such wages as these is a far cry, but the way is bridged at intervals by lesser weekly sums gradually increasing until the pinnacle is reached, which often occurs in an incredibly short time.

I must mention before I close, the fact that this trade, once learned, is one which a woman may resume at any time in her life — should she marry in youth and leave it, as so many women do leave the occupations by which they have earned their maiden bread — since it may be pursued in her own home. Many "parlor" milliners earn very considerable incomes.

I have no hesitation in advising young girls to learn a business in which the opportunities are so favorable. The ranks are by no means overcrowded — because of the qualities necessary to ensure success; also, perhaps, because in these times women are diverted by the many new avennes opening out for them, from treading the older-fashioned and often more flowery paths.

MADAME C. H. GOOKIN.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

USED to say that you could fool some people all the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all of the time. This explains why people come back to the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

THE price of Dobbins' Electric Soap has just been reduced in order to put it in the reach of every one. Quality same as for 30 years. Insist upon your grocer keeping it. Premiums given for wrappers. Try it at once.

DERMATOLOGY.

DERMATOLOGY pertains to the treatment of the skin. Every person has a skin and probably no person has a perfect skin. This seems a strong statement, but look about for yourself and see. Here is a little mole or wart and there a freckle. The scalp is full of dandruff and even a pug nose or an ear that stands out too far from the head is susceptible of correction.

Hair sometimes persists in growing on women's faces or between men's eye-brows. If people could realize how easily such blemishes can be removed they would go about it at once.

John H. Woodbury has devoted his life to the study of the art and has offices in New York at 127 West 42d street, in Boston at 11 Winter street, and in Philadelphia at 1218 Walnut street.

Charges reasonable. Consultation free. Send stamp for 150-page book.

John H. Woodbury is the inventor of Woodbury's Facial Soap for the Skin, Scalp, and Complexion, a pure antiseptic. medicinal toilet soap for daily use. It embod es as far as soap can the soothing, healing, preserving elements that twenty years practical experience treating the skin has proved most beneficial. Druggists sell it.

FROZEN PEACHES.

ONE pint sugar, 1 pint boiling water, 2 quarts strained ripe peaches. Boil water and sugar 15 minutes and strain on the peaches. Mix well, and when cold, freeze. Pears may be treated in the same way. Frozen peaches, like ice-cream, or sherbets, should be eaten slowly, else the stomach is chilled and the result harmful. For all disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels take Ayer's Pills.

CONSTIPATION is usually a habit of the body induced by prolonged inattention to the calls of nature. It is a condition so perilous to the general health, that it should be relieved as speedily, but judiciously, as possible. People who have allowed themselves to become costive and irregular usually try to remedy the evil by the use of violent purgatives, and the result is that the bowels become weakened and the disorder all the more difficult of cure. The medicine best calculated to produce natural movement and at the same time to strengthen the bowels, is Ayer's Pills. When taken according to directions, the result is always beneficial. A few doses gently stimulate the bowels to healthy action, restore their lost tone, and promote easy evacuations. No other pill so well supplies the demand of the general public for a safe, certain, and agreeable family medicine. Physicians recommend them. They received the highest awards of the Chicago World's Fair Commissioners.

AN AVERAGE INSTANCE.*

BY REV. T. A. HENDRICK.

It is hard for me to classify Mr. Larkin's article in the August number. As an argument it seems to be a joke; as a joke it needs explanation. I have been trained to think that in a serious argument it is of some consequence to represent one's antagonist correctly, to know something of the meaning of terms used, and to state as facts only such things as come within rifle shot of being facts.

In the article "Is Monopoly a Blessing?" in the August number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Mr. Larkin represents me as follows: "His definition of monopoly, exclusive control, is accurate." The definition given is neither mine, nor accurate. I defined monopoly to be "the exclusive control, by one or a few persons, of something necessary or highly useful to the well-being of many."

It is a simple thing to learn, that monopoly as such is neither good nor bad. If it be a bad monopoly, it is bad; if it be a good monopoly, it is good. The goodness or badness of the monopoly is determined by the use which the monopolist makes of his power.

As a matter of morals the consideration must be borne in mind that neither the Standard Oil Company nor the railroads named in my article, "The Blessings of Monopoly," the New York Central or the Pennsylvania Railroad, are monopolies, for neither of the three has exclusive control of the things in which they deal. Therefore they are not monopolies.

The Standard Oil Company never controlled or used more than about half of the total output of oil in the United States. Therefore it is not and never was a monopoly. It controls less percentage of the total output now than when it was formed, therefore it is further from being a monopoly than it was then.

But, for the sake of argument, let it be called a monopoly. It would be a bad monopoly only when it increased the price of oil beyond what it would be if the company did not exist. I claimed that oil is now sold to the consumer at one quarter the price it brought when the Standard Oil Company was formed. This claim was not disputed. Therefore it has done no evil in regard to prices. But, urges Mr. Larkin, the percentage of decrease in price did not continue after the formation of the company that obtained before. This is our ancient acquaintance in schoolboy days, "post hoc, ergo propter hoc." He wishes it to be inferred that because the ratio of decrease did not continue, therefore the Standard Oil Company has kept prices above what they would be were it not formed. To any one who is at all acquainted with the history of the oil industry, the fallacy of this assumption must be apparent. When oil was first produced it sold in the neighborhood of $2 per gallon. Owing to the rapidly increased transportation facilities, to improved methods of refining, but more than all, to the rapid increase in the output of oil, to a point where the

* In the June number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE appeared an article on "The Blessings of Monopoly," by Rev. T. A. Hendrick, pastor of St. Bridget's Church, Rochester, N. Y. In the August number Mr. P. O'Neill Larkin, of Boston, replied to this article, writing to the question "Is Monopoly a Blessing?" In the present number, Father Hendrick makes rejoinder to Mr. Larkin, and in the November number, the latter will have opportunity briefly to answer Father Hendrick. Then the discussion, conducted as it has been in excellent temper, will be closed.

output far exceeded the consumption, the price of crude oil fell to a point where a barrel of oil could be bought for a price less than a single gallon before. Though oil may be considered one of the necessaries of life, it should always be remembered that no one, not in extreme necessity, has a right to any commodity at a price which involves loss to the average producer. To assert such a right would be to assert a contradiction of rights, which is absurd.

The Standard Oil Company has never prevented anybody from selling oil at a loss, who wish to do so. It has only prevented persons from selling at a profit by competing for that profit. As it was able, by its vast facilities to produce oil at a lower price than any smaller competitor, it has always been able to set the price at which oil could profitably be sold. It can be seen by any one that it could control the oil market only by keeping prices at a lower figure than any one else could produce it and sell at a profit.

It can easily be seen, by any business man, that any gallon of oil which it buys, for which it has not a market, is a gallon bought at a dead loss.

It follows, necessarily from this, that if the Standard Oil Company was to continue to receive and produce one half of the vast total amount of oil produced, it must not only take care of the production of oil, but it must also see that the selling of oil was controlled so that every gallon it produced could be sold, and sold at a profit. For this reason it was compelled, by force of circumstances, to establish distributing centres in every large city, and where the retailer was not willing to sell it at a price that would ensure consumption, it was compelled to put on wagons and sell it direct to the consumer at such prices. It was compelled to encourage the invention and use of oil stoves, gasoline stoves, and other devices to consume its products, and to make it an object to the consumer to use its products rather than coal, gas, and electricity.

It is easy, therefore, to go a little farther, to see how the Standard Oil Company regulates not only the price of crude oil and its products, but, also, to a very great extent, has reduced the prices of gas, coal, and electricity, both for heating and lighting. It seems to me that these are blessings that may reasonably be added to the credit side of the Standard Oil Company, even though "corporations have no souls." Perhaps, too, the managers of the Standard Oil Company may never reach heaven on the credit of these reductions, for it may be reasonably assumed that in making them they were consulting the development of their bank accounts, rather than the saving of their immortal souls.

Mr. Larkin's rule, to determine what monopolies are good and what are bad, is very simple. Public monopolies are good, private monopolies are bad. I am not sure what he means by this division; but the unlimited concession of patents to private individuals, proves that the wisdom of the governments of the civilized world differs widely from Mr. Larkin's wisdom.

He takes a great deal of pains to prove that legislative bodies are corrupt, yet strives to show that "public monopolies," meaning, I take it, monopolies devised and controlled by these same bodies, are good.

It is hardly necessary for me to say to any one who has the slightest experience with politics and politicians, that the administration of public trusts of the kind mentioned by Mr. Larkin is, in this country at least, so infested with corruption and robbery, that only a steal of an enormous amount awakens a protest from the people, or is considered worthy of serious attention. To profess ignorance of this fact would argue that one came from another planet.

In order to prove his thesis that private monopolies are bad, Mr. Larkin goes on to give some facts (?) of specific acts of corruption and lawbreaking accomplished by monopolists. If such an argument be valid, then every human institution must be adjudged

bad, nay, even Mother Church must pass into the common damnation for the evil doings of her representatives.

The "facts" given as to the Standard Oil Company specifically, remind one of the accusation once made, that General Butler's son stole a horse, while in New Orleans with his father, from a well-known Southern gentleman. A friend of the gentleman named being appealed to for confirmation of the story, answered: "The story is substantially true, with some trifling exceptions. They are that General Butler had no son, and the man named had no horse."

Let us consider a few of the "facts."

I. "The Standard Oil Company, to be properly understood, and its blessings appreciated, should be viewed in its entirety. Its business is not confined solely to the production and distribution of oil; it extends to the maintenance of gas plants and other public necessaries in Eastern and Western cities and towns."

The truth is that the Standard Oil Company does not own, maintain, or control gas plants, as indicated in the article.

II. "I refer to the memorable contest of the Standard Oil Company with the city of Toledo, Ohio, in 1889, over the right of the city to furnish gas to its inhabitants."

The truth is that the Standard Oil Company had no such contest.

III. "A branch of the Standard Oil Company began a remarkable opposition which probably has few parallels in the sphere of audacity."

Neither the Standard Oil Company or any branch of it made any opposition whatever to the city of Toledo supplying its own gas.

IV. None of the other "facts," as stated by Mr. Larkin, are true so far as they relate to the Standard Oil Company or any of its branches having any connection with the furnishing of gas to the city of Toledo or any proceedings in connection with it.

V. "The city of Columbus had an agreement running for a definite term of years with the Standard Oil Company to furnish gas to citizens at 12 cents per thousand feet, but the contract was boldly violated in the winter of 1890–91, although it had yet some years to run," &c.

The truth is that the Standard Oil Company never had any contract, nor had any branch of the Standard Oil Company any contract with the city of Columbus to furnish gas.

It is further the truth that the company which supplied gas to the city of Toledo was a corporation entirely independent of the Standard Oil Company, though some of its members held stock in that corporation, and one of its members was president. The majority of the stock was owned by citizens of Ohio, not members of the Standard Oil Company, and these stockholders controlled its policy. It is, I believe, a fact that the company which supplied the gas was approached by certain individuals with a proposition, that, for a stated number of thousands of dollars, the company would be permitted to fix its rates at 20 cents per thousand feet, the rate being then about 12 cents. The refusal to pay this money led, as was threatened, to the vote being taken to establish a city gas plant in opposition. Mr. Larkin says that 60 per cent of the voters voted for the plant. It is a fact that in this 60 per cent the taxpayers were not included, and it is a fact that the 60 per cent, composed mostly of non-taxpayers, voted that the taxable property of Toledo should be assessed to furnish gas to the non-payers, at a lower rate than the reasonable 12 cents they were paying.

In estimating the cost of gas to the people at large, Mr. Larkin makes no estimate of its cost to the taxpayers, and, in his judgment, it is quite the thing, morally, that some should vote their burdens to the extent of $750,000 on others. It seems to me to be theft.

Mr. Larkin's argument staggers under the assumption, constantly repeated, "Where the public conducts business

in the matter of canals, gas, water, electric light supply, and such like, nobody complains." Is the property owner, who bears the burden, "nobody?" The great statesman, Horatio Seymour, argued that the maintenance of the Erie Canal was a curse to the tax payers of New York state. Governor Flower is just now travelling around New York state telling the farmers of his state that a farmer in Iowa or Dakota can deliver a bushel of grain in Europe cheaper than a New York farmer can deliver it in New York city. The reason for the last statement is contained in the former. The farmer of New York state has been taxed to make his own fields unproductive in competition with the West. Yet Mr. Larkin says "nobody" complains. When people can get gas at less than cost, when the government will take charge of the railroads, and give rides at less than cost, when children can hang up their stockings and have them filled at the expense of the taxpayer, "nobody" will complain. If that day should ever come, and it never will, then surely "nobody" will complain, for there will be nobody to "pay the piper." All the people will be having fun at "nobody's" expense.

It is apparent that Mr. Larkin is simply an average instance of the writers who, without due respect for facts, trail the bell-wethers in wild talk about capital, wealth, and its relation to the people. There is, in their talk, a sublime disregard for the ancient landmarks of meum and tuum. Their talk sounds like socialism, and recalls the dictum of Proudhon, that "Property is theft." They talk of the "greed" of capitalists, as though that greed differed in kind from the greed of the publishers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for a large and paying subscription list, with all the accompanying features. Mr. Larkin quotes Abram Hewitt as though he ranked with St. Alphonsus as a teacher of morals. If he is remembered at all in history, it will be for two things: that he was the son-in-law of a good, though wealthy man, and because he hated the Irish cordially.

It will be seen that I have here no defence of any "monopoly." It is my purpose to show the inaccuracy of this kind of writers, and to protest that it is improper and immoral to charge that which is untrue against any body or company. Mr. Larkin quotes the saying of Lord Coke, that "corporations have no souls," whilst he escapes the meaning of it. Corporations are composed of individuals, and these individuals have exactly the moral responsibility in their corporate acts that they have in their individual acts. They have souls to be saved and punishment or reward to receive according as they perform their part. They and their property have the same rights of protection from unjust attack, where their interests are joined, that they have where they are separate.

ONE DAY IN YOUTH.

BY JAMES RILEY.

WORDS, men, and things! a bright arch blue!
Its pillars two far stars!
Beneath the span, a world, whose view
Leads on to heaven's bars!

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this new department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith and God's Church that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the 8th of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington street, Boston, Mass."]

A correspondent from Shakopee, Minn., sends a clipping from a local paper, wherein the editor, commenting on the recent indorsation by Mgr. Satolli, of the rulings which Bishop Watterson made for Catholic societies in the Columbus diocese, declares that such indorsation "excludes liquor-dealers and saloon-keepers from membership in Roman Catholic societies, and from the sacraments of the Church," and our friend wishes to know if such a declaration be true.

Plainly not! In the first place, Bishop Watterson himself made no such ruling. What he did do, was to declare that he would not recognize hereafter as a Catholic or church society any organization that elected to office or membership any one engaged, as principal or agent, in the liquor traffic. He said nothing about excluding such persons from the sacraments, however, except in the case where they conduct their business in a disorderly and disedifying manner. Mgr. Satolli, in the next place, simply declared that Bishop Watterson was within his rights in laying down such regulations for the direction of Catholic societies in the Columbus diocese; and, finally, Bishop Watterson's rulings, with the apostolic delegate's sanction of them, have no application outside of the Columbus diocese. Our Shakopee friend will thus see that the editor of the paper, from which he sends us a clipping, had no warrant whatever for the statement which he printed.

From Vincennes, Ind., comes an inquiry as to the date when the principal religious orders, now represented in the United States, began their work here.

The Augustinians were probably the first of the orders to labor in this country — no consideration, of course, is here made of the pioneer Spanish missionaries, Franciscans and Dominicans, who visited certain portions of the country shortly after its discovery. As early as 1790 there were Augustinians to be found at Philadelphia; the Sulpicians came to Baltimore from France the following year, and began St. Mary's Seminary; the Jesuits were restored in the United States in 1803. Bishop Fenwick, of Cincinnati, brought the Dominicans to Kentucky in 1805; the Lazarists were established in Missouri in 1816, and the Redemptorists began missionary work here in 1832. Father Sorin brought the Fathers of the Holy Cross to Indiana in the early 40's, and the other orders, are all subsequent to that date. Of the several sisterhoods, the Ursulines, who established a house at New Orleans early in the last century, were probably the first to commence their benign ministrations in this country.

A Charlestown correspondent wants to know if the Question Box can tell him anything about the notorious "Angel Gabriel," who figured in the Know-Nothing fanaticism of half a century ago.

The "Angel Gabriel" was an illiterate and bigoted fanatic, of Scotch birth or descent, who took advantage of the Know-Nothing outbreak to win notoriety for himself, and who was doubtless also instigated by mercenary motives in what he did. The most prominent thing about him was his horn, which he used to announce his presence in any place; but his so-called lectures were meaningless jumbles of nonsense

and abuse of Catholicity. Were he to put in an appearance in any civilized community to-day, he would be booted out of town, as, in fact, he was eventually driven from his favorite haunts long before he anticipated that his career in this neighborhood would have ended. Nobody knows for a certainty what became of the mountebank, and few ever cared. There was a report current at the time that, when his supporters deserted him, he went to Central America and died there; but nobody ever appears to have taken interest enough in the vagabond to verify this statement.

"Is the devotion of the Forty Hours," asks a Providence reader, "of long institution in the Church?"

The origin of this devotion is generally attributed to a pious Capuchin monk, Father Joseph of Milan, who, wishing to make some reparation for the excesses of the carnival time, in 1534, invited the faithful to visit a church wherein he had caused the Blessed Sacrament to be exposed for adoration; and his invitation was accepted by so great a number of people that it was found necessary to continue the Exposition for 40 hours, in order that the throng of worshippers, who succeeded each other night and day, might have an opportunity of kneeling before the altar. St. Philip Neri, who found the devotion popular in his day, greatly encouraged its propagation, and established confraternities for that purpose. Pius IV., who reigned about the middle of the sixteenth century, seems to have been the first Sovereign Pontiff to approve formally of the devotion; and after him a number of other Popes enriched it with special indulgences, and exhorted pastors to commend it to their flocks. There is a report that the devotion was first practised in this country at Natchez, Miss., during the days of the French occupancy of the Louisiana territory; but the real introducer of the Forty Hours into the United States was the saintly Bishop Neumann, of Philadelphia, whose administration began in 1852, and terminated with his death eight years later.

A Milwaukee reader of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE asks, What is the attitude of the Catholic Church towards the social organization of its members?

Generally speaking, it is a friendly attitude. Of course, there are societies which the Church forbids its adherents to join, such as secret, oath-bound organizations, that are always harmful to those who aggregate themselves with them, and baneful to society itself. Those organizations left out of consideration though, the Church has no objection to the entrance of its members into social organizations. On the contrary, it favors such organizations, as may be seen from the good will it exhibits towards benevolent, temperance, athletic, and other organizations. The Question Box cannot better answer this correspondent than by citing for his information the following passage from a pastoral, issued some years ago by the Fathers of one of our provincial councils. "The Church," says this pastoral, "is no enemy of societies; on the contrary, she not only fosters, but strongly encourages their establishment. Nor does it need that societies be religious that she approve. The Church wishes to encourage her children both in the temporal and spiritual order, but she seeks that the temporal be made subordinate to the spiritual. . . . That a society may be approved, it is necessary that its constitution and by-laws shall have been examined by the bishop of the diocese in which it is to be established, and approved by him; and to be considered a Catholic society, that the bishop shall have appointed for it a spiritual director who shall have a veto on all things appertaining to faith and morals. In the management of its ordinary affairs there is no desire to interfere with, or curtail the action of, societies; on the contrary, every liberty should be given consistent with the above veto power." This seems to us to cover the ground concerning the

nature of which our Milwaukee friend has asked. The above quotation evidently applies to societies that are general in their character, and that have branches in the parishes. Of course, for a simple parochial society, the approval of the rector of the parish would suffice as a sanction for the society.

A Mobile correspondent writes as follows: "An Episcopalian friend of mine calls his church a branch of the Catholic church, and asserts that he himself is a Catholic. Both these statements I have contraverted, but would be glad if the Question Box could give me some reasons proving that none other than the true church has a valid title to the name of Catholic."

The branch theory is a favorite one with those sectaries who would be considered as belonging to the Church which Christ founded; but the theory has been upset so many times that it would be a work of supererogation to argue against it here. The word "Catholic" means universal, and our correspondent might pertinently ask his Episcopalian friend how his sect, which is confined to certain countries alone, can be considered a universal church. As a matter of fact, Catholicity is the only church that finds representation the whole world over, and it is, consequently, the only one that can have any valid claim to the appellation in question. All other churches or creeds, like Protestantism in its various forms, Buddhism, Brahminism, etc., are split into conflicting sects, and none of them can claim universality in the world. Buddhism and Brahminism are confined to certain eastern countries; Mohammedanism has never gained any lasting foothold even in western Europe; the Greek Church is chiefly confined to the Russian Empire, and Protestantism, even if we consider all its countless divisions as constituting one church, is still circumscribed both by time and locality. Catholicity alone is found represented in all lands, and, what is more to the purpose, no period of the Christian age can be set when it did not exist. It alone is universal, therefore, and to it alone, consequently, belongs the name of being the Catholic Church of the world.

A Springfield, Ill., correspondent asks us to give the principal points of the decree regarding parochial schools enacted by the Fathers of the last Baltimore Council.

The decree in question is readily procured, and our correspondent, if he wishes full information on the subject, would do well to get a copy of it and read it. However, the main points of the decree would seem to be these: "Within two years from the promulgation of the council, a Catholic School shall be erected and perpetually sustained in each parish not already provided with one, unless the bishop, on account of peculiar difficulties, shall see fit to grant an extension of time." "The priest, who, through grave negligence, shall fail in erecting a school in that time or in sustaining it, or who, after repeated warnings, shall neglect it, shall merit removal from his Church." "The mission or parish which shall neglect to help its priest erect or sustain a school, so that on account of this neglect the school cannot be established or maintained, shall be reprimanded by the bishop, and, by the most prudent and most efficacious means, shall be induced to contribute the necessary assistance." "All Catholic parents are obliged to send their children to the parochial schools, unless they sufficiently provide for their Christian education at home or in other Catholic schools, or unless, with the proper safeguards, they have the bishop's permission to send them to secular institutions." These are the principal provisions, it seems to the Question Box, of the decree concerning which our friend inquires; but as before stated, he can easily procure a copy of the decree for himself, and read it in its entirety.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

Rev. Charles Warren Currier has rendered the public good service in preparing a popular history of the religious orders in the Church. It makes a bulky volume of 700 pages, and treats more or less briefly of over 200 religious societies, which are doing good work in the various parts of the world. One could hardly believe that such a number of congregations exists, wholly devoted to works of charity and to the cultivation of the spiritual life; and small as is the space which the writer could give to each community, enough is told to whet a natural desire to hear more of these communities. The life of the monks has long been a matter of derision for certain classes. Even our Protestant brethren after some centuries of observation fail to comprehend the raison d'etre of religious societies. The union of two impulses, viz., love for men and the desire to lead a life detached from the world, is the motive for the existence of the religious societies. Their members not only wish to be helpers of their fellows, they also desire to be rid of the concerns of the world, devoting the time that business interests would take to the pursuit of the higher life. Nothing could be more natural from the standpoint of a Christian. It will help those who cannot take that standpoint unaided to see how these societies multiply and mature in the Church; how men are drawn to them from all classes, and how the ecclesiastical leaders are compelled to restrain a growth which easily becomes too abundant in the rich soil of sound Christianity. Father Currier divides his book into nine parts, and forgets to give us a table of these divisions for ready reference. He groups the various congregations according to their social character. Thus the contemplative orders have a division in themselves, then come in succession the canons regular, the military orders, the mendicant orders, the regular clerics, and the various orders of modern times. Probably the most valuable matter in the book is the opening treatise which covers the whole ground relating to the history of religious societies in general, and their relations to the Church in particular. The author gives first a brief account of the founding of the leading religious communities, and, then, in a series of interesting though too brief chapters, makes the reader acquainted with the general character of the rules that govern them, with the vows taken by their members, with the methods followed in the interior life, and with the more important details of the social conditions; the habits worn by the monks are described, the tenure of their property, and many other matters of interest. This part might have been lengthened with profit by the author, and if he had added some critical notes concerning the economic value of the older orders to society, we could have forgiven the additional pages to a large volume. In a book of this character one does not look for the graces of style, except such as are permissible for the crowded pages of the modern encyclopedia. In the space which Father Currier allowed himself, names and dates easily took the place of figures. To get necessary information before the reader every word had to be counted. The book will be a very useful one for public and private libraries, and for general references. But in this respect its usefulness will be materially strengthened by the addition of a table of contents, and a good index, two essentials for a work of this kind.

The author of Happy Hours for Children and By the Seaside. two small books from the press of P. O'Shea, New York, has the happy gift of being able to talk to boys and girls in the pleasantest fashion. Our Catholic publishers have not been very fortunate in securing writers of children's books. They have given us, for the most part, republications of work done 50 years ago, or translations from the French and German, good enough in their way, but not the books parents like to pay for. The two stories named above are of the sort all our publishers might indulge in with profit to buyers and readers. The tenderness and sympathy with which they are written make them entertaining to older readers, while their simple language and incidents are suited to the child mind.

A Parish Providence is the fourth volume of the *New Irish Library* which the London publisher, Fisher Nuein, recently has put before the reading world. It is a shrewdly constructed book, with an introduction by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy and an economic postscript by the author of the pleasant tale sandwiched between the more serious articles. The story is a brief, pleasant, pointed account of the success a village doctor had in a brilliant scheme to benefit his neighbors. He turned a lazy, half-savage district, with less than 1,000 inhabitants, into a thriving town of tradespeople and business men, in number beyond 3,000. In his endeavor to be a little providence to his people, the good doctor studied farming and stock-raising, the culture of various fruits, five or six trades in theory, the

arts of teaching the young and ruling the old with wisdom. He taught all that were willing to learn, and doctored the sick without asking fees. The story of his failures, disappointments, successes, makes fine reading. The wit, wisdom, and satire of the author are beyond the ordinary, and agreeably serve a good English style. The moral of the story is too strong for the mere reader of fiction. Sir Charles' essay and the postscript lend an economic coloring to the story; without doubt, however, thoughtful people will get some clear ideas of helping others from the pleasant career of the good physician who is the parish providence.

By way of contrast, THE BIRTH OF FREEDOM, from an anarchistic pen, is a bit of fiction as wild and unconventional as the dreams of Johann Most or the beautiful hair of Padewieski. The main incidents spring from the seizure of New York City by an army of anarchists, whose blood has been boiling in their veins for 10 years. As a result, they are impelled to scatter the unboiled blood of the citizens over the city streets, and to indulge in all the savagery whose usual excuse is the accumulated wrongs of a 1,000 years. The slaughter of human beings outdoes the Franco Pussian war; more lives are lost than there are words in the entire volume. In addition the author failed to get an ordinary acquaintance with English before putting himself into print. This is a small matter naturally, when one has a publisher and reaches a third edition. Yet the BIRTH OF FREEDOM might have been a trifle less bloody and explosive, had the beauties of style beguiled the author from his passion for dynamite and dismembered bodies. Minds like his often get mental health from a close study of grammar.

Among the reviews the IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD holds a prominent place for the candor of its articles on matters usually unmentioned before the Catholic public. Rev. T. B. Scannell, whose series of papers on noted characters includes such names as DeMaistre, Savonarola, and Sarpi, is now writing some open thoughts on the unfortunate Lamennais. The tone of his articles and their probable effect in certain quarters may be judged from the introductory remarks of the writer: —

"Just 60 years have passed since the memorable attempt to link Catholicism with Liberalism was condemned by Pope Gregory XVI. Lamennais, Lacordaire, Montalembert, and other noble spirits, disgusted with the servile position to which the Church in France had been reduced by the Concordat boldly advocated the entire separation of Church and State, and maintained that the great liberties proclaimed by the Revolution were part and parcel of the genuine teaching of the Church. Their views met with strenuous opposition from the French hierarchy; and when in self-defence they appealed to Rome, the case was decided against them. Thirty years later the hopes of their disciples, who still looked for a reconciliation between the Church and modern liberties, were dashed by the publication of the Syllabus (Dec. 8th, 1894). Another generation has passed away, and now a new spirit seems to have come over the Church. We have a Pope who is on the best of terms with republics, who preaches religious tolerance, who advocates short hours and the living wage. We in England have only lately lost a Cardinal who was the recognized champion of the people's rights. There is another still living who holds a like position in the great Republic of the West. The views of the Irish hierarchy are too well known to require mention. Even the French bishops are rallying to the Republic; and just a few months ago a distinguished archbishop did not hesitate to state openly that, though Lamennais and his party had made some mistakes, their opponents had made many more. We know well that the Church and her Supreme Head cannot err. Nevertheless there is an apparent opposition between the teaching and policy of 1834 and 1864, on the one hand, and the teaching and policy of 1894 on the other. Our enemies do not fail to reproach us with the contradiction. The present time, therefore, seems to be a fitting one to examine anew the aims and methods of Lamennais and his colleagues."

How generously these sentences fall on the American ear! and the spirit which dictated them is breathing powerfully in the candid examination into the life of the gifted and unfortunate Lamennais. At present Father Scannell's historical studies are a briiliant feature of the Record.

The Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia publishes a quarterly with considerable claim to public interest. The two numbers published for this year contain, the one a translation of an exhaustive description of the Mexican Sonora, and the other an account of a tour in the West, by a Philadelphia physician. Incidently this gentleman discourses on a question familiar to lovers of church music. He is worth quoting: —

"After the sermon, a sweet-voiced tenor began the offertory. The first notes were familiar, and when four or five bars had been sung, we recognized the exquisite introduction to the love duet in the third act of Gounod's Faust. . . . The distraction (caused us) was the more complete because of the merit of the singers. Priests and acolytes were replaced by Faust and Marguerite, Martha and Mephistopheles, and the strongest effort of the will failed to recall entirely the attention to the solemn mystery

of the sanctuary. . . . Again in Kansas city, in the cathedral, a lovely introduction of the Swan Song from Lohengrin, just before the elevation, was irresistibly associated with the appearance of the white and silver knight, the wronged Elsa, the pageant of the tournament, and the pathos of the parting. Even as recessionals, when played immediately after the mass, the overture to William Tell, or the barbaric marches from Aida, produce a violent revulsion from the thoughts which ought to fill the mind. . . . It is all very well to claim that one should not allow oneself to be distracted, but the flesh is weak, although the desire to do right be strong; and the wisdom of an order restricting our choirs to sacred music during divine service, will not be disputed by those who have had a like experience of trying in vain to preserve a mental attitude of absorption and devotion, while the music filling the church is presenting vivid recollections of the academy of music and the performers therein.

The Worcester conference of the Catholic Truth Society has published a pamphlet on Infallibility, from the pen of Rev. Thomas F. Butler. It will be of invaluable service to those who need information on a difficult subject. Rev. B. Hartmann of Alton, Ill., has also issued a pamphlet on the question of Religion or no Religion in Education. It is an overdrawn and somewhat heated article, but with its main conclusions all Catholics can agree. If the author had let the compromise school take care of itself, his pamphlet would have been of use to a wider circle of readers.

Friends of the Home.

ONE of the oldest and most reputable of Boston's business houses, and one that for many years has stood at the head of the carpet trade in this city, is that of Messrs. John H. Pray, Sons & Co., Washington street. United with the modern, progressive spirit in the business of this firm is the old-fashioned probity and reliability which guarantees to the purchaser the full value of his expenditure and absolute fidelity in representations as to the quality of the goods sold. No house in the country carries a finer line of carpetings, draperies, etc., than may be found at this establishment, and the home, the adornment of which has engaged the attention of Messrs. John H. Pray, Sons & Co., is bound to represent in beauty and comfort the full value of every dollar that has been expended upon it. It is the place of all others where the customer can feel the most absolute security as to the purchase made, for a business of years of conscientious effort is behind every representation made by this old and deservedly popular business house.

A Word To Housekeepers.

ONE is so often astounded at the imposition that so frequently masquerades under the name of boneless fish, that it is a decided pleasure to find a brand that is indeed what it claims to be, and which can always be relied upon by the housekeeper. This has been our experience with the celebrated Gold Wedge Brand, for sale by Caswell, Livermore & Co., Boston, which is absolutely boneless and the package of which contains nothing but pure cod-fish, an agreeable contrast to the mixture of hake and other inferior fish too often foisted upon the credulous customer. Accept only "Gold Wedge" Brand and you will never be disappointed.

Burning Words of Rebuke.

[From the New York Sun.]

THE self-sacrificing Catholic Sisters who collect alms for charitable uses ought not to be spoken of disrespectfully by our Baptist contemporary, the Christian Inquirer. It is a shame to call them beggars. They are no more beggars than are those Baptist ministers who solicit money or take up collections for their own support. Through the humbled labors of these pious and worthy women, hospitals are supported, suffering is alleviated, children are educated, and the helpless poor are comforted. Not for themselves do they ask alms, but for the afflicted, in whose service they spend their blessed lives. They give to many people the opportunity to make small contributions which they would not otherwise have the opportunity of making. They touch the heart where other means of touching it would fail. These meek Sisters give lessons in charity and devotion which strike the innermost chords of the soul. Their benignant presence is ever welcome in thousands of the business places and households of the city. All honor be to these good and grand women, the merits of whom are known in heaven!

Be Your Own Barber.

THERE is no man who is not wedded to a bearded face, but deplores his dependence upon the barber; and there are very few who can use the ordinary razor without cutting the face. However, Dr. Scott's Electric Safety Razor places it in the power of every man to be his own barber, to avoid the delay of waiting his turn in the barber's chair, to escape the too frequent blood contamination at unclean hands, while he has the means always convenient to be clean shaven with neither danger nor discomfort in securing that satisfaction. Dr. Scott's Electric Razor is one of the boons of the century.

TALKS TO THE TYPEWRITER.

THERE is at length an end to the interesting controversy provoked by St. George Mivart on the doctrine of eternal punishment. The distinguished scientist has withdrawn his published opinions on hell in obedience to the Congregation of the Index.

Hell exists: it is eternal: thus the Church teaches. In addition let it be remembered the Church has never named any human being as condemned to hell; nor has she ever permitted her children publicly or privately to do it. She has raised numbers of her holy children to the honors of the altar, and by implication has declared them inhabitants of heaven. Her lost children have suffered no earthly odium from any act of hers. Hope and charity alike have inspired her conduct towards them. Perhaps we can all, theologians and people, learn something from the reverent caution, charity, taciturnity of the Church in regard to the great mystery of hell.

The return of Dr. Burtsell from Rome stirred the journalists last month with the hope of a new church sensation. As usual the clever canonist had nothing to say. He spent ten months pleasantly in Rome, providing the authorities with information on the condition of the Church in America; he was appointed to act with Cardinal Parocchi in spreading the association which will study labor conditions in all parts of the world; and he was also the bearer of letters to the Delegate Satolli. There was nothing more to tell the newspapers. No scandal, no intrigues, no surprises! The usual gossip was started, not worth repeating. It would seem that Dr. Burtsell went to Rome with the one purpose of instructing those who cared for instruction on the actual state of affairs in the Church from the priest's point of view. It is doubtful if the history of Dr. Burtsell's stay in Rome will ever see the light, since this clever church lawyer tells no secrets of the court even to his friends.

The series of critical notices on eminent prelates, begun in this number, ought to interest the general public in one respect. The notices aim at a fair mark. Our prelates are oftener seen through the atmosphere of laudation than through the calm, clear medium of honest description. It is as necessary to know a man by what he cannot do as by his best performances. Catholics are not afraid to believe and say in private talk that the leaders of the Church have not every virtue under heaven; they do not like to see the same statement in print. Yet is every man more lovable to his followers and friends because he fails in some things, while successful in others. Our noted bishops and priests are not all orators, writers, administrators, par excellence. It will be pleasant, as well as useful, to see them as they are in their dioceses, faithful workers, devoted to their people and not beyond the human capacity for occasional blunders.

From Washington comes the serious proposal that the various state governments shall introduce military training into all the public schools. That is, indeed, a most remarkable suggestion to be made in a Christian and a civilized country. Think for a moment what military drill in all the public schools would mean. It would instil into the susceptible minds of youth a love of war. It would lead them to look lightly upon its horrors, if only they could be offset by its so-called glories. It would poison their minds with the diabolical notion that the killing and maiming of human beings may sometimes be a praiseworthy occupation. It would be a step backward toward the barbarism from which the race has so painfully emerged. God help us if the young are to be taught that war is ever anything but hideous and sinful. Either the Sermon on the Mount must go out of the Christian's Bible or standing armies and all the ghastly paraphernalia of war must go out of Christian lands. Fortunately the gospel of peace is still taught in the parochial schools.

A strike, in the labor sense, is a return blow. Some labor reformers assert that the employing party who inflicts the alleged injury is the real striker, and is, therefore, the principal in every strike.

This is not, however, the accepted sense of strikes. A strike implies a revolt against an injustice complained of. Even when men strike for this or that an injury is presupposed, just as much as in the case where men strike against an attempt of the employe to enforce something declared to be to their detriment.

As a question of abstract morals no strike is defensible under the Golden Rule; but when all human conduct comes to square with abstract morality, we shall have become like unto the angels.

There is a strike now pending which the New York clergy, as well as the most conservative journals, declare to be just. It is the strike of the garment makers against further aggressions on the part of those prosecuting the "sweating system." Confined in filthy and disease-breeding tenement-house dens, the victims of sweat-shop slavery have had one infliction after another loaded upon them, until at last life itself became intolerable under the conditions imposed.

It has been shown that the clothing turned out of these pestilential dens goes into every household in the land. Saturated with deadly germs, these sweat-shop garments become vehicles for the distribution of disease. The "tasks" laid upon the poor creatures who make them are revolting, and the resultant harvest o death startling.

One of two things is certainly true: either such a strike is justifiable, or else the authorities are guilty of criminal neglect in not wiping out the sweat shops completely, as they would do in the case of any other dangerous disease-breeding nuisance.

But even in this case a strike would still be present, for society would become the striker, in the place of the wretched sweat-shop victim.

The Labor Day parades this year were remarkably imposing. The inscriptions on the banners proudly carried through the streets were temperate and suggestive, and strikingly in contrast with those of the first demonstrations in the large cities in 1883, 1884, and 1885, when the terms "thief," "robber," "bread or lead," and other menacing expressions were held aloft for the inspection of the masses and the overawing of employers.

The laboring masses at that time were fighting for recognition, and therefore deemed it a proper policy to be aggressive. Now they have secured recognition, even to the extent that Labor Day has been made a national holiday, and is cordially welcomed by all classes.

The oft-repeated experience of dull trade, inevitably accompanying periods of unemployed labor, seems to have impressed upon the shop-keeping people the fact that it is the wage-earning people who do the bulk of purchasing. If it were true that a man worth $1,000,000 purchased 10,000 times as much of staple commodities sold in the stores as does the man worth $100, then the wage laborer's condition would be of comparatively little relative importance to the trading classes along the streets, as compared with the good will of a few millionaires.

But the patent fact is that the rich man is not a purchaser, as compared with the poor man, in proportion to his excess of wealth. Hence it is the working man who is the life of trade. When his wages are so low that they permit him to purchase little or nothing, all trade stagnates, money is worth little to the capitalist, and a general paralysis is the result.

Labor Day serves to impress this fact more and more. The cause of the humblest, therefore, becomes the cause of the richest, brotherhood thus is encouraged, love of God and man inculcated, and human fraternity glorified.

Long live Labor Day!

The season of state and county fairs is on this month.

They are carried on chiefly by so-called "societies for the encouragement of domestic industry."

Read the great posters, and you will see the kind of "domestic industry" that is most prominent.

First and foremost is horse racing with the auxiliary industry of pool selling.

"Directly in front of the grand stand," says one of these flaming posters, "a stage has been erected, upon which throughout

the day exhibitions of juggling, athletics, boxing, wrestling, Punch and Judy specialties, and other attractive features will take place."

Where are the good old days when the farmers marched into town with their cattle, farm products, and achievements on the loom?

Where are the days when the mechanic brought the best achievements of his workshop, and wives, sons, and daughters displayed domestic industries with just pride?

It has now chiefly degenerated into a gambling, horse jockeying, catch-penny device of greed, sprinkled with much immorality and paraded vice.

O tempora, O mores!

In the report of Colonel Dodge, of the United States Army commissioned by the State of Iowa to inspect her national guard, appears the following:—

"For the use to which the Iowa national guard is likely to be put within the next few years, battalion organization and drill in battalion movements are of paramount importance."

Every peace-loving Christian will regret that Colonel Dodge had not omitted the "is likely to be put within the next few years." It is an irresponsible announcement that war is to settle coming labor disputes, rather than arbitration and the growing spirit of Christ. Colonel Dodge would do well to read the life of Benjamin Thompson (better known as Count Rumford), who was born in Woburn, Mass., and who, by the accident of good fortune, became minister of army and social reform in Bavaria, a German principality.

While Count Rumford was reforming the army the roads were full of beggars, tramps, and brigands, engaged in stealing, robbing, and various crimes and debaucheries. But instead of turning the army upon them, and deluging the roads with blood, he caused to be erected out of the state funds manufactories for their employment, and the only use he made of the army was to arrest idlers and evil-disposed persons on the roads, and set them to work. He soon not only had the roads clear of the predatory classes, but had them in possession of good trades and thankful hearts.

The name of Count Rumford is honored throughout the world to-day. With an army of savage and ill-disciplined soldiers at his disposal, little better than the hordes of vagabonds on the roads, instead of turning them loose upon the Bavarian tramps, he instructed them in good manners and decent Christian morals, and then built industrial work-shops for the unemployed, using the soldiers merely as agencies to turn them over to the given rendezvous, where they were assorted and set to work.

With all respect to the loyalty and good intentions of Colonel Dodge, a perusal of the methods of the great Christian statesman, Count Rumford, might prove quite edifying and beneficial to him.

A correspondent having questioned the accuracy of the statement of Mr. Eugene Davis in his article on "Catholic Royalty" in our September number, that the Duke of Braganza was the first monarch of Portugal, the correspondent suggesting that the first monarch was Henry of Burgundy. Mr. Davis writes as follows:—

"The British Encyc'opedia and the almanack of Gotha, confirm my assertion that Ferdinand de Saxe Coburg Gotha, Duke of Braganza, was the first monarch of Portugal. He mounted the throne in 1094. In 1073 when Henry of Burgundy was appointed not monarch but Count of Portugal, that country was subject to Alphonso VI., King of Spain."

To Prevent Mistakes.

The following notice recently printed in the Boston Pilot, contains information which ought to be generally known, and we, therefore, reproduce it here:—

"It sometimes happens that checks and money orders are sent to the Pilot office in payment of subscriptions due DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, under the impression that Mr. Donahoe is still connected with that periodical. In order to save both companies no small annoyance, we wish to state that Mr. Patrick Donahoe has no connection with the MAGAZINE in any character whatever."

Fine Millinery Display.

AN exceedingly fine display of the latest novelties in artistic millinery is made at the establishment of Mrs. D. P. McCarthy, 781 Washington street, Boston, and the ladies who desire to be abreast of the times in the matter of style should note this excellent showing of beautiful millinery. This display is an exceedingly striking and attractive one.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second class mail matter.

DANIEL P. TOOMEY, Manager. THOMAS C. QUINN, Editor. JAMES F. HAYES, Superintendent of Circulation

Subscription, $2.00 a Year in Advance.

To subscribers not in the United States or Canada, there is an additional charge of 50 cents for postage.

New subscriptions can begin at any time during the year. The date opposite your name, on the cover or wrapper of your MAGAZINE, shows to what time your subscription is paid.

Discontinuances. The MAGAZINE is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the publishers for its discontinuance, and all arrearages paid, as required by law. Subscribers will understand that we are as ready to discontinue their MAGAZINES as to enter new names, if such be their wish, but they must send notice direct to our office. Always give the name of the post-office to which your MAGAZINE is sent.

PRIZE CONTEST.

THE response that has come from all parts of the country in the matter of the prize contest in progress for the closest estimates of the number of new subscribers to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE during the quarter closing with this number, is a most emphatic proof of the vast and loyal constituency DONAHOE'S has won for itself, of the Magazine's great popularity in all parts of the country, and of the interest felt in this contest owing to the fairness and promptness with which the prizes have been awarded in all previous contests to which the readers of DONAHOE'S have been invited. Every state in the union is represented in the extended list of enthusiastic competitors, and all the territories save Alaska, while from all parts of the Canadian provinces as well as from distant dyke-protected Holland come replies expressing devoted regard for the Magazine, and containing guesses that the writers put forward in hope of winning one of the prizes. The list is a most striking one, inasmuch as young and old vie with each other in the competition and in eagerness to be classed among the winners.

The contestant making the closest estimate of the number of new subscribers secured by DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE during the quarter ending Oct. 1, will receive $100; the sender of the next nearest estimate will receive $50; the third in the order of closeness to the exact figure will receive $25; while the succeeding nearest thirteen guessers will be each awarded a year's subscription to DONAHOE'S. Only subscribers whose subscriptions have been paid up to Oct. 1, 1894, at least, can compete for the first and second prizes; but the third prize and free subscriptions are open to casual readers. Each competitor is entitled to make two guesses.

In order to give all an opportunity to compete who wish to do so, and in view of the fact that the contest is for the number of new subscribers for the three months ending Oct. 1, the date of closing has been extended to Oct. 7, and the prizes will be awarded and paid as previously announced, on Oct. 10. The names of the winners, together with those of other contestants, and the guesses of each will be published in the November number.

It is a gratifying acknowledgment of the pleasure previous contests have given, the fairness with which they were decided, and a recognition of the promptness with which the Magazine has always fulfilled its promises in the matter of bestowing the prizes, to find among the present competitors the names of many who took part in previous contests, and whose letters express such confidence in the integrity behind the prizes offered, and such warm good wishes for their favorite publications. Some of the kind words accompanying the guesses sent are appended:—

"Best of wishes for the prosperity of the Magazine."— Alice L. Curran, 170 Hampshire street, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I wish your Magazine a most prosperous future."— Edward Nugent, Norwood, Mass.

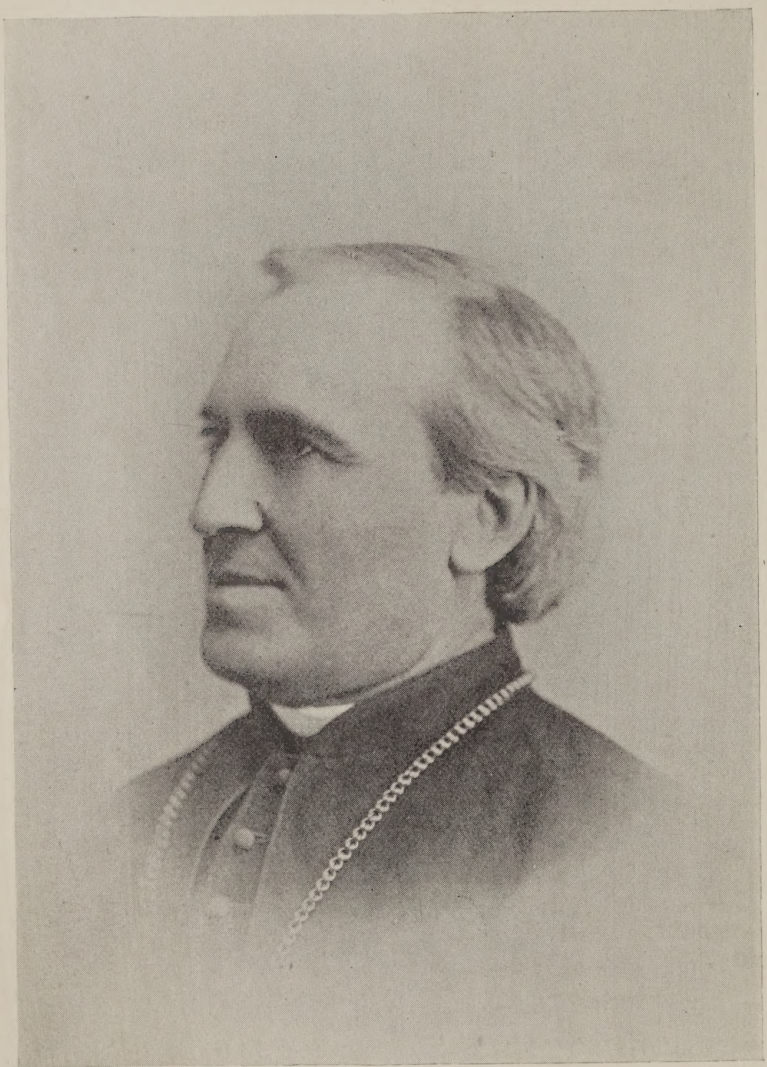
"I am a constant reader of your Magazine and think it deserves much praise."— R. W. Botham, Putnam, Conn.

"I think that every number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is better than the preceding one." — Minnie J. Donohoe, 13 Vaughn avenue, Dorchester, Mass.

"DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE must have added more subscribers to its list during July, August, and September of this year than it did within the same period of 1893, for the reason that its surpassing merits have been more widely known, and every new reader has been an additional centre of influence radiating in all directions to draw to it other friends."— L. W. Reilly, Hanoverville, Md.

"Should your subscriptions be even larger than my highest figure, it will be a great pleasure to me to learn of the great prosperity of the Magazine."— John M. Eagle, Abilene, Ks.

SUPPLICATION.



ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

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THE INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC SCIENTIFIC CONGRESS.

BY REV. J. A. ZAHM, C. S. C.

E live in an age of congresses — of congresses of as many different denominations as the multifold objects which constitute their respective raisons d'être. We have Peace Congresses, Social Congresses, Monetary Congresses, Labor Congresses. We have congresses for the advancement of science, art, and literature; congresses of philologists, archæologists, geologists, anthropologists, and orientalists. We have local and general, national and international congresses, all established with a view to giving vitality and strength to some great movement or to carrying on some important reform, or to pushing forward and popularizing some desirable innovation. Individual initiative and action, however potent they may have been in days gone by, are not now deemed competent to mould and control the world of thought. Concerted action and a systematic division of labor among many are now a necessity. Intelligent coöperation through the agency of organized bodies is indispensable. To the organization of congresses and learned societies, must we attribute the grand strides made during the past few decades in almost every sphere of intellectual activity, and to these same congresses and societies must we look for the solution of numerous problems which for many years have engaged the attention of thinking men, and which are now of absorbing interest to the whole of the civilized world.

Among the many congresses which assemble from time to time, and whose object and scope are more or less generally known, it may be questioned if any should have a greater interest for the readers of this magazine than the International Catholic Scientific Congress, or, as it is designated more felicitously in French, Congrès Scientifique International des Catholiques. In Europe this body, which held its third triennial meeting last September, is well known, and the value of its mission fully appreciated. In this country, however, comparatively little has been heard of it until within the last few months, since when the Catholic press has given it some slight publicity, and for this reason a brief article on the history and object of the congress will not be considered inopportune.

The origin of the congress, as now known, dates back to the year 1885. In December of that year the Catholics

of Normandy held at Rouen their second General Assembly for discussing questions and methods of education, and for fostering and propagating associations of prayer, charity, and zeal. The object of the assembly was a laudable one, but it was felt by many of its more prominent members that they might and should extend the field of their labors. Prayer, charity, zeal, and Christian education, while good in themselves and worthy of all possible encouragement, are inspired by faith, and without faith can have no existence. But in these days of ours, in order to carry on effectively and successfully the work of Christian education, it is absolutely necessary that those engaged in such work should have an intelligent faith — that they should be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them.

In this age of indifference, infidelity, and rationalism, the Church is assailed on all sides and assailed in the name of science. In the earlier ages of her history it was paganism that conducted the onslaught against her. Subsequently it was the barbarians from the North — the Goths, the Huns, the Vandals. Later on it was the fanatical followers of Mahomet — the Moors in Spain and the Turks in the Eastern Empire. In the sixteenth century it was heresy, under all its protean forms, and, above all, the assertion of the doctrine of the private interpretation of the Scriptures. At a still later period it was Voltaire and the Encyclopædists who conducted the campaign against the Spouse of Christ. But in spite of the constant and varied attacks directed against the Church, during the long centuries of her existence, she waxed strong and increased in numbers and influence.

Paganism, barbarism, Mahometanism, heresy, infidelity, having proved impotent to effect the purpose in view, the enemies of the Church have, in these latter days, bethought themselves of science as a means of attaining what they have failed to accomplish by other agencies. War, then, has been declared anew, and in the name of science — in the name of the discoveries of this our nineteenth century, in the name of our more advanced knowledge, and in the name of our vaunted emancipation from ignorance and superstition.

It is, then, because the enemies of Christ and his Church have appealed to science as their sole hope for success in their unholy campaign; because for several generations past they have foisted on an unsuspecting public a false and misleading science; because they have in the press, in the school-room, in the lecture-hall, studiously and systematically diffused grave scientific errors,— that it behooves the champions of truth and religion to wrest from their adversaries the weapons which they have so perverted and misused, and convert these same weapons into arms for the defence of faith and morality. For it is only by so doing that they can effectually thwart the nefarious designs of their antagonists, and demonstrate to the world that science, far from being the enemy, is, in reality, the handmaid of religion; that far from being antagonistic to the declarations of revelation and the truths of science, it is, on the contrary, in perfect harmony with them; that, in a word, the God of Scripture is the Lord of Science.

Catholics are always on the alert when there is any question of infringing on, or in any wise restricting, their religious liberty. Should they be less vigilant in the all-important affair of Christian education? Should they not always be on their guard against the insidious errors that are taught in the name of modern science, and is it not their bounden duty to see to it that their children are shielded from the pernicious influences which have already worked such untold mischief? In consequence of the Godless system of education which is now so prevalent, the deadly poison is administered when least suspected, and often, alas! before the gravity of the situation is realized, the devil's work is complete.

The first one to propose a practical solution of the difficulties with which the Church was confronted, and to indicate a remedy for the evils which were daily becoming more aggravating, was Canon Duilhé de St.-Projet, the well-known author of the "Apologie Scientifique du Christianisme." His idea was that the various existing Catholic societies should, in addition to their other labors, take up and discuss some of the manifold problems which bear on science and religion, and that a special section in each society should be constituted for the advancement of Christian apologetics.

The idea took at once. It received immediately the approbation of the Archbishop of Rouen, and special invitations were sent to the most distinguished Catholic savants of France and Belgium asking their coöperation in the great work contemplated.

On the 2d of December, 1889, the second Assemblée Générale of Norman Catholics met at Rouen under the presidency of the archbishop of that city, and on the following day the section of apologetics was established. It was presided over by the distinguished Catholic scientist, the Marquis de Nadaillac. A big discussion of the situation, however, soon convinced the members of this section that it would be impossible adequately to treat the divers questions concerning science and faith in an assembly in which there were so many other matters to be considered and adjusted. It was, therefore, unanimously agreed that a single section of a general congress was insufficient for the great work in contemplation. A special congress, with no other object in view, was deemed essential to the success of an enterprise in which all present were interested, and in which all evinced a hearty readiness to participate.

Another important conclusion was reached, and that was, that it would not be advisable to make apologetics the sole, nor even the principal feature of the undertaking. For it was felt that the cause of Christian truth, as well as the cause of science, could more efficaciously be served, by bringing together men who had already achieved distinction in the various departments of science, and whose devotion to the Church has signalized them as the proper leaders of such a movement, and have them discuss the questions which might be submitted to the congress from the standpoint of science, prescinded from all preconceived notions of apologetics.

The future congress, then, it was decided, was to be known as the Congrès International de Savants Catholiques; its object was to be the advancement of the various departments of science. As thus conceived, it differed from the British association, for the advancement of science, and from our American association, for the advancement of science, only in the fact that it was to be composed solely of Catholics.

As the result of further deliberations it was resolved that the first International Congress of Savants Catholiques should be held in Paris during Easter week, 1887. The distinguished orator of Notre Dame, and the rector of the Catholic University of Paris, Mgr. d'Hulst, was elected president of the Commission d'Organisation, a treasurer and secretaries were nominated, and an active propaganda was at once instituted, with a view towards securing the membership necessary to insure the success of the venture.

As is the case in all great undertakings, the promoters of the congress had to confront numerous and unexpected difficulties. Their project was received with indifference by many on whose coöperation they had specially counted. Others gravely questioned the wisdom of establishing such an organization. Many opposed it openly and violently. Some found fault with the encyclopædiac character of the work which the future congressistes were to consider in their meetings. It had been decided that the congress should embrace six sections which

were to be devoted respectively to, 1, Religion; 2, Philosophy; 3, Law; 4, History; 5, Anthropology; 6, Mathematics; and the Physical and Natural Sciences. These subjects, it was contended by the objectors, covered too much ground, and precluded the possibility of doing justice to any one of them; but, in spite of all objections, the programme, as indicated, was maintained, and is the one which is still followed.

Again, the name which had been given to the congress was criticised. The appellation, "Savants Catholiques," it was asserted, could not, with any show of modesty, be applied by the members to themselves. Besides, it had the grave disadvantage of excluding, ipso facto, a large number of friends of science, whom, it was recognized from the start, it would be important to have associated in the work and interested in its proceedings. For this and other reasons, which need not here be specified, it was finally decided to change the name first adopted, and to call the association the Congrès Scientifique International des Catholiques — a name which it still retains.

But the difficulties of the organizers of the congress were not yet at an end. Much still remained to be accomplished before their way could be considered clear. In spite of all the explanations that had been given, certain Catholic journalists still persisted in discerning in the congress an element of danger, against which they deemed it their duty to sound a note of alarm. And, notwithstanding all that had been said to the contrary, they would have it that the future congress was to be a deliberative body, whose chief, if not sole object, would be to formulate principles of exegesis, determine the line of demarcation between science and dogma, and insist on the acceptance of certain broad and ultra-liberal criteria of interpretation for the Sacred Scriptures.

It was in vain that Mgr. d'Hulst, the president of the committee on organization, gave a denial to these misrepresentations. It was in vain that he reminded his critics of the published utterances of the commission respecting the object and scope of the congress. They still insisted that there was danger lurking in the enterprise, and warned their adherents to keep aloof from it as something that was sure to make against religion and the Church.

So pronounced, finally, became the opposition to the undertaking that Mgr. d'Hulst, at the instance of the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, found it necessary to go to Rome and lay the matter before the Sovereign Pontiff. The Holy Father asked for a written statement of the plans and purposes of the congress. This was furnished without delay. His Holiness then examined the matter in detail, took up with Mgr. d'Hulst the objections which had been urged against the enterprise, and throughout the discussion of the project evinced the same lively and intelligent interest in the congress, which, in all important matters, has ever been such a prominent characteristic of this most enlightened of pontiffs.

Not long after his audience with the Pope, Mgr. d'Hulst received from His Holiness a special brief, in which he not only fully approved but also warmly commended the idea and programme of the congress. "Your enterprise," writes the illustrious Pontiff, "is praiseworthy per se, and reflects credit on yourself. It can also be fruitful in happy results, both for the honor of science and for the defence of the Catholic faith." . . . "Such a project is now probably more opportune than ever at any previous time. For, in truth, the promoters of Rationalism and Naturalism, vanquished by the arguments drawn from metaphysics, have changed both their tactics and their field of operations. From the domain of reason, they have elected to descend to the arena of things which appeal to sense. For a similar reason, they often arbitrarily create alleged laws of history; give, as certain, hypotheses which are doubtful, and proclaim as true assertions which are erroneous;

but their object is to discredit the Creator of the world, the Author of Nature, and they even go so far as to ask Nature itself to testify against Him." . . .

"The Church, indeed, has never been without valiant defenders who know how to don the arms of their adversaries, and give them battle even on their own chosen field. These, however, were isolated combatants, rather than an army. You, however, purpose uniting and organizing your forces, and this, by mutually aiding one another in your researches in Christian philosophy, and in the defence of the sacred treasures which God has confided to us. You will easily be able to give to your concerted action more efficacious and more extended influence." . . . "In this wise also . . . will it again be evinced that every one of the things which has been proposed for the belief and hope of humanity does, in truth, receive from the verities discovered by human reason a new confirmation; that between the two orders of knowledge, there not only does not exist any conflict, but that there should obtain, and that there does obtain, complete and perfect harmony."

After this noble and encouraging brief from the Holy Father — a few extracts only are given — criticism was silenced, and opposition in many instances was converted into active support. The Father of the Faithful had spoken; there could no longer be any doubt about the immense advantages that would accrue to the Church by the united labors of the proposed congress, and still less regarding its legitimacy.

In order, however, to avoid the quicksands on which similar organizations had hitherto stranded — notably in Germany — the promoters of the congress wisely ordained that while all branches of science — philosophy, law, history, sociology, physics, mathematics, biology, chemistry, anthropology, archæology, ethnography, philology, etc., etc. — might come within the ope and purpose of the congress, questions which belong to the domain of theology, properly so called, should be excluded. By this decision every assurance, that could reasonably be demanded, was given that the congress would leave untouched all questions of dogma, and not attempt to arrogate to itself the right to settle controverted questions pertaining to the domain of faith and morals. For it had been imagined by many that the congress would assume the functions of a council or of a synod, and that it would pose as an assembly of theologians, and proceed to prepare schemata for discussion and definition. This illusion having been dispelled, and all doubts having been removed regarding the honesty and orthodoxy of the congressistes, the project was finally in a position to command the sympathy and support of the whole Christian world — lay and clerical.

After all controversies had been settled and all obstacles removed, the committee on organization found that it would be impossible to hold the congress in the spring of 1887, as was first determined. There was yet much to be done, and it was felt that more time for preparation should be granted those who were to present papers and memoirs. The meeting was accordingly postponed until the following year.

At the long last, after overcoming countless difficulties of all sorts, and accomplishing a Herculean task, the commission on organization was able to bring its labors to a happy conclusion. The first International Catholic Scientific Congress assembled in Paris, April 4, 1888, under the presidency of Mgr. Perraud, Bishop of Autun, and member of the French Academy.

The result was a glorious success, far surpassing even the most sanguine expectations of the originators and promoters of the organization. The congress counted more than 1,500 members from all parts of the Old and New Worlds. Among these were 18 cardinals, 94 bishops and archbishops, and hundreds of the most distinguished ecclesiastics of Europe and America

There were representatives from the oldest and noblest families of the Continent and Great Britain — princes of blood royal, archdukes, barons, counts, viscounts, lords, marquises, margraves, generals, senators. There were professors from the most celebrated universities; there were doctors, jurists, authors, journalists, and eminent men from every walk of life. Many of those who attended the sessions of the congress were accompanied by their wives and daughters, as permission had been accorded to ladies to attend all the general seances. Indeed, some of the most interested and enthusiastic listeners on these occasions belonged to the gentler sex.

The gathering at the opening of the congress was, in every sense of the word, a memorable one. Representatives of the faith, the science, the nobility of the world were present. No such an assemblage had ever convened before, but now, that the multitude had finally come together, it was universally agreed that a magnificent work had, without peradventure, a most auspicious beginning.

Upwards of 80 papers and memoirs were presented and discussed. Many of these contributions were from the most foremost scholars of the world, and although prepared specially for the congress, have a lasting value for purposes of reference. The report of the proceedings of this first congress, as well as the papers which were read before it, are embalmed in two large and handsome volumes, and are the best evidence of the character and importance of the work which it achieved. They are works which every congressiste highly prizes, and which would form a precious addition to any library. The programme of the originators of the congress was carried out to the letter. All the branches of knowledge, except theology, were represented, and all received due consideration, and that, too, from those who were universally acknowledged to be their most competent exponents.

So great was the success of the enterprise, so powerful an agent for good was it regarded to be by every one, that all doubts were now dissipated as to its future continuance. All realized fully, as never before, that "the organized army of Catholic Savants," as Leo XIII. called them, had before them a grand and important mission, and that loyalty both to science and to the Church required that each one should contribute his share towards the continuation and aggrandizement of the movement which had so happy a beginning. Accordingly, before disbanding, the members of the congress unanimously agreed that they would meet again in Paris three years later, viz. in 1891. Mgr. d'Hulst, who, from its inception, had been the moving spirit of the organization, and who had tided it over the countless obstacles which it had encountered, was chosen chairman of the permanent committee on organization, and it was not long before the initial work of preparation for the second congress was actively begun.

On the 6th of April, 1891, the second congress assembled under the presidency of the illustrious orator and churchman, Mgr. Treppel, of Angers. Great as was the success of the first meeting of the organization, it was far surpassed by that of the second. The first congress numbered 1,500 members — a large number, indeed, when one considers the character of those who were on the list — but the second congress was able to count 1,000 more. There were representatives from all the nations of Europe, including Russia; representatives from Canada and the United States, and from far-off Ecuador and Uruguay. Thirty-three cardinals, 78 French, and 85 foreign bishops and archbishops had sent in their adhesions, and these, in the language of Mgr. d'Hulst, "formed around the Pope, the brilliant college of our chiefs and our protectors."

The number of papers and memoirs prepared for the second congress was over 150 — fully twice as many as had been presented at the meeting of 1888

These, like those read at the first reunion, were, in great measure, from the pens of the most eminent scholars of the Catholic world, and discussed special topics connected with all the branches of human knowledge. The reprints of these communications, in the Compte Rendu of the congress, form several bulky tomes, and constitute an important contribution to the literature of science.

In view of the excellent services which had been rendered the congress by the well-known Bollandists, Fathers de Smedt and Van den Gheyn, and by the professors of Louvain, Gand, and Liegé — notably Lefebvre, Kurth, Mansion, Lamy, and Jungmann — it was resolved that the third congress should assemble in 1894 at Brussels. The following October a provisional committee met in the Belgian capital, under the presidence of Mgr. d'Hulst, the soul of the first two congresses, and elected the permanent committee on organization for the future congress three years later. Work was at once commenced, with a view of securing even a larger attendance than had honored the either of the preceding congresses. The efforts made were not without fruit. A more numerous and a more enthusiastic membership was obtained, more papers and memoirs were received, and the result was, that the sessions of the third congress not only equalled but even surpassed its predecessors both in the number, in the attendance, and in the interest and importance of the matters discussed.

All present were delighted with the work accomplished, and delighted, above all, to meet again their confrères from the different parts of the world. A large number of those who were at the Brussels congress had attended the two preceding congresses at Paris, and those who came for the first time felt that they had lost much in not having sooner become members of an organization which could offer so many inducements, and which had already achieved such triumphs.

Before adjourning, the congress unanimously selected Friburg, Switzerland, as the place of the next meeting, in 1897. Munich, Rome, and Washington were likewise favorably spoken of as places for subsequent reunions.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the International Catholic Scientific Congress is a fait accompli — an institution which has come to remain. Every one, from Leo XIII. to the humblest curé', who has intelligently followed the proceedings of the association, unhesitatingly pronounces it to be a potent factor for good, a powerful ally of religion and the Church, and an organization which should receive from all the friends of science not only cordial endorsement, but also substantial aid and active coöperation.

What precedes is but a brief outline of the history and character of the association which now counts thousands of friends throughout the Catholic world, and which has already — young as it is — taken an honorable position among the most celebrated of the learned organizations of Europe. Judging the future by the past, we can have no doubt about the important role it is destined to play in the service of science and religion, and of the untold good it is bound to effect in creating among Catholic scholars an esprit de corps which has heretofore never existed, but which has always been eminently desirable.

I might close here, but does not what precedes suggest several important reflections which we in America would do well to take to heart? Have we not in the proceedings of the Congrès Scientifique International des Catholiques a number of object-lessons which we might study with interest and profit? We commend what has been accomplished by our brethren in Europe. Would it not be well for us to attempt, on a smaller scale, what they have achieved on a plain which is limited only by the uttermost boundaries of the civilized world? Might we not organize here in the New World an American Catholic Scientific Congress — modelled after

the one which has won such signal triumphs in Paris and Brussels? As for myself, I think not only that we might, but also that we should do so.

Such an association would in no wise interfere with the work of the International Congress. On the contrary, the new society could be so constituted as to render material assistance to the older one. The American Congress could be affiliated to the International Congress, and the former could arrange to send a handsome delegation to the latter at its regular triennial meetings.

There is the same raison d'être for a Catholic Congress in America as there is for one in the Old World. We have here the same errors to combat, the same sciences to advance, the same Church to shield and to defend. We have, furthermore, the same reason for securing concerted action and for creating an esprit de corps which is one of the great desiderata of our time and country. Our scholars, our professors, our leaders of thought, are practically unknown to one another, although anxious to form acquaintances which will redound to mutual advantage, and issue in important results. So far the means and the opportunities of coming in contact and exchanging views on the burning questions of the day have been limited. No association has yet been established here that was calculated to appeal to the class that is so effectually reached by the International Catholic Scientific Congress of Europe. By all means, then, let us have an organization modelled after the great association of the Old World. And while working for our own National Congress, let us not lose sight of the International Congress which has deserved so well both of science and the Church.

So far the American representation at the sessions of the International Congress has been extremely small — smaller even than the circumstances justified. Let it not be so at the Friburg congress. Hundreds of American students and scholars go to Europe every summer. Friburg is centrally located, easily accessible, and situated in one of the most interesting portions of the picturesque and romantic land of Tell.

It will vary the pleasure of one's vacation — not to speak of the advantages derived from attending the proceedings of the congress and making the acquaintance of the most illustrious scholars of Christendom — to spend a few days in enjoying the intellectual feast which will be afforded to all who shall accept the cordial invitation extended by the Swiss Catholics to visit their beautiful University town three years hence.

It may be urged that we have in our Catholic Summer Schools a substitute for the contemplated congress. This, however, is by no means the case. The congress, as conducted in Europe, is for scholars, for original investigators, for authors, and for men whose lives are devoted to study and the pursuit of science. Our Summer Schools, on the contrary, are for students of a different class — for those who seek popular expositions of topics of interest and profit, rather than for those who look for learned papers and original memoirs on recondite subjects.

It would not, however, be a difficult matter so to organize the proposed American congress that it might give to the Summer Schools the benefit of its knowledge and research. The sessions of the congress might, for instance, be held at the same time and in the same place as one of the Summer Schools, and thus afford the students of the Summer School an opportunity of making the acquaintance of, and occasionally of hearing, a number of distinguished men whom they would not otherwise have the good fortune to meet. But these are details that may easily be worked out at a later date. My present contention is that an American Catholic Scientific Congress is not only feasible, but also that it is eminently desirable, and even necessary, if we would accomplish a world of good that is now perforce left undone.

Where shall the first congress be

held? Where? DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE would, I am sure, answer, "As soon as possible, and in Boston, the Athens of America." Well and good. At all events let us have a National Catholic Scientific Congress, and let it work with the great International Congress of which Catholics the world over have so just reason to be proud. Let us in this land of the free contribute our quota towards augmenting the number of that "Army of Catholic Scientists," of which our Holy Father entertains such fond hopes, and which promises, in the near future, to be one of the most potent of factors in furthering the interests both of Science and Christianity.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BY CHARLES S. O'NEILL.

In fulness of a silvered age,
It was his lot to be the last
Of that loved band, whose treasured page
Embalms the richly tuneful Past.

Beyond the Psalmist's storied span,
The years that filled his lengthened store;
And well, as doctor, poet, man,
The chaplet of Time's gift he wore.

His life has been a twofold gain
To country, aye, to humankind,
A balm for lessening the pain,
Alike of body and of mind.

Time lulled him tenderly to sleep,
The recompense of service long,
And Memory will ever keep,
Undimmed, the sunshine of his song.

THE OLD MAPLE TREE.

BY MAURICE W. CASEY.

THOU relic lone, thou blighted tree,
Forlorn thou standest bleak and stark;
The storm's and lightning's rivalry
Have smitten thee both stem and bark.
Like lonely age, to gloom a prey,
Thou broodest on the bare upland:
Hast thou forgot the distant day
That saw thee bloom supremely grand?

❋

Once wert thou — what thou art not now —
The pride of every summer hour;
In Fall each rainbow tinted bough
Shone richly bright in autumn's bower,
Thy amber sap poured down thy side,
Freed by the touch of early spring,
And droughty bees, from far and wide,
Sought out the stream to sip and sing.

❋

Then didst thou tower in sylvan pride
Above thy kin, a peerless tree,
And every scented breeze that sighed
Seemed but to breathe fresh love for thee.
Above thy stretching roots were found
Rich buttercups and daisies trim,
Blue violets decked the farther ground,
And blossomed hay surrounded them.

Then in thy depths did robins toil,
Secure from harm their homes they made,
Though children came in morning's smile
To romp in mirth beneath thy shade.
At eve fond lovers there would meet,
To whisper where thy shadows lay,
And fire-flies kindling at their feet
Illumed their lingering homeward way.

❋

When restful noon, in golden glow,
Presided o'er the beaming scene,
Where clovers swaying to and fro
Waved banners dashed with gold and green,
Came tired and hungry sun-browned bands
To crave a sheltered seat from thee;
Their cheer was spread with hasty hands,
And Spartan fare discussed in glee.

❋

No more, cooled by thy gracious shade,
Shall man or child or lover rest,
For grimly bare thine arms are laid
Against the sunset in the west;
Where rustic pleasures once prevailed
Dull silence rules and gloom repels,
Long have the winds thy fate bewailed
With sighs as sad as funeral knells.

❋

Heed not, old maple, fancy still
Depicts thee in thy ancient pride —
Kind thoughts for stricken friends should fill
The mind wherein no treasons hide!
No matter what the months may bring
Thy form shall share my sympathy;
A year must come without a spring
For me as for the maple tree.

AN OLD CREMONA.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

He passed his wrinkled hands over its delicate framework gently, and with a caressing touch, for it was to him as a thing of life. That he should so regard it was not strange; it had been his only companion for years, the musical minister of his thought, the interpreter of his soul in sound. Such was the intensity of his affection, that sometimes in the execution of the rhapsody of a great master, it seemed to him a reality that his very spirit poured through the hand that swept the bow so deftly across the strings, and united with the harmony evoked. An heirloom, it had passed through successive generations until it had at last reached him. In his twenty-first summer it became his own property, and never a day elapsed between that time and now, when the weight of over half a century lay upon him, that he had not held with it communion. Often would his mind linger lovingly on its history, retracing the episodes through which it passed, the faces that were indelibly connected with it, the memories to which it had linked itself, — all these would his mind recount, going back even to the hour when old Antonio Stradivarius had completed it, and it became the chattel of his ancestor. Sacredly he cherished it; his morning prayer remained unsaid until he had taken it from its rosewood box, and struck off a matin prelude, and its voice at night sighed forth the harmonious vesper that concluded his evening appeal to God. Even in his slumber it would penetrate his dreams, and assume the form of an angelic being, and when he awakened the impression still remained. From constant brooding on imaginative subjects and the feeding of that subtle mysticism, which permeated his nature, he was constrained at times to believe that in his beloved violin he saw the incarnation of his guardian seraph. At other times, when at some unexpected stroke of genius, he woke from it a diviner melody than before, he felt as if it were his own soul speaking in the language ordained for it since the beginning.

But the glance which he directed toward it now was ever tinged with sadness,— a sadness occasioned by an intuition that they would soon have to part, and forever. For he knew the feebleness which attacked

his every faculty, both mental and physical, must quickly bring the ultimate dissolution. With this thought the devotion to his instrument increased. Rarely did it leave his hand, and never was it beyond his glance, except when he visited the old cathedral of his native town, that old cathedral where, in his boyhood days, he had gazed wonderingly and with all the fervor of his romantic heart on the multitude of its antique religious souvenirs,— the sandal of Peter the Hermit, the silken banner of Godfrey of Bouillon, inwrought with holy design and fantasy of golden braid, the picture of the simple-vestured and limpid-eyed St. John that hung directly under it; but that which had ever held him spellbound was another picture, one of the Virgin by Raphael. It was painted on a panel just above the altar dedicated to the Mother of God. There was an indescribable affinity between him and the picture, and its influence was such over him that he was prone to consider it human. In fact, when the weariness, resultant from long kneeling and the inherent feebleness of age, drew a mist over his eyes and made his vision dim, she seemed to step forth from the encandled glory that surrounded her and bend upon him her serene eyes; he could even feel, when the trance was more intense than usual, the plastic coolness of her hand upon his brow. Not a morning passed that he did not hear mass in the cathedral; and many times during the day he would enter through the massive portal, and kneeling in an attitude of supplication, with eyes directed toward her altar, before which the constant sanctuary lamp was burning, repeat a Pater Noster and its accompanying Ave Maria.

His violin and the picture were the only objects of his meditation; they were: —

"The ocean to the river of his thoughts
Which terminated all."

This continued until there appeared to him to be, though indistinctly defined, an unconscious rivalry between them to obtain the mastery of his love, which fluttered from one to the other. The divine representation of the Virgin was dominant when he knelt importunate before it, and in the presence of his violin, and under the potence of its miraculous harmony, the conditions were reversed.

One morning he awoke trembling yet decisive. He had a dream, and in that dream he had seen the angel of Death,— a majestic shape whose natural brightness was subdued under a soft and tender gloom, lest the eyes of the awakened soul should be too dazzled by its splendor. Its seraphic face enchained him; with an unmistakable and solemn gesture it lifted its arm slowly till it assumed a vertical attitude and the index finger pointed toward heaven; then it vanished, slowly as a white cloud melts in the azure of the sky.

He arose and with a hasty step took his way to the cathedral. It was the first morning that he had neglected his violin, and though he endeavored to concentrate his attention on the mass and follow its ritual, his mind would stray back with regret to his garret. It affected him more than if he had slighted the love or kindly word of one who was bound to him by the dearest ties. His place was, as usual, before the altar of the Madonna, and when the sadness caused by these thoughts became too sharp, he would turn to the benign pictured face that gazed down at him, and invoke the aid of her whom it represented, to help

him in his affliction. But in those hallowed eyes, though he marked there the light of an everlasting love, it seemed to him he also saw an evidence of reproach. This dissolved when his mind was attracted to spiritual meditation, but the reproach returned and grew more clearly delineated when his fancy brooded on his instrument. Imbued with this idea, which had firmly fixed itself in him, he made his way back to his room; and during the entire two days that followed he did not remove the violin from its receptacle. During this interval he did nothing, but sat in his old chair with his eyes directed feebly, and now and then wet with unshed tears, toward the object of his love resting in its dark case. The box assumed the semblance of a coffin, and he could almost think, when his brain grew weary with the stress of sorrow that pressed upon it, that it was the last resting place of what was mortal of an only child. If he was tempted once to relax his decisions, he was on numberless occasions, and he had even gone so far as to throw back the hasps of that which concealed it from him. But the features of the Virgin interposed, and he fell back on the resolution he had taken with a firmer adhesion.

On the third day he could endure the separation no longer, and when he awoke in the morning, he hurried with a feverish anxiety to the shelf and snatched his beloved instrument from its case, handling it with fingers that trembled with affection. Tenderly he adjusted the strings, and tested them until their relative timbre met with his approval. Then he drew the bow gently across them and glided into one of Schumann's melancholy reveries, and the rhythmic undertone fell upon him with an inexpressible soothing for the moment. It was as a narcotic administered to one whose head throbbed with an intolerable ache; and it descended on his heart with the melting freshness and fragrance of perfumed spikenard.

Yet the effect was not the same as before. The constant craving satisfied, there was something wanting, something he could not define. He had neglected Church in the meanwhile, but endeavored to quiet his conscience with the reflection that he was too old and feeble to go such a distance, and what adoration was demanded of him could be offered separate from the regular service. At last he drifted into an utter indifference to religion, and even a fleeting memory of the picture failed to waken a responsive chord.

Another change came, and all one Sunday he remained in his little garret, buried in deep musing. He aroused himself just as the amethystine wing of twilight was falling softly on the city, and the sun low down in the west, upon the edge of the horizon, stood like a blacksmith at the door of his flaming forge for a moment's rest ere he should close the labor of the day. By the faint light that struggled through the little window, the old musician scribbled a few lines on a piece of paper, with a worn pencil, folded it up carefully, and addressed it. He then went out. In the course of an hour he returned. His labored breathing, the hectic pallor of his sunken cheek, and the uncertainty of his step, told how feeble he was, and how much the exertion had taxed the remnant of his strength. When he recovered, so far as to be able to walk across the room, he took his violin from the shelf; it was to be their last association. Low were the first strains that

trembled from it, and the entire aria was embodied in a minor key. It seemed as if he had communicated his sorrow to the instrument, for every note that quivered from it was a despairing sob. At last he finished, placed it in its case and fixed the clasps. He then moved slowly towards the door, but ere he passed out and closed it, cast one lingering look, replete with affection, in the direction of the familiar shelf that held his inanimate companion.

He reached the cathedral just as vespers had commenced, and took his customary seat before the altar of the Virgin. Her countenance was to his fancy more benign than ever, and she gazed down at him he thought, through the mist of fragrant incense, with a deeper love than any she had before manifested. It was indeed a recompense for the sacrifice he had made; for to-morrow his beloved violin would be his no more; to-morrow, Campani, the dealer who had so long coveted it, would come in response to his letter, receive it from his hands and carry it away. He had parted with all that was dearest to him of earthly things. The serene eyes of the Madonna had requested it and he had complied with that request.

The voice of the celebrant, intoning the ora pro me, fell dreamily and with a far-off echo upon his ear, and the answer of the choir, mingled with the mighty roll of the organ, was like thunder mellowed by distance. He dwelt in another atmosphere from those around him. He did not notice the multitude or hear the noise it made as it departed at the close of the service. A peculiar numbness pervaded his body. It appeared as if a burden was dropping from him. His head was slightly lifted and his attitude continued unchanged. Thus he remained; his eyes fixed with an unutterable love upon the picture; and his spirit passed from its earthly habitation when the acolyte extinguished the last taper.

NOVEMBER.

BY ARTHUR ANDERSON.

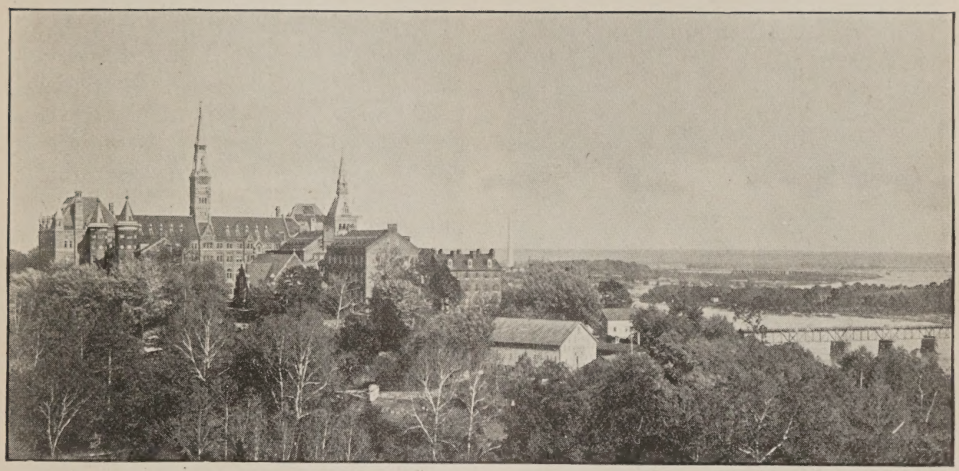
November, month of healthful days,
  And nights of sweetest rest,
No need hast thou for worded praise,
  In rhythmic numbers drest;
Above are clear cerulean skies,
  Around us glad good cheer,
While leaves proclaim in glowing dyes
  The sunset of the year.

IS HE A FAILURE?

BY S. C. HENRY.

HE is a failure, according to the world's standard. He has missed that supreme requisite to general regard, the capacity for amassing money, and not having the good fortune to inherit wealth as "a pensioner of the dead," he is voted a kind of pariah, one of a class to be scarcely noticed in this age of selfish commercialism. No concern is taken of the circumstances with which he has had to contend, no allowance given for a warmth of heart that made him too ready to labor for others rather than himself; he is a failure, only referred to as an example of the ne'er-do-well. The schemer or the charlatan, as devoid of brains as of anything pertaining to unselfishness, has a place through the very force of his audacity; the gilded idler who enjoys the rich fruit garnered by a more energetic progenitor goes on his flowery and self-satisfied way; the stock gambler, rich in the golden fleece he has sheared from the too confiding, has a ready and welcome access to the most exclusive circles of society. These are the favorites of the hour. They have succeeded, as the world measures success, and live in the radiance of their achievement. The sunshine is always preferable to the shadow, and for a man with the stigma of failure to even be accorded compassion seems, according to the usage of to-day, a waste of sentiment, and an unwarranted permission for the intrusion of shade into life's sunny picture. This is the worldling's estimate, and the worldling is the autocrat of the present.

There is another side to the picture and another estimate of character. The man who fails to attain to the world's applause, may find some satisfaction in his failure. He need not be misanthropic to have a very poor opinion of such applause. His pleasures, what few he may enjoy, are not bought at the expense of others, and in his sorrows even, he is nearer the ideal man than are those who glory in more of Fortune's favors. He has learned the lesson that it is well to learn, and to learn upon this side of eternity, that life is not the arena for mere glittering parade: that it is the crucible in which the real metal is separated from the dross and refined and purified. He learns to neither love life too much nor fear death too much. He lives and labors on content, because God wills it, and is equally content to die when God pleases to call him. He does not amass wealth, for he has never cultivated that adhesiveness of palm which clings tenaciously to money. His hand is as open as his heart. Thus he lives and dies, a failure as the world's judgment goes; but who will dare say that before that better and higher tribunal, unblinded by the tinsel so potent here, the verdict of earth is not reversed?



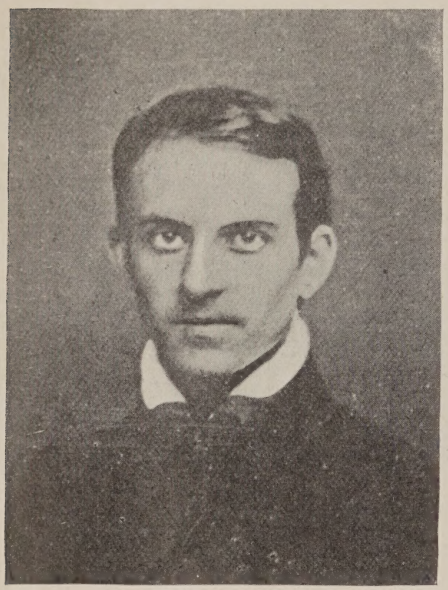
Georgetown College, from the River.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.

THE Observatory of Georgetown College is one of the oldest in the country. Founded in 1842–1843, it is almost coeval with the Naval Observatory at Washington, while the very oldest observatory in the country, that of Williams College, precedes it by only seven years. That a college struggling for existence, and scarcely able to erect the buildings necessary for its professors and students, should have been able to build and equip a large Observatory seems to us to-day to be something marvellous. It could not, indeed, have undertaken this work without the aid of generous and devoted friends. Much is due to Thomas Meredith Jenkins, S. J., who, with the permission of his superiors, not only devoted his own patrimony to endow the work, but induced other members of his family to join with him in furnishing the Observatory with some of its best instruments. He had intended to devote his life to astronomy, but his delicate health and his early death prevented him from doing more than giving his fortune which made the founding of the Observatory possible. Father Charles Stonestreet, S. J., also applied a sum of money left to him by his mother to the purchase of the equatorial. The Observatory was thus erected and equipped by members of the Society of Jesus and of those bound to them by blood. It received no state or national aid.

THE FOUNDER OF THE OBSERVATORY.

While Father Jenkins and others contributed the means, the inspira-



REV. THOMAS MEREDITH JENKINS, S. J.

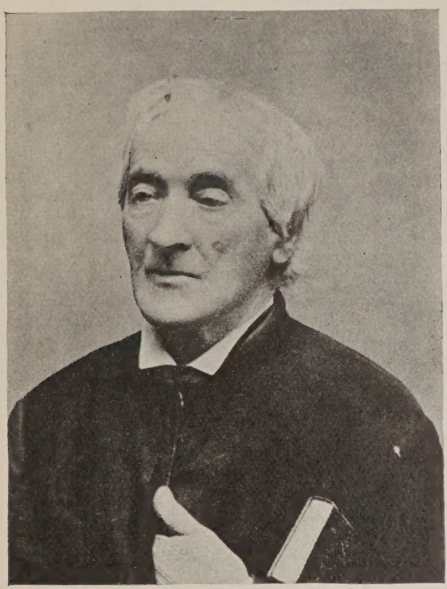
tion and the execution of the work was due to Father James Curley, S. J., the college Professor of Astronomy and Natural Sciences. He drew the plans of the building, superintended its construction, and gave full instructions for the purchase of the instruments, which, at that time, had to be bought in Europe. His name will be ever associated with the Observatory, as he not only constructed it and made in it the first observations, but remained for nearly fifty years its sole director.

Father Curley showed his wisdom and forethought both in the site chosen for the Observatory, and in the construction of the building. The site was indeed an excellent one, being on a hill some 150 feet above the Potomac, and at a distance from the college sufficient to secure the Observatory from all disturbance. It was a far better site than that chosen, some years later, for the Government Naval Observatory, where the mist from the river interfered with the observations and malaria affected the health of the observers. Both of these disadvantages were avoided, by placing the Observatory on high and dry ground. The view, too, though it might matter little to the night observer, was most beautiful; the Potomac stretching its course for many a mile to the south, while to the east lay the national capital, and nearer, the towers and buildings of the oldest Catholic college of America. It is this view that made one of Georgetown's poet-students sing: —

> "Beautiful river! bold and free,
> Thy waters glide, how gracefully—
> Queen 'midst waters, 'tis to thee
> I give the crown of Sovereignty."

The building erected by Father Curley was so solidly constructed, and so convenient in its arrangements, that it is even to-day satisfactory, and no essential changes have had to be made in the renovation it has recently undergone to adapt it to the more exacting standard of the present day. It is of brick, consisting of a central portion, which is surmounted by a dome, covering the equatorial, and two wings for the transit instrument and the meridian circle. This building, though begun in 1843, was far enough advanced in the spring of 1844 to receive the first instrument, and Father Curley at once began observations with it to determine the exact longitude and latitude of the Observatory. These observations were continued during the two following years, and the longitude determined with an exactness that is very remarkable.

Father Curley's determination was accepted, and published by the



REV. JAMES CURLEY, S. J.

government in its official publications.

The method employed was that of moon culminations observed simultaneously at Georgetown and Greenwich. In later years the Atlantic cable was laid, and signals were exchanged between America and England. Father Curley's determination was found to be correct to within three-tenths of a second.

The Meridian Circle, with which the observations for computing the latitude of the Observatory were made, arrived in 1841, and finally the five-inch equatorial in 1849, completing the equipment of the Observatory. Meanwhile, the Revolution of 1848 sent some assistants to Father Curley, the ablest being Father De Vico, director of the Observatory of the Roman College, Father Secchi, and Father Sestini. Father De Vico remained but a few months, being called to London on important business, where he died on Nov. 15, 1848, only 43 years of age. The gold medal which he received from the King of Denmark, for the discovery of six comets at the Roman Observatory, is still preserved at Georgetown.

FATHER ANGELO SECCHI.

Father Angelo Secchi taught physics for one year, and then returned to Rome to take charge of the Observatory of the Roman College, where he began those researches in physical astronomy for which he became so well known. During the year he taught physics Father Secchi made original researches in electricity, constructing much of the delicate apparatus himself. As a result of his work,

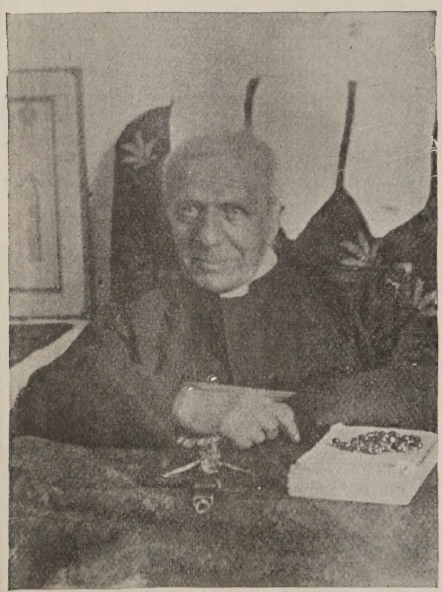
REV. ANGELO SECCHI, S. J.

he composed a treatise called "Researches in Electrical Rhe

ometry," which was published in 1852 in the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge." Though Father Secchi never did any astronomical work of importance at Georgetown, he made here his first steps in the study of that science, and, on his taking charge of the Roman Observatory, wrote to Father Curley, that he regretted not having made himself more familiar with the college instruments.

FATHER BENEDICT SESTINI.

Father Benedict Sestini began observations on the color of the stars



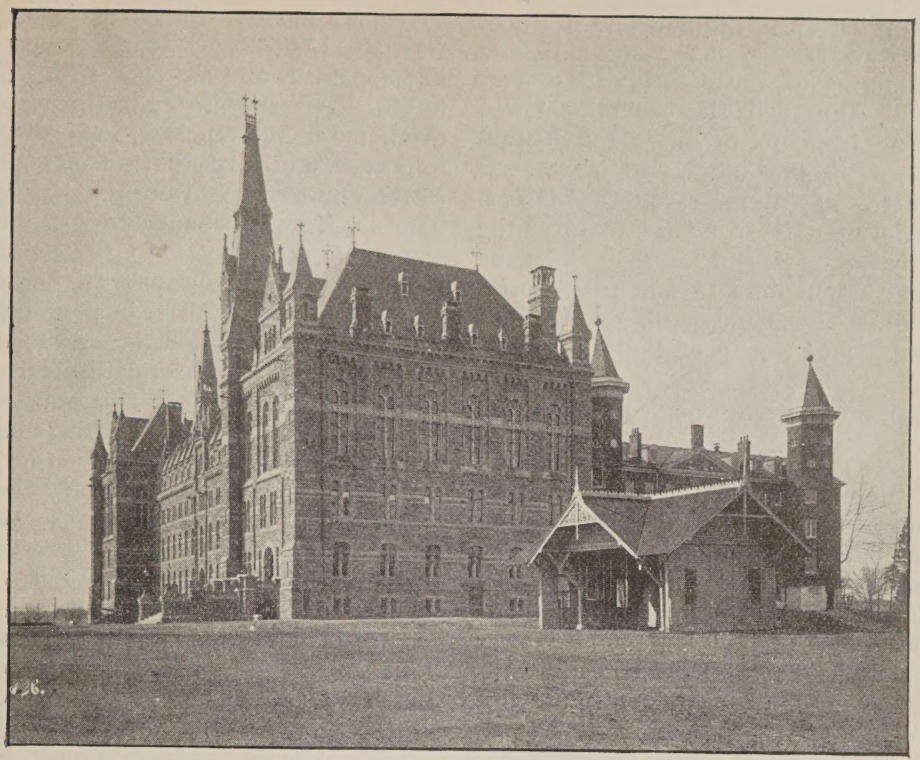
REV. BENEDICT SESTINI, S. J.
[From a photograph taken shortly before his death.]

in 1849. He had, while at Rome, made a study of this subject, and had published a memoir under the direction of Father De Vico. He observed the same stars at Georgetown, and the manuscript of his work is preserved in the Observatory library. The conclusion he came to was, that, in general, there is no difference in the color of the stars observed at Rome and at Georgetown. Father Sestini also made, during the year 1850, a very remarkable study of the surface of the sun. For more than a whole month, from Sept. 20 to Nov. 6, he was able to examine the sun almost every day, and thus watch the change in the sun-spots. He used for this an excellent three-inch telescope which had been purchased by Father Curley, and has since been equatorially mounted by the present director of the Observatory. Having remarkable eyesight, and being a skilful draughtsman, he was able to sketch, day by day, the changes in the sun's surface. These drawings were lithographed and published by the Naval Observatory.

THE VOLUME OF ANNALS.

In 1852 a volume of 215 pages in quarto, containing a description of the Observatory and illustrated by eight plates, was published and distributed. This publication had one good result, for the name of the Observatory found its way into the list of the observatories in the Nautical Almanac, so that the annual publications of home and foreign observatories began to be sent regularly to Georgetown. Thus, in the course of the last 40 years, the collection of astronomical annals has grown into a valuable library.

With the publication of this work, investigation and original work ceased at the Observatory. Indeed, the explicit object of Father Curley in founding the Observatory was the instruction of students, and this purpose was strictly adhered to as long as he was director. The volume of "annals" was even intended,



Georgetown College, from Seniors' Campus (northeast).

in part, as a book of instruction, as it gave in detail the manner of manipulating the instruments. Though a large number of students were never employed in using the instruments, scarcely a year passed without some one doing practical work in the Observatory, and in this way valuable instruction was imparted. As Father Curley advanced in years and became less and less able to perform active work, the Observatory was neglected, and it became a serious problem what to do with the buildings and the instruments. There was no one prepared to undertake the active charge of the Observatory, while the civil war and the construction of the new college prevented the faculty from giving any means for keeping things in repair and running order.

THE COLLEGE CENTENNIAL. THE NEW DIRECTOR.

Matters were in this state when the approach of the Centennial Celebration, in 1889, came to put new life into everything connected with the college. During the years since the foundation of the Observatory, the college had gradually developed into a university, and it was fitting that the Observatory should aim at higher work. The first requisite was to secure a competent director. Such a man was found in Father John G. Hagen, S. J. He was an Austrian by birth, but had passed a number of years in this country, and was thus familiar with our language. He had made special studies in higher mathematics and astronomy at the Universities of Bonn and Münster,

and had been director of a small observatory for some years. By the kindness of Very Rev. Father-General Anderledy, Father Hagen was sent from his province to Georgetown in the autumn of 1888, and entrusted with the care of the Observatory. His plan was to raise the Observatory from an institution for instruction only to one where original research might be made, and work done worthy of the University.

THE RENOVATION OF THE OBSERVATORY.

The renovation of the Observatory began with a general repair of the buildings and the instruments. For more than three months masons, carpenters, and painters were kept busy on the building, while instrument makers and electricians were employed in restoring and improving the instruments. The basement was paved with concrete, and a heating apparatus and water were introduced. All the instruments were dismounted and repaired, some were improved, and a few new ones, such as the chronograph, were purchased. The clocks were connected with an elaborate switch-board in the clock-room, and a telegraph line was erected putting the place in communication with the United States Naval Observatory. At a later date electric light from the city was introduced to illuminate all the rooms and instruments.

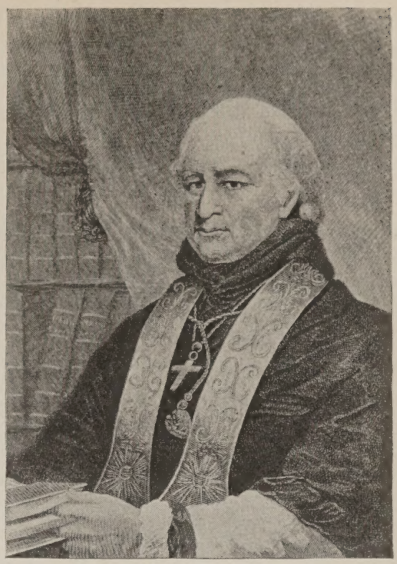
This thorough renovation of the Observatory caused an expense of several thousand dollars, the greater part of which was defrayed by the college; only about $1,000 having been received from small donations. It was not long, however, before the friends of the college began to see

Georgeton College Observatory, from the Southeast.

that the renovation of the Observatory was meant in earnest, and they came to offer help in a very liberal way. Thus, within a few years, donations amounting to nearly $20,000 have been received.

These gifts have made it possible to purchase a new equatorial of 12 inches aperture, and to erect a small dome on the grounds for the old five-inch equatorial. A latitude instrument of six inches aperture was bought and mounted in a new building especially erected for the purpose. A nine-inch photographic transit instrument is now being constructed and will take the place of the old 4.5-inch Transit which is to be sold.

The new director chose stellar photometry for the first work of the five-inch equatorial, and we have but to consult the numbers of the "Astronomical Journal," for the past six years, to see how diligently the light variation of the stars has been studied by him and how, in several cases, the laws have been more accurately formulated. The relative brightness of many of the stars was also investigated with the same instrument.



MOST REV. JOHN CARROLL, D. D.
First Archbishop of Baltimore and Founder of Georgetown College.

INVENTION OF THE PHOTOCHRONOGRAPH.

These rapid improvements of the Observatory encouraged the college faculty to increase the staff of the observers, that more original work might be done and a corps of astronomers formed to keep up the Observatory. Father George A. Fargis, S. J., was first sent, and later Father John T. Hadrick, S. J. This enabled the director to undertake new fields of work. The first subject given to the new assistants to investigate led to a valuable discovery. Astronomers had been desirous, for a long time, to apply photography to the transit of the stars. The advantage of having a permanent record of the passage of the star across the meridian, one, too, independent of any personal peculiarity of the observer's sight and method of observing, is evident. All experiments, however, in this line had met with only partial success; nothing really valuable and trustworthy had been discovered. Georgetown was to have the honor of being the first observatory where the feasibility of photographic transits was proved, and a reliable method of making them discovered.

Experiments were undertaken in this line by Prof. Frank H. Bigelow, of the United States Weather Bureau, first at the Harvard College Observatory in 1888, and the year after at Georgetown, where all the resources of the Observatory were most cordially placed at his disposal. The 4.5 Ertel Transit Instrument was then repaired and fitted up for photo-

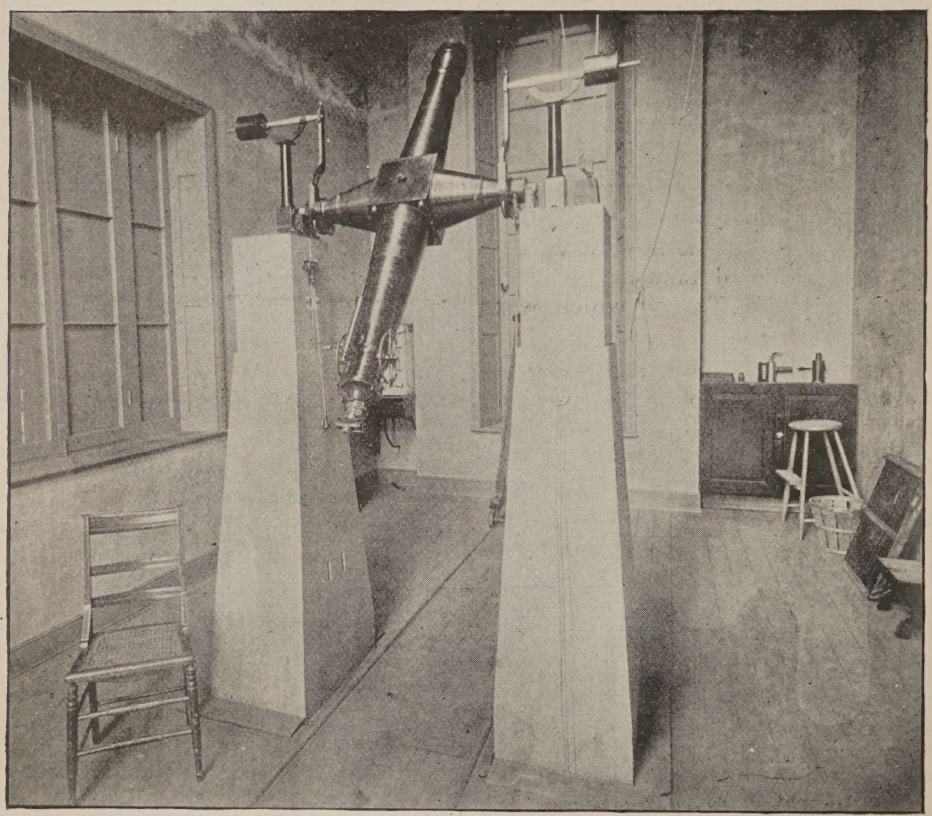
graphic transit work, the micrometer at the eye end being replaced by a plate holder which was moved automatically by the beats of the sidereal clock.

The Eclipse Expedition to West Africa, in 1889, however, withdrew Professor Bigelow's attention from the subject, and further development devolved wholly upon the Georgetown College Observatory.

When Father Fargis arrived at the Observatory, the director gave into his hands the further experiments, and he realized, in a very simple manner, what had been sought after so long.

The matter is so important, and is such a glory to Georgetown, that, at the risk of tiring our readers' patience, we will try to explain in some detail in what this valuable invention consists.

The object of all transit observations is to find the exact moment at which a star passes the meridian. For this purpose the transit, consisting of a telescope mounted between solid piers, is placed as exactly as possible in the meridian. A number of fine vertical wires cross the field of view, and are so arranged that the central vertical wire will, when the instrument is accurately adjusted, always follow the meridian as the instrument is

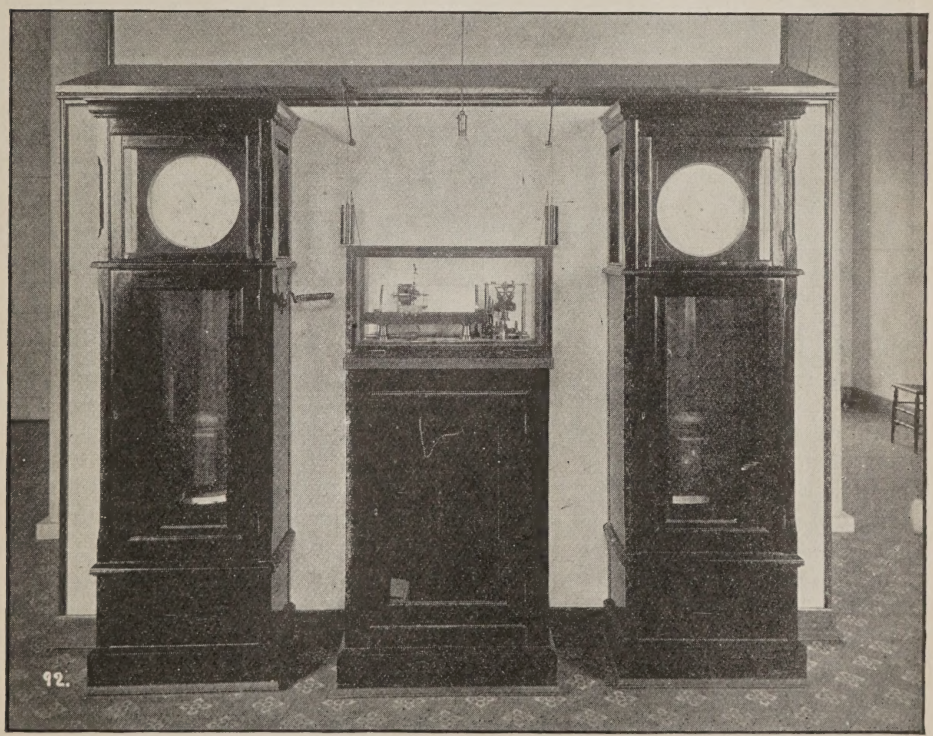


Ertel Transit, with Photochronograph.

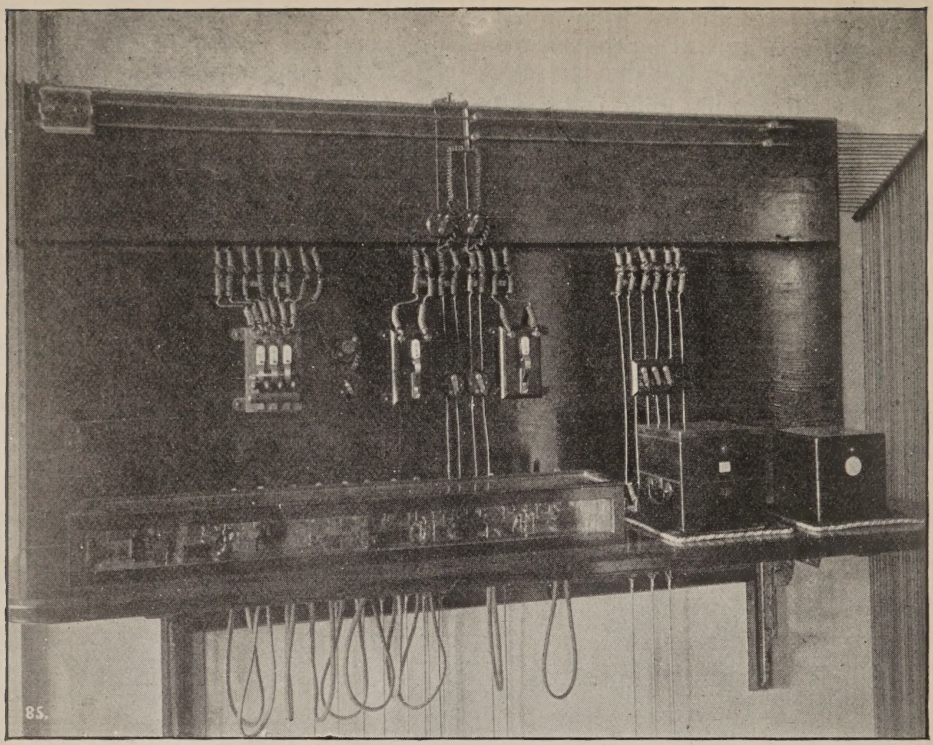
turned, and the instant when a star crosses this wire will be the time of the star's meridian transit. As much depends on getting this time with the greatest exactness, various means have been resorted to. A number of wires is used so that the average of a number of observations can be taken, instead of depending on the passage of the star across a single one.

Before the invention of the telegraph the method exclusively employed was that by "eye and ear." The observer, keeping his time-piece near him, listened to the clock-beats, and estimated as closely as he could, in seconds and tenths of seconds, the moment at which occurred the phenomenon he was watching for — the moment, when a star passed across a wire of the reticle of his telescope. At present the record is usually made by simply pressing a "key" in the hand of the observer, and this, by a telegraphic connection, makes a mark upon a strip or sheet of paper, which is moved at a uniform rate by clockwork, and graduated by seconds-signals from the clock or chronometer This instrument is called the chronograph.

Now in all these methods there is found what is called the "personal equation;" for every observer has his own peculiarities in observing with a transit, and a correction has to be applied to every observation on this account. This correction is, of



Clocks and Chronograph.



Electric Switch-Board, Time Signal Telegraph and Chronometers.

course, different for different observers, and different even for the same observer at different times. The elimination of this error has always been desired, and Professor Young, one of our most distinguished astronomers, did not hesitate to say in 1887 that "one of the most important problems of practical astronomy now awaiting solution is the contrivance of some practical method of time observation free from this annoying human element, the personal equation, which is always more or less uncertain and variable." Now it is just this personal equation which the invention of Father Fargis does away with. How this is done we will try to explain.

It is not difficult to see that an effective way to do this, would be to make the star imprint its own image on a photographic plate. This was suggested by Faye as early as 1849, and experiments were made in Europe and this country, but up to the time of those at Georgetown without complete success. Professor Young believes that the perfection of this method of taking the observation by photography and thus removing the personal equation "may make a great revolution in the art of meridian observation." But no one had then succeeded in accomplishing it.

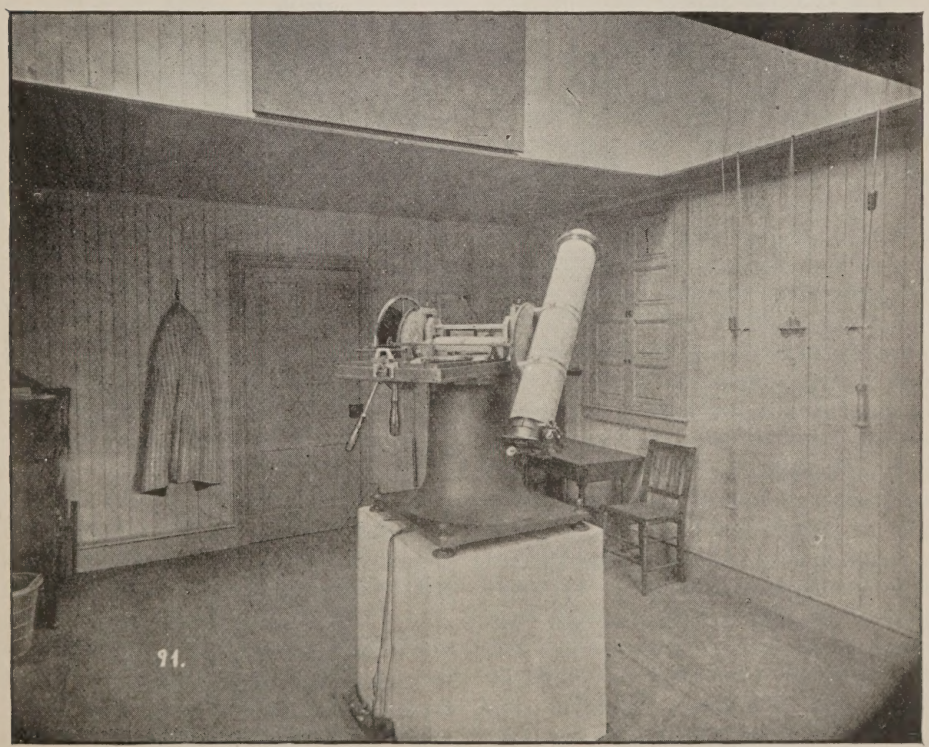
A serious defect in the previous experiments was the motion of the sensitive plate. Father Fargis remedied this defect by keeping the plate stationary and interrupting the light of the star at regular intervals by a bar across the field of view. This bar is moved by an electric current, controlled by the sidereal clock.

Father Fargis has thus given us an instrument which enables the star to photograph its own transit, and with such accuracy that it is believed it will surpass every other method. In any event, it completely suppresses the personal equation, as the eye and ear are supplanted by the photographic plate. The occulting bar is of such extreme lightness that its movements do not cause any perceptible vibration in the plate. This bar is the most important part of the invention, and it is entirely due to Father Fargis.

THE FLOATING ZENITH TELESCOPE.

The experiments with the photochronograph had not yet been finished when a new field was opened to the activity of the Observatory staff. Various irregularities in latitude observations have led astronomers to believe that the position in the earth of its axis of rotation is not constant, as heretofore supposed, but subject to very slight variations. The variations are so small that it needs the most refined observation to discover them.

In previous methods it was necessary to correct the observations for a change of level in the instrument, and this change was determined by the spirit level. Father Hagen determined to get rid of the need of this correction by floating the telescope on a basin of mercury, thus supplying also a new method of making the observations, which is always thought of advantage in astronomy. Photography was used to record the observations permanently on a sensitive plate, and to eliminate the personal equation.

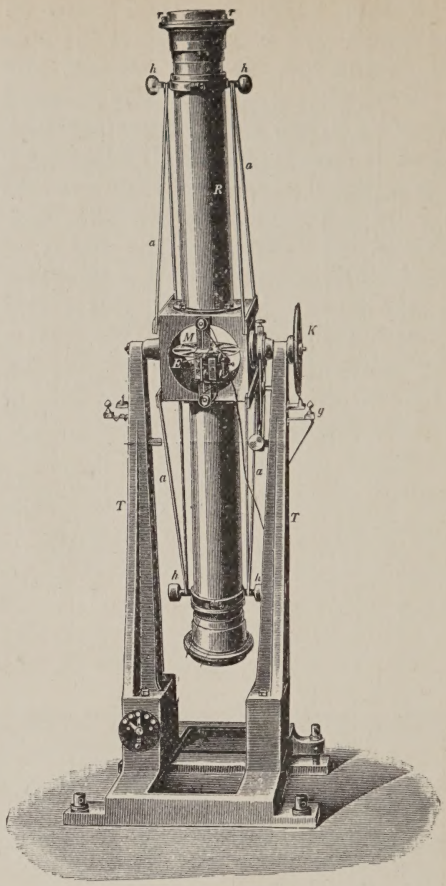


Floating Zenith Telescope.

The photochronograph found an application here also, by furnishing the means of adjusting the instrument in the meridian, and especially by giving the scale for the measurement of the plates. The instrument was constructed in 1893, and mounted in a small frame building connected with the eastern end of the Observatory, and a set of latitude determinations were made and the results published and distributed.

THE REFLECTING ZENITH TELESCOPE.

The following year saw another new instrument. This was the invention of Father Joseph Algué, S. J., who had come two years before from Spain to study at the Observatory. Encouraged by the success of the Floating Zenith Telescope, he invented and had constructed by Mr. Saegmuller, a telescope on the reflecting principle. This consists of two photographic objectives placed at either end of a tube, a sensitive plate being placed in the central cube at the common focal plane of the two objectives with an occulting disk of a photochronograph on either side of it. The light from one star of a latitude pair comes directly through one of the objectives of the plate, while the other is first reflected from a mercury basin, through the second lens to the same plate. The first successful observations were made with this instrument in April, 1893, and a description of it and its practical workings was at once published and distributed. The cost of this instrument was defrayed by Father Algué's Spanish friends. It was shortly afterwards dismounted and taken to Spain, where it was exhibited to a number of scientific men, and eventually shipped to Manila. There it is now being used



Reflecting Zenith Telescope.

in connection with Georgetown, for studying the polar variations, by its inventor, who has been made director of the Observatory at Manila by the Spanish Government.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ZENITH TELESCOPE.

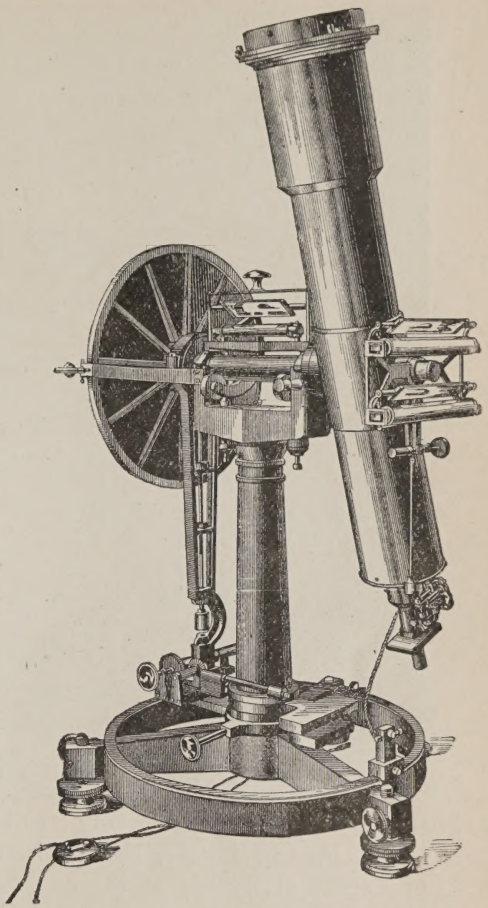
These two methods just described eliminated the spirit level, but it was felt that in order to cover the field of work it would be well to test the visual and photographic methods of latitude determinations on more equal terms. An instrument was, therefore, constructed consisting of an

ordinary zenith telescope, with the usual levels, but with the eye-piece replaced by the photochronograph. A full account of this instrument and its results was published and distributed last December. Regular series of observations are now in progress, and the results will be made public as soon as the reductions can be made.

It will be seen from the above account, that the members of the Observatory staff have invented and successfully applied three new methods for the photographic determination of the latitude, and that each of them exhibits an important application of the photochronograph.

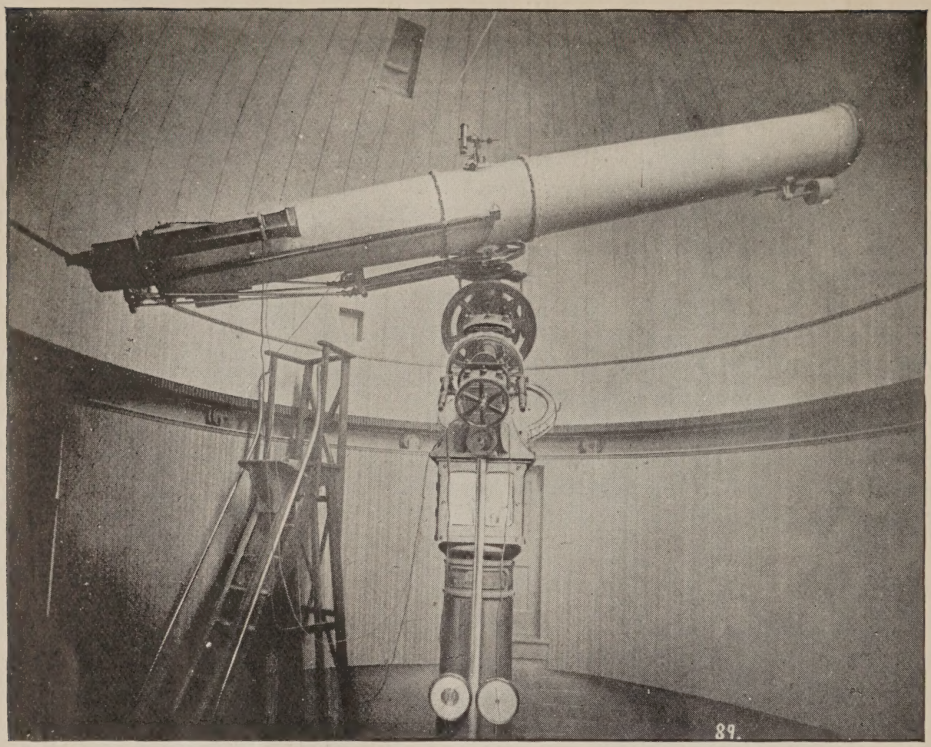
THE NEW TWELVE-INCH EQUATORIAL.

While this work was in progress the new twelve-inch equatorial, the gift of a generous friend, was being constructed. Owing to difficulties in obtaining suitable disks for the lenses, the telescope was not ready till March, 1893. The mounting is by G. N. Saegmuller, and the optical work by John Clacey, both of Washington. It is with pleasure that we note that all the work of renovation, the construction of the photochronograph, of the three new latitude instruments, and, lastly, of the twelve-inch equatorial, have all been executed in this country and in Washington better and cheaper than they could have been done abroad. It is not well known that our American instrument makers have facilities in constructing astronomical instruments such as enable them to compete with foreign makers. The new twelve-inch equatorial is an example. The lenses are of twelve-inch clear aperture, with a focal length of about 15 feet. A third lens is used as a photographic corrector.



Photographic Zenith Telescope.

These lenses have given complete satisfaction, and the photographic combination, in particular, has withstood some severe tests. An interesting series of observations was at once undertaken, and a new photographic method of studying double stars inaugurated. In this method the photochronograph again plays an important part, and the accuracy obtained by means of these photographs seems to be greater than that obtainable in the visual method. An extended account of the method and its results was published and distributed last January. During



New Twelve-Inch Equatorial.

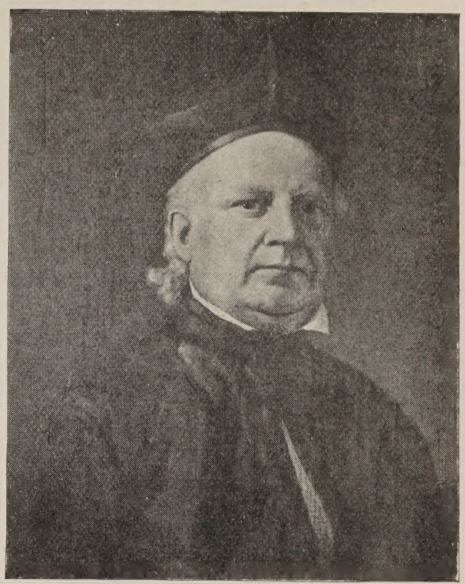
this series of experiments, which lasted for 40 nights, the positions of a score of double stars, the inclination of Saturn's ring, the satellites of Jupiter and his equatorial belts, as well as other interesting objects, were successfully photographed in this novel way.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE OBSERVATORY.

A sixth publication was issued in the spring of 1894, in which further applications of the photochronograph were suggested, and its bearing on the subject of the personal equation thoroughly examined and criticised. These six publications have been collected into one volume under the title, "The Photochronograph and its Applications." These treatises are all in the new line of investigation, — the application of photography to star transits, to latitude determinations, and to micrometric observations of double stars, planets, and satellites. Favorable reviews of these novel investigations have already appeared in the various scientific papers of this country and of Europe. This volume is, indeed, only of a descriptive character, and intended to show that photography can be applied to these observations, and the personal errors of the observer thus eliminated. The practical astronomer who knows, from experience, how much all the observations at the telescope are vitiated by that varying element, the human organism, subject to change by fatigue and age, cannot fail to appreciate the importance of this publication. Yet, the director tells us, that the

work of himself and of his assistants in this field has only begun. After preliminary experiments described in this volume, come systematic applications of these new methods, and such are now in progress. One of these, a series of photographic star-transits, is almost ready for publication; the others will appear in due time.

Another astronomical work which is being carried on at this Observatory is a "Star Atlas with Catalogue," containing stars down to the 13th magnitude, and designed for use in a special line of photometric astronomy. The two equatorials are partly devoted to this work. As an indication of the constant and serious labor that is being done, we may mention that at least eight volumes are now actually in preparation for publication, not including those that will contain the work of the new nine-inch photographic transit; nor does this number include the "Synopsis of Higher Mathematics," of which two quarto volumes have already appeared.



REV. JAMES RYDER, S. J.

THE FUTURE AND THE PRESENT NEEDS OF THE OBSERVATORY.

Such, in a few words, is the work which has been done at the Observatory since its renovation in 1889. What is intended for the future we learn from a circular which has recently been issued by the director last June. He tells us that the plans for renovating the Georgetown College Observatory in order to raise it from an institution intended for instruction to one of original research, have been successfully fulfilled. The observatory need only continue on the lines assigned to it, in order to produce scientific results of great and permanent value. To attain this end but one thing is wanting, a moderate fund to defray the annual expenses.

It is not just that the college should be burdened with the support of the astronomers, and be also called upon to supply the wants of the Observatory. It has its own needs, and these, at any time, may become so great as to render it impossible for it to contribute to the support of the Observatory. That the work may surely go on it should be established on a solid basis, and the astronomers should not be compelled to look about to find means for its support. Their time is too valuable to be spent in constantly begging for small sums; and they ought not be kept waiting and valuable work delayed for the want of a few dollars. The astronomers at Georgetown give their services gratis; they ask for no salary, but only for their support, and for means to defray the

working expenses of the Observatory and of publishing their discoveries and observations. It may be said, without fear of contradiction, that no other observatory in this country is doing its work with so little money, and nowhere else will moderate means effect so much as at Georgetown. In those observatories where every astronomer, every assistant and mechanic has to be paid a salary, the annual expenses surpass the actual cost of the instruments, and in some of our greatest observatories amount to more than $70,000. No such sum is asked for Georgetown, but a small foundation is needed that the work may be put on a permanent footing. In no other way can the future of the Observatory be firmly secured. That its friends may have an exact knowledge of its wants at the present time, it may be stated that a foundation affording annually from $1,200 to $1,500 would be a fair endowment of the Observatory and would ensure its permanence; while even $600 or $800 a year would cover the most necessary expenses. This amount, however, should be assured, and an investment made that would yearly bring the above sum.

As the Observatory has already received $20,000, and this before its reputation was established, may we not trust that some liberal hands will be found to give this foundation, and thus crown the establishment with permanent success?

LOVE'S CLOUD.

BY NELLIE CECIL PAVEY.

WHAT is it, a word, a look,
Or a tone, thou canst not brook?
Cruel, cold, and strange it seems
Breaking on thy sweet love-dreams.
Tremble all Hope's distant towers —
Dismal grow the morning hours,
While it threatens to destroy
All Life's precious, priceless joy.

Wouldst thou keep the golden haze
Of the beauteous love-bright days?
Then turn not in wrath away
From the discord of to-day.
Be thy wedding veil its shroud,
Buried, t'will thy life ne'er cloud,
And though dead thy bride flowers be,
Fragrance still they'll hold for thee.

EMINENT AMERICAN PRELATES.

II. — ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

THE mention of this prelate's name at a clerical gathering usually results in a rise of temperature both for his friends and his critics. In the United States we are not yet so accustomed to the churchman who has a theory of the Church's relations to the multitude, and carries it into a well-defined public policy, as to view, without enthusiasm or acrimony, the effects of his influence or his interference. Our bishops, with few exceptions, have contented themselves with the careful administration of their diocese. Questions of moment to the whole Catholic body have ordinarily been shelved to await the action of a plenary council. The annual conference of the archbishops is of very recent institution, and sprang from the pressing necessity of settling questions that could not be shelved for the briefest time. Some critics are of opinion that the bishops who attend only to diocesan matters are the one sort needed in this country; but as general questions are not diocesan questions, and must be attended to in general conferences, it is plain these critics are behind this age or any age. The general affairs of the Church in America must be directed by a policy in harmony with the environment. The prelates who take any share in the development of that policy are public men, and must have capacity, experience, and theories of action. They must live in the public eye, even against their own tastes. To find fault with them for not leaving the Church policy to chance management solely and to remote councils; to commend them for exclusive devotion to individual dioceses; to insist upon their utter withdrawal from public gaze, — this is to sin against common sense. Archbishop Ireland is a close student of the Church's environment in America, and his public life is guided by the results of observation and experience. Were we as accustomed to prelates of his method as are Europeans to men like Manning, Richard, Lavigèrie, and Strossmayer, his policy might be opposed with less heat and accepted with less enthusiasm.

There is nothing so extraordinary in his public career as to draw the tears of the ardent; nothing rash enough to explain the amusing "pious horror" which his name excites in some circles. It appears, on the contrary, very consistent, full of good sense, well adapted to the times, and as faulty in detail as the career of a sincere public man should be, that his critics may therein find justification. Archbishop Ireland

is a firm believer in the doctrine, that men with influence should use it for the general good as far as influence will go. He has never found the purple a hinderance, but a help, in choosing and using the proper means to settle vexed questions. With materialism and its allies swinging the world towards hell, he believes in swinging the other way with all his might, scorning the dust that may fall or be thrown on the purple. He does not wait for the foe to invade the sanctuary, but meets him without the gates in a well-chosen position. His theories of the Church policy best suited to America, are rooted in the present conditions of the Catholic and non-Catholic bodies, and are distinguished by a fine indifference to outworn traditions. His severer critics give this indifference an odious adjective, and have a strong word in favor of the traditions; but it is easy to remind them that the Archbishop's career won their commendation through many years until the question of compromise schools arose

The principles upon which his treatment of public questions is based are few and comprehensive. They may be roughly stated this way: the American Republic is the best government of the day; its principles and methods are worthy of the widest propagation; the Catholic American people have duties to their non-Catholic brethren and fellow-citizens, the chief and most pressing being unity, harmony, and family likeness among themselves, comprehension of non-Catholic needs, and gracious preaching of the gospel to all; the Church in America is not in Germany, Ireland, or Italy; its children should be trained to take an intelligent and prudent interest in religious affairs; new circumstances rarely need old methods; this is the nineteenth century; the country in which we live is the United States.

It would surprise the intelligent to know the immense scope of these apparently commonplace principles, to learn how few leaders study, appreciate, or understand them, while too many ridicule and condemn them. Yet the supporters of Archbishop Ireland believe that through them he has come to represent in the mind of the non-Catholic American, the best features of that Catholic Christianity so feared, hated, and misunderstood in this country. It is a safe assertion to make, that no American bishop is so well known to his countrymen as Dr. Ireland. No other has gotten so near, personally, to the heart and mind of the average citizen, for he has gone among all classes of men with sympathetic feelings and helpful words for every form of human endeavor and need. Outsiders see and hear our bishops only from the throne or the pulpit. Dr. Ireland has never lost an opportunity to meet in private and in public, every rank of citizen from the President down. His example, in this point considered hurtful by a few, has set a precedent promptly followed by many others.

Consecrated coadjutor to Bishop Grace of St. Paul, in 1875, and succeeding him in the See nine years later, Archbishop Ireland made his debut as a public man by taking up the question of colonizing the Northwest with Irish immigrants. He had noted the success of German Catholics in forming prosperous settlements throughout the West, and he had not agreed with Archbishop Hughes that greater pros-

perity awaited the Irish in the large cities. The evils of tenement life seemed to him a heavy price to pay for the benefits of urban colonization. Therefore he became chief promoter of the Irish colonization society, lands were bought in the Northwest, and arrangements made with the Irish bishops to direct capable emigrating farmers toward Minnesota. Five years ago, the society ended its existence, after having scored a comparative failure. Its career and end were financially honorable, the society redeeming all its stock, and paying the holders six per cent on the investment; but its aims were not attained, and the stream of immigration was not diverted from the large cities. The class of Irish sent to the Northwest were mostly unfit for the life of pioneers. They drifted away to the cities, much disappointed that Minnesota land yielded milk and honey only through the usual channels, — labor of men, cows, and bees. Before this venture had come to nothing, Archbishop Ireland had attracted public attention and won praise for his speeches on the drink question, and his labors in behalf of the temperance movement. It is his characteristic to exhaust all useful means in reaching an end. His addresses covered the entire ground; exhortation to the general public, appeal to the intemperate, encouragement to the workers in the cause, arraignment of the sinning brewers, distillers, and saloon-keepers, and solutions for the drink problem. What he preached from pulpit and platform he practised wherever his influence prevailed. It is said to be his boast that no Catholic name can be found over the door of a saloon in his diocese; he is responsible for the strong language of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore on this matter, language which has made the liquor business and drinking more than ever odious, and which was adopted by the bishops only after a hard struggle with the opposition. His methods of dealing with the problem of drink secured him the admiration of non-Catholic temperance workers, and by invitation he has often addressed them words of encouragement without giving sanction to their extreme views on prohibition.

Public admiration was strengthened by the attitude on the famous Cahensly question which interested all America three years ago. The attempt of little cliques, in the United States and out of it, to get control of the appointment of bishops to certain districts, and thus make home rule impossible to the Church in America, was discovered by Dr. Ireland and exposed to the Pope, the American bishops, and the American people. The Pope promptly dismissed the leader of the united cliques from Rome, rejected his memorials on the subject, and addressed some monitory words to the clique leaders in this country. The strong and universal sentiment of Americans found expression in the denunciations of the press, from which an album of vigorous clippings was made and sent to the Roman authorities. The Cahensly movement went out like a snuffed candle, with double honors for the Archbishop of St. Paul, whose memorial on this subject, addressed to the Holy See, is a very clever state document. It was both a defence of the American hierarchy and, by its arraignment of offenders, an indirect exposition of Church policy in the United States. His attitude in this affair, with his services in the cause of temperance, made him extremely

popular with Americans of every class, and among the Catholic people this popularity was connected with an enthusiasm born of his confidence in them, and his efforts to secure their practical aid in the support and diffusion of the faith among the people. The Catholic congresses held, one in Baltimore in 1889, the other in Chicago last year, were, in good part, the result of his efforts to bring the Catholic layman into the field of action. His efforts were seconded and approved by many of the bishops, and the beneficial effects of these two gatherings are still felt in the community.

Public men lead lives more or less stormy. It was Archbishop Ryan who wittily summarized Dr. Ireland's character and career by dubbing him "the consecrated blizzard of the Northwest." To begin a reform, or initiate a policy, or originate a novel venture, is to take the bull by the horns, and succeed or fail briefly and in a tumult. Vested interests and hardshell traditions die hard, and die yelling. As a colonizer, Dr. Ireland provoked ridicule and scorn; as a temperance advocate his root-and-branch methods frightened the timid and enraged the opposition; in organizing the congresses some thought him a rash visionary before, and a pompous grab-all after, the event; the Cahensly affair awoke an orchestra of human passion, rage, ridicule, unbelief, denunciation, applause, enthusiasm, misunderstanding, and despair; it remained for the question of compromise schools to cheapen all other spectacles of public excitement and newspaper tumult. There was more bubble than substance in the uproar. It has subsided, but the question remains, and it will be long before the last word on it can be written.

Archbishop Ireland has an honorable record in the cause of Christian education. Ten per cent of his diocesan population is in the parochial schools, which educate 13,000 children. This is a larger percentage than exists in many wealthier dioceses, and represents a high average by general comparison. Higher education has interested him to the extent of securing his most earnest support for the founding of the Washington University, and of a seminary for his own province, which is to take rank with the best in the world on its completion. These facts are to be remembered in every discussion as to his position on the school question. They are a refutation of the common slander that his aim is the destruction of the parochial school. The more critical do not state the slander so bluntly. His principles, they say, not his intentions, will ruin the parochial school system. Time alone can demonstrate the merits of what he calls the "complete chart of the school question." The chart means good parochial schools where they can be maintained; where they cannot, the compromise plan, on the principle of the half loaf; in all other circumstances such methods as may suit. The chart so fits the real situation that none denies its completeness; but the Archbishop's sincerity is denied; and at this point the discussion rests for the present.

Thus on five questions of public interest Archbishop Ireland has given proof of his concern over the problems that face the Church and the country, of his ability to find solutions for them, of his fidelity to the principles upon which our government is founded. His public declarations and his labors show his larger aim to be the proper presentation of the Church to the multitude,

the removal of all obstacles to a complete understanding of her character and mission. His success has been notable in getting the ear of the non-Catholic world and in securing respectful consideration for his theories. To the average American, he now stands for all that is intelligible in the Church. He is winning a similar position in Europe, where shrewd minds have begun to regard him as the representative of American democracy at the papal court. This chapter in his history is not much known. Two years ago he addressed the clergy of Paris on three occasions, under the patronage of the papal nuncio. These addresses were pointed, unsparing, and, from the Bourbon stand-point, revolutionary. They advocated many changes abhorrent to the average French churchman, and were illustrated by descriptions of the Church in America. The Cardinal Archbishop did not attend these conferences. Some authorities shouted "heresy." Still, the sentiments uttered were consonant with the Pope's utterances with regard to France. Many received them enthusiastically. With other addresses of the Archbishop they were published in book form in Paris, and the Pope sent a letter of warm commendation to the clerical editor. Dr. Ireland's public utterances are now translated regularly into French.

It may be that he has opened the floodgates for France once more, as Cardinal Lavigèrie did five years ago, with this advantage that he is beyond the reach of the monarchist clerics who punished the African Cardinal for his radical speeches. For 30 years French churchmen have steadily closed their eyes to the spectacle of the Church in this republic, progressing fairly, independent of the state, unharassed by hostile legislation, working out its destiny peacefully among 60,000,000 of people who might be naturally hostile. They have refused to give up the monarchy, to reject state salaries, to trust to the republic, even at the Pope's command. Leo XIII. has had a rough time of it with his policy of conciliation toward the republic. Certainly his belief that the days of kings are over and the reign of democracy has begun, gets no sympathy from Europe. He welcomes, therefore, a prelate like Dr. Ireland, a thorough propagandist of democracy, convinced by his American experience and his observation in Europe, fearless in his utterances, indifferent to criticism, abuse, slander, and the ready sneers of "heresy," capable of managing his own business and damaging that of his opponents, and enthusiastic for "a free church in a free state," in the better sense of that much-hated, much-abused proposition. All this explains the cordial reception always given the Archbishop of St. Paul at the papal court, where his offences against tradition, monarchy, the Triple Alliance, and the divine right of banished princes to trouble Church and state with their everlasting intrigues for a throne, merit, at least, the coldest shoulder of the Romans. However, the Pope's approval silences all overt criticism, and leaves its recipient free to pursue his policy.

As was said earlier in this article, were we accustomed to the presence of such Church leaders as Europe enjoys, less enthusiasm and less bitterness would follow the career of Archbishop Ireland. It has been a consistent and useful career; only by its novelty and the force of comparison can it be called brilliant.

Its strongest lights have been here presented. The shadows are left to the critics who deal in dark colors. In the last three years, they have faithfully presented to the general public and the Vatican court, the darkest side of Dr. Ireland's policy and personality. It is not necessary to defend in their entirety his principles and methods, nor even to admire them. It is very necessary to accord him the honors he has won. When all has been said that can be said, when opponents have thrashed out facts and figures from the inevitable chaff, and the cheers of supporters have failed with the breath, there still remain to his credit three peculiar honors, for the comfort of his friends, for his opponents to explain, for all to admire.

He is the representative, the standard-bearer of the policy of union among the Catholic races of America, a policy which advocates the safe and necessary abolition of all hinderances to social union, of the languages, traditions, and race-customs brought from foreign countries, and carefully nursed and cultivated by adventurers until a little Europe was building up amongst us

He stands, from the American point of view, with Americans outside the Church, for all that is intelligible and lovable and explicable in the Church, which means that they understand him, and because of this understanding begin dimly to comprehend what a truth and reality is this great Church, whose proportions have so long mystified or awed or terrified them.

Lastly, though of Irish birth, a Catholic, and a prelate, — three irritating circumstances to Protestant Americans, — he is to-day in Europe, the best-known and most-dreaded representative of American democracy. The supporters of the Triple Alliance are studying the strength of his influence at the Vatican. He is not without influence in France; all due to his status as an archbishop, his favor with the Pope, his determined propaganda of American ideas with regard to Church, state, and their relationship.

None can deny him these honors, whatever opinions may be held as to their value and fitness. The unique position thus attained by Archbishop Ireland could hardly have been won and held by a trifling, irritant demagogue, a rash and meddlesome personality, as his critics too often paint him. To stand for his Church, his country, his race, and his order, eminently and before the whole world; to have the ear of the chief, the people's heart, high place at the council-board, and intimacy with the historic course of events; these are honors beyond sophistry and partisanship. They are the simple facts of Archbishop Ireland's career.

A BRIDE OF HEAVEN.

BY BELLE MENARD.

Is this an exquisite marble statue that faithful and reverent hands have crowned with orange-blossoms as white and pure as the brow beneath? See the flower-wreathed waxen taper held in a hand as waxen in hue as itself; the snowy veil falling in folds as motionless and unchanging as though cut in stone; not even a flutter of the downcast lids betrays a sign of life.

The chanting rises and falls; a cloud of incense drifts by the little square opening which frames this awe-inspiring spectacle, now obscuring and again revealing the drooping head; but the waving candle-flame alone moves.

More plaintive grows the solemn music; every breath is held, and every eye strained, as silently and slowly the black veil descends, like a pall of death, upon the Madonna-like face. As a flame through alabaster, so, as the beautiful head fades from sight, a radiance not of earth illumines the countenance. Yes, there is a soul within, chastened by long vigils and painful discipline; purged from stains of earth, and uplifted by contrite meditation and throbbing prayer, till now in this supreme hour, the sacrifice is consummated, the sombre shroud falls, and a soul dies to earth.

A long, pent-up sob breaks forth from the throng, all too tensely strained. A trance-like stillness follows. A feeling of awe, of sadness, of yearning desire to stay forever here; a distaste of stepping out into the glare, the dissonance of a world which only jars on this mood; a wistful envy of the earth-bound angel just flown to its sacred seclusion — all these mingle in dim confusion in the mind.

. . . . .

An hour later — one step across the portal — and behold! a radiant being, still flower-crowned, but unveiled, smiling the brightest greeting through the lattice, with not even a touch of the solemnity which has crushed us, and brought us sobered and speechless to her presence.

We stare silently at her. What transfiguration is this? Yes, we have seen the bride turn from the altar, bright with the joy which is of earth, but this bride of Heaven — ah, what words can paint the ecstasy which glorifies her? She has chosen the happiness which will never fail her; the Rock of Ages is her sure hiding-place for all time.

She has found rest and peace and tranquil bliss, and it speaks in every lineament; in the sparkling glance, the sweet smile, and, finally, in the joyous tones of her melting voice; for God gave her all things that please the eye and ear of man, and worldly years lent grace and culture to round out what Nature had begun. All these gifts she gives back to God to-day, and herself, a stainless offering, will here on earth be sacrificed to atone for others' sins.

Her pleading rises to Heaven when your lips are dumb, or, worse, sinful. Her light is burning when our cruse is empty. Her feet are

set in the narrow way, when yours stumble far from virtue's path. Her intercession stays the hand of wrath, and wakes the voice of conscience in you, albeit you know not whence the mercy comes.

The snowy lamb laid upon the sacrificial stones by remote penitent souls, the type of atonement to-day upon our altars, and glorified by the Lamb of God who gave himself for us, she, the newly-born Carmelite, takes for her example and precedent and meekly gives up her life that she and we may live.

Proudly she shows us her coarse serge habit and hempen sandals, the livery of this heavenly army; once again she tells us of that which needs no words to express — her unspeakable happiness.

At 22, with every personal charm and grace, and all that the world can offer at her command, she faces her years of self-denial and seclusion with serene joy, and the content which God alone can give.

With a full heart we respond to her last farewell, and the heavy black curtain shuts her off from us and the world forever.

And yet we have sceptics who doubt the power of religion!

NIGHT.

[From the German.]

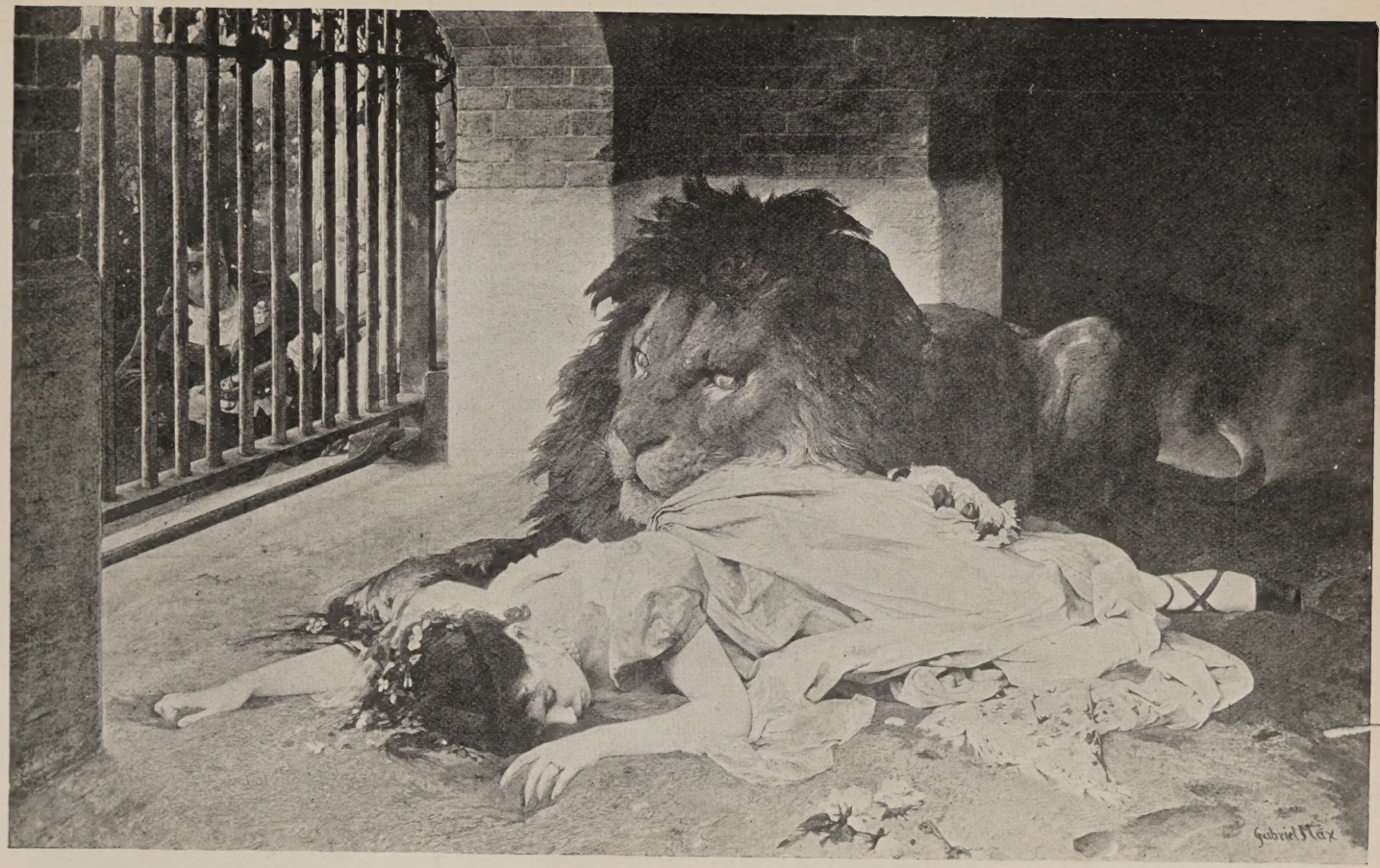
BY J. C.

I.

NIGHT heals with soothing touch and tender,
The wounds of day as silently,
Her forehead crowned with starry splendor,
She, queen-like, glides o'er land and sea.
Soft airs o'er all creation wander,
Blurred are the gorgeous tints of day;
The jagged snow-peaks frowning yonder,
To one white line now fade away.

II.

So with a mother's soft caresses,
Night calms each soul that sorrows fret,
And with her purifying kisses
Melts anger to a sad regret.
The heart's sealed fountains now are broken,
And long forgotten tears uprise;
Prayers ascend heard ere they're spoken,
For peace and mercy to the skies.



"THE LION'S BRIDE."

CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

CATHOLIC SONS OF HARVARD.

BY JAMES A. GALLIVAN.

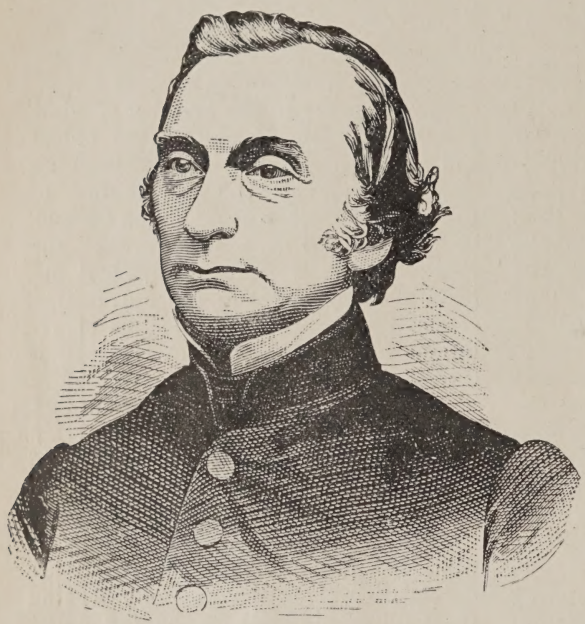
IN the first Sunday evening in April, of the present year, for the first time since Harvard University was founded, 258 years ago, a Catholic priest, wearing the garb of the Paulist community, officiated at the religious services for the students in old Appleton Chapel. Rev. Peter J. O'Callaghan, of New York, a graduate of the college six years ago, was the clergyman selected to establish a new precedent in the history of the university, whereby a new help is afforded for the removal of misconception as to Catholic matters at Harvard College, and another barrier swept away from mutual understanding and sympathy between representatives of different religious denominations.

When the Right Reverend John J. Keane, head of the Catholic University at Washington, received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Harvard last June, a great many persons wondered at the action of the corporation in conferring such distinguished honor upon a Roman Catholic. They could hardly believe such action possible on the part of the successors of those old conservative clergymen, who, once upon a time, presented a bill to the state legislature, which they supported with a petition, praying, "that in the charter for the college, our holy religion may be secured to us and unto our posterity, by a provision that no person shall be chosen president, or fellow, of the college, but such as declare their adherence unto the principles of reformation, which were espoused and intended by those who first settled the country," etc., etc. However, Bishop Keane received his LL. D., and that action of Harvard's guiding stars of to-day marked a wonderful progress in the breadth of view and universality of aim of the oldest and most famous institution of learning in America; and the appearance of Father O'Callaghan at Appleton Chapel, in the capacity of a preacher of the faith which in his student days had but little recognition from the authorities, settles once for all the question of religious intolerance as far as Harvard is concerned.

This great change from past intolerance shown not only at Harvard but almost everywhere, can be attributed chiefly to the increased knowledge of the mother of all the churches. The Catholic sons of Harvard College, both past and present, have done, and are doing, their share towards enlightening their fellow-students at the university, and the public in general, as to the true claims of the Church; day by day they are helping to dissipate that prejudice which has heretofore kept many good people outside the Church. The writer, wishing to pay a slight tribute to the energy and devotion of these Catholic students, has gathered a few facts about a number of Harvard men of the past, who paid allegiance to the Catholic Church, and, at the same time, loved to speak of the Cambridge University as their alma mater. No mention is here made of those students whose Harvard life was limited to the law school, the medical school, or the other professional schools. The present article is devoted, with one or two exceptions, to Harvard men who spent four years at Cambridge studying for their A. B.

In 30 years, from 1863 to 1892, inclusively (the reports of 1865 and 1873, however, being missing), 84 Catholic young men graduated from the academic department of Harvard University with the degree of A. B.

This is a remarkably small percentage of the four or five thousand graduates who have gone out into the world from old Harvard during that time. The



REV. GEORGE F. HASKINS, '26.

class reports prior to 1863 do not give religious statistics, but there were some few Catholics at the Cambridge University before that year. The class of '63 graduated but two Roman Catholics; succeeding classes reported as follows: —

1864, 1	1874, 4	1884, 6
1865, (missing)	1875, 2	1885, 4
1866, 1	1876, 0	1886, 5
1867, 1	1877, 4	1887, 4
1868, 0	1878, 1	1888, 6
1869, 0	1879, 3	1889, 2
1870, 0	1880, 3	1890, 4
1871, 5	1881, 2	1891, 8
1872, 3	1882, 4	1892, 6
1873, (missing)	1883, 3	

A few of these 84 Catholic graduates are now dead. The limits of a magazine article will allow but a brief reference to those Catholic sons of Harvard, who have added something to the glory of their alma mater while faithfully following the teachings of the Church. Some of those I shall mention were not of the Catholic faith when at Harvard. Their youthful minds were trained at a time when New England Know-Nothingism held sway; they could hear the laments of the devoted Ursuline nuns over the burning of their convent home, and they witnessed the cruelty and humiliation endured by noble Catholic priests, to spread the faith in New England.

Of these the earliest, and the one best known throughout the Catholic homes of New England, was the loved and lamented Father Haskins; he was the orphan's friend, who founded the House of the Angel Guardian at Roxbury, Mass., where thousands of homeless and wandering waifs have found shelter. Father Haskins was a descendant from one of the first settlers of New England, who were firm adherents of the Episcopal Church. He was graduated from Harvard in 1826, and desiring to prepare for the ministry, he studied theology under Revs. Alonzo Potter and George W. Doane, both of whom were afterwards Protestant Episcopal bishops. He was ordained a few years later, and was appointed chaplain of the House of Industry at Boston in 1829. While occupying this station, he made the acquaintance of Rev. Father Wiley, then attached to the old Cathedral on Franklin street. This acquaintance led in time to his conversion to the Catholic faith.

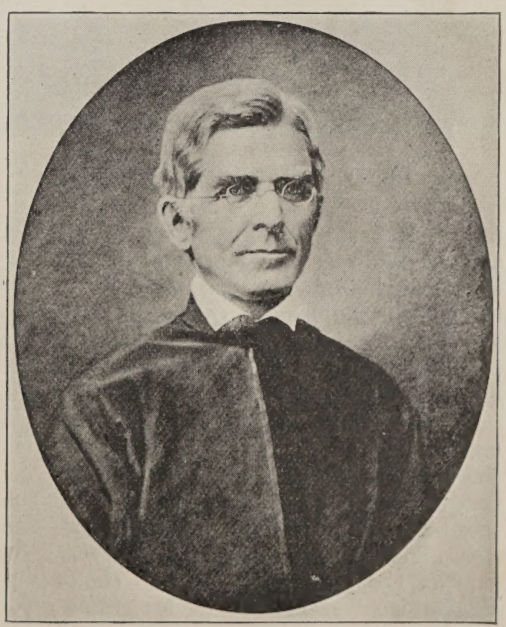
In 1840 he was baptized a Catholic, and shortly afterwards he entered the seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris. Early in 1844 he returned to Boston, having been ordained to the priesthood. Having a strong liking for children, and particularly for the orphaned, destitute, and homeless, he devoted all his energies and the means at his command to bettering their condition. He struggled bravely against the obstacles placed in his way by the rich Know-

Nothings, and succeeded, in 1858, in establishing the House of the Angel Guardian, the first asylum for Catholic orphan boys in New England. He had to minister to the congregations of St. Stephen's Church in the North End, Boston, and St. Francis de Sales, Roxbury, in addition to his labors in behalf of the homeless lads. In 12 years, by indomitable perseverance, he reduced the debt of the Home from $60,000 to $30,000. His most ardent desire was to see the Home in the hands of a religious community; to effect this, he made a voyage to Europe and another to Canada to obtain Brothers; but he secured only promises, which were not fulfilled until nearly two years after his death. Father Haskins died of consumption in 1872.

Always modest and unostentatious, he had even requested that no sermon should be delivered at his funeral; as one of his eulogists has said, he desired the prayers, not the praise, of the people among and for whom he had so arduously labored. The crowds that viewed his remains as they lay in state in St. Stephen's Church, the numerous clergy who attended the funeral services, and the large cortege that followed him to his last resting-place, testified to the esteem and veneration in which he was held; and the great charity which he founded will ever keep his memory fresh in the minds and hearts of the Catholics of Boston.

It was 14 years after Father Haskins' graduation from Harvard that another young Bostonian, Edward Holker Welch, received his Harvard A. B., "summa cum laude." Forty years afterward this young Harvard graduate was the idol of an army of young Catholic students, who daily listened to words of wisdom and holiness, as he conducted his classes, an honored member of the Society of Jesus, at Boston College. Father Welch came from a fine old Boston family, proud of their Puritan ancestry and steadfast in their allegiance to the principles of the Episcopal Church. Father Welch was a student. He found in the Catholic Church that peace and happiness for which his soul yearned. He made his profession of faith at Woodstock, Md., and eventually was ordained a Jesuit priest. For a goodly number of years Father Welch was in charge of classes at Georgetown University, at Holy Cross College, Worcester, and at Boston College. In 1886, at the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the establishment of Harvard University, Father Welch represented Boston College and the archdiocese of Boston during the ceremonies. Modest in the extreme, a man of great intellectual power, a student of students, Father Welch has been content to do the work of the Master in seclusion. Hundreds of Boston boys well remember his kindly face, and the cheering words of help ever ready for those who sought his counsel. Now grown old in the Master's service, Father Welch has retired to Woodstock College in Maryland.

In the same class with Father Welch, there was graduated another



REV. E. H. WELCH, '40.

young Bostonian, of high social connections, Joseph Coolidge Shaw. His

REV. JOSEPH COOLIDGE SHAW, S. J., '40.

father, Robert G. Shaw, was a highly esteemed and wealthy merchant of that city, and his mother was an aunt of the late distinguished historian, Francis Parkman. At the age of 15 Shaw entered Harvard University, and was graduated in the class of 1840. He took high rank in his class, and was much beloved and esteemed by his classmates. At that time there were at graduation two positions given to the most popular men of the class, that of class-orator, and that of president of the class supper. The choice of the two was offered to Mr. Shaw, and he selected the latter. After graduation he went to Germany, and studied at Heidelberg and at Berlin. He then travelled for some time. In Italy he met the late distinguished Frederic William Faber, of the London Oratory, then a minister of the Church of England. Mr. Shaw had been brought up a Unitarian, and his residence in Germany certainly had not strengthened his religious faith. Mr. Faber, on the contrary, was full of faith, and even then he always spoke of the Church as the "Holy Roman Church." He begged Mr. Shaw to call, when at Rome, on Father Glover, an English Jesuit residing there; he did so, and the result was his conversion to the Catholic Church. He returned to Boston, and entered the law school at Cambridge, where he remained over a year, and where he had the happiness of bringing into the Church one of his fellow-students, the late Mr. Anthony McIntosh, of Norfolk, Va.

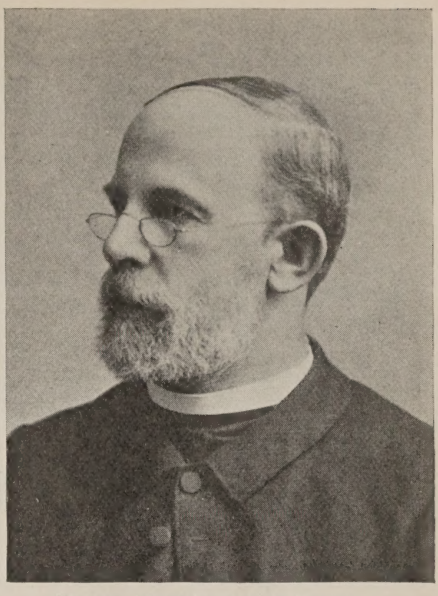
He now began to feel a call to the ecclesiastical state; and with the full consent of his parents, returned to Rome, where he entered the College of the Nobles, conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. After a three years' residence there, he returned to Boston, and was ordained a priest by Bishop Fitzpatrick in the old Cathedral of the Holy Cross. He remained at his father's house for some months, preaching, lecturing, and visiting the poor.

During this time an event happened which he concealed from his family, as, with their ideas, they could hardly have approved of his conduct. Dr. Webster, his former professor of chemistry at Harvard, had been convicted of the murder of Dr. George

Parkman, Father Shaw's own uncle. Wishing, if possible, to do some good to this unfortunate man, he called on him in prison, and used his best endeavors to bring him into the Church.

Although ordained, he had not finished his studies; and not being able to return to Rome on account of the troubles there, he went to St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., where he passed a year. Here he begged for admission into the Society of Jesus, and was received. In September, 1850, he entered the novitiate at Frederick, Md. At once he became an example to all his fellow-novices. No one was more exact in the discharge of every duty, in the observation of even the smallest rules. Although his health had always been excellent, and he had inherited a fine constitution, he caught a violent cold on Christmas night, which soon brought on quick consumption. Everything was done for him that skill and affection could do, but in vain. He died on March 10, 1851. It is almost needless to say that he bore his painful illness with the greatest patience.

That he might be ordained titulo patrimonii, as it is called (the Church wishing that some means of support should be assured to all who are elevated to Holy Orders), his father had given him at the time of his ordination the sum of $3,000. This, with the accrued interest, he left to the College of the Society, which the Superiors had already determined to erect in his native city, and which is now known as "Boston College." To the same institution he gave his valuable library, collected partly in Germany, but principally in Rome. Thus he is the earliest benefactor of this now flourishing college. When studying at Rome, he had sent on to his parents a small picture of himself in water-colors; after his death his father had a very large copy of this portrait taken in oil, and presented it to the novitiate at Frederick. From this picture the little cut has been taken, which accompanies this sketch.



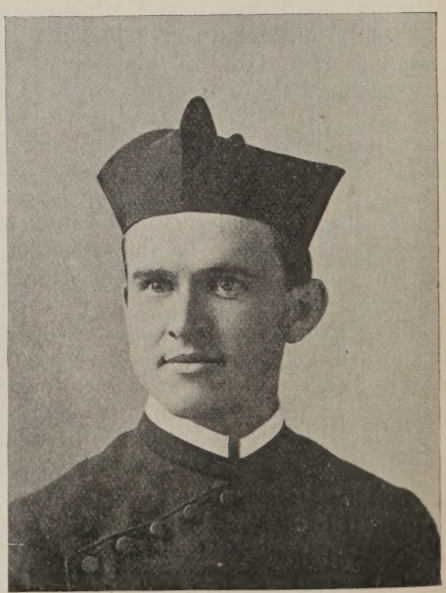
REV. G. M. SEARLE, C. S. P., '57.

In the fall of 1853, a rosy-cheeked young Irish lad applied for admission to Harvard College, and successfully passed the entrance examinations. Four years later, Patrick Aloysius O'Connell, who first saw the light of day in a small cabin close by the Lakes of Killarney, was graduated, "magna cum laude," from the Cambridge University. He participated in the exercises on Commencement Day, reading a disquisition on "Michael Angelo and Raphael compared as Men." Among those in the audience, who listened to O'Connell's brilliant effort, was the leader of the Know-Nothing party, Governor Gardner, then the chief executive of Massachusetts. O'Connell took his M. D. at the medical school four years later, and practised his profession with Dr. Henry G. Clark, then a famous Boston surgeon. Early in the Civil War, he went to the front as assistant surgeon of the Ninth Massachusetts regiment. He figured prominently in all the campaigns in South Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland. He escaped from South Mountain, where he had been held prisoner, and soon afterwards became medical director of the Ninth Army

FATHER FIDELIS (Rev. James Kent Stone), C. P., '62.

Corps. Later on, he was chosen medical director of the Division of Reënforcements and of Wilcox's Division. After the war, he was chief medical officer at Hart Island, and was later in charge of the United States General Hospital at New York harbor. He was brevetted lieutenant-colonel of United States volunteers, dating from June 1, 1865. He resumed his practise in Boston in 1868, and was appointed visiting surgeon to the Carney Hospital. He was colonel of the Ninth regiment, M. V. M., in 1868. Dr. O'Connell died of consumption, at Santa Barbara, in 1874.

The youngest graduate in O'Connell's class was an English-born boy, named George Searle. To-day, Rev. George Mary Searle is one of the most brilliant members of the Paulist community, and an astronomer of international fame. After his graduation from Harvard, he became assistant at the Dudley Observatory in Albany, where he discovered in 1858, the asteroid Pandora. In 1859, he entered the service of the United States coast survey, and, in 1862, was appointed assistant professor in the United States naval academy. He returned to Harvard as assistant in the Observatory in 1866, and remained there until 1868, when he joined the Paulists, and was ordained a priest in that community in March, 1871. Father Searle has had charge of the scientific instruction at the seminary that forms part of the home in New York, and has been heard at the Catholic University in Washington, on several occasions, in lectures to the students. He is a photographer of considerable skill, and has advanced that art by his studies. He has contributed largely to the journals and reviews of the Roman Catholic Church, and to the "Astronomical Journal." He is the author of "Elements of Geometry." His brother Arthur (Harvard, '56) is at present full professor of astronomy at Harvard, and author of several scientific works. Father Searle has travelled extensively, and was in Rome during part of the years 1865 and 1866, and while there, he knew the great Father Secchi. Father Searle has almost completed a book of answers to Protestant objections to the Church. He has taken most of his Protestant

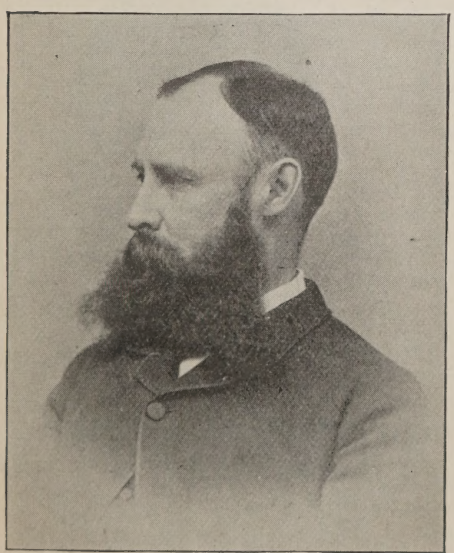


REV. PETER J. O'CALLAGHAN, C. S. P., '88.

objections from those actually handed in to Father Elliott, the eloquent Paulist, who is now engaged in missions to non-Catholics. When at Harvard, Father Searle was one of the most popular men in his class. He was a member of the Natural History Society, the Rumford Society, the Institute of 1770, the D. K. E., and the Phi Beta Kappa.

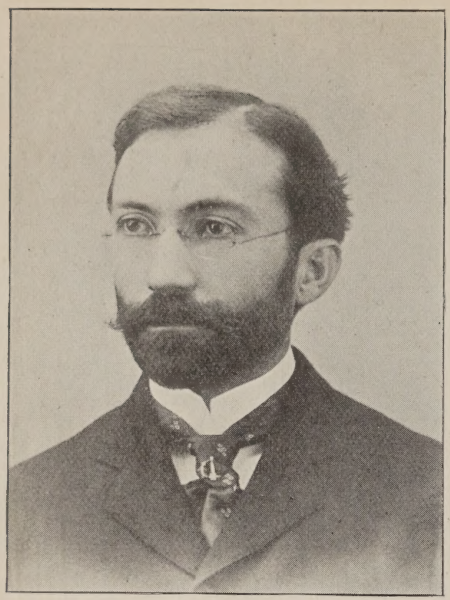
James Kent Stone, who is known in religion as Father Fidelis, was graduated from Harvard in 1861. He was the son of the first dean of the Episcopal theological school at Cambridge. After studying for two years at the University of Göttingen, and in Italy, he returned to this country, and enlisted in the Union army. He soon resigned his commission, and was selected professor of Latin in Kenyon College, Ohio, in 1863, and in 1867 was appointed president. In 1868, he was elected president of Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., but resigned a few months later, and united with the Catholic Church. He entered the Paulist community, and soon became one of the best-known preachers of that order. Afterwards, he joined the Passionists, in which order he is known as Father Fidelis. In 1888, he went to South America as a missionary, where, until a few months ago, he was the authorized head of the Passionists in the Argentine Republic and in Chili. Father Fidelis is now at the parent house in Hoboken, N. J.

CHARLES JOSEPH BONAPARTE, '71.



DR. THOMAS DWIGHT, '66.

One of Harvard's most valued professors is Dr. Thomas Dwight, who, by the way, is the most intimate lay friend of His Grace, Archbishop Williams of Boston. Dr. Dwight was a member of the class of 1866 at Harvard. While professor of anatomy at the Medical College of Maine, in 1876, he published "The Anatomy of the Head," and, in 1878, he won the prize of the Massachusetts Medical Society by an essay on the "Identification of the Human Skeleton." In 1880, he was elected president of the Catholic Union of Boston, and a few years later was chosen to succeed Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes as Parkman Professor of Anatomy at Harvard, a position he still holds. Dr. Dwight has served on the Board of Trustees of the State Primary and Reform Schools, on that of the State Almshouse and Workhouse, and on the Board of Directors of



DR. J. M. THOMPSON, '86.

Public Institutions of Boston. He is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Boston Society of Natural History, and the Massachusetts Historical Society. In 1889, Georgetown University conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL. D.

In the Harvard class of 1871 were five Catholic graduates, including Charles Joseph Bonaparte of Baltimore. He is a grandson of Madame Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte, wife of Jerome Bonaparte, king of Westphalia. He studied law subsequent to his graduation from the academic department, and is now the foremost member of the bar in Maryland. Mr. Bonaparte is the only Catholic ever elected to the Board of Overseers of Harvard University, and President Eliot once told the writer that when his name was presented as a candidate for the high honor, not a word of opposition to him was uttered on account of his Roman Catholic belief. Mr. Bonaparte never misses a stated meeting of the board, and is one of its most energetic members. He is at present vice-president of the Harvard Law Alumni Association.

The next young Catholic graduate, who is worthy of mention, was the first of six brothers, all of whom faithfully earned the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Harvard, the youngest and most recent graduate being the Rev. Peter J. O'Callaghan. From 1871 to 1888, inclusively, some member of the family was at Harvard in one of its departments, and most of the time two of the family were in attendance. James S. O'Callaghan was graduated in 1875; Daniel J. M. O'Callaghan, in 1877; William F. O'Callaghan, in 1880; John W. O'Callaghan, in 1881; Robert Emmett O'Callaghan, in 1883; and Peter J. O'Callaghan, in 1888. Two of the brothers, besides being A. B.'s, were graduated from the law school and one from the medical school. This last — Dr. John W. — died April 29, 1892. Like many physicians, he took better care of other people's health than of his own. He practised his profession very successfully in Danvers, Mass., and in New York city. James, William, and Robert are successfully engaged in the profession of law.

Rev. Peter J. O'Callaghan, after

THOMAS A. MULLEN, '84.

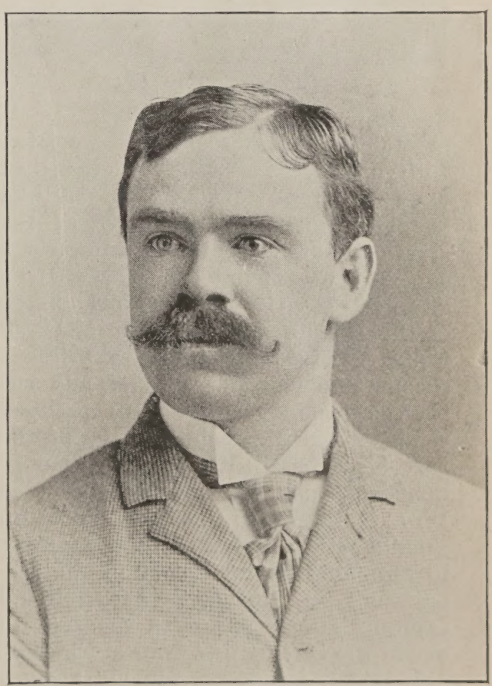
leaving Harvard, entered St. John's Seminary in Brighton, Mass., beginning a course of philosophy and theology. He became imbued with missionary zeal while at Brighton, and left there to enter the Paulists' Seminary. Here he continued his studies until last September, when he was elevated to the priesthood. From that time up to the present, Father O'Callaghan has been located at the parent house in New York city, where he will remain until assigned to the mission field. His appearance at Appleton Chapel on Sunday evening, April 1, when he conducted the regular Easter services for the students at Harvard, was a noteworthy occasion. Every seat in the chapel was taken, the aisles were crowded, and hundreds were unable to gain admittance. The preacher's subject was "Rationalism in Faith," and those who heard him united in praise of the masterly discourse of the young clergyman. One writer said of him the day after his appearance: —

> Father O'Callaghan's style of preaching is well in line with the variety which has distinguished Appleton Chapel in recent years. Perhaps it has less of that extreme solemnity of manner and of voice which marks the pulpit utterances of many of the younger generation of divines. And the lack of undue affectation does not end with that. His style is original without, however, suggesting sensationalism. It hovers interestingly between the argumentativeness of the secular lecturer and the dogmatic delivery which everybody is not surprised to see developed more or less in the pulpit orator of the day. One moment he appeals; the next he declares. The attention which Father O'Callaghan attracts is generally attributable to his quiet gestures, the modulations of voice and the well-timed pauses, which are very effective, and might almost suggest histrionic effort.

So much for this gifted family, whose Harvard representatives can challenge comparison with those of the bluest-blooded and proudest descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers.

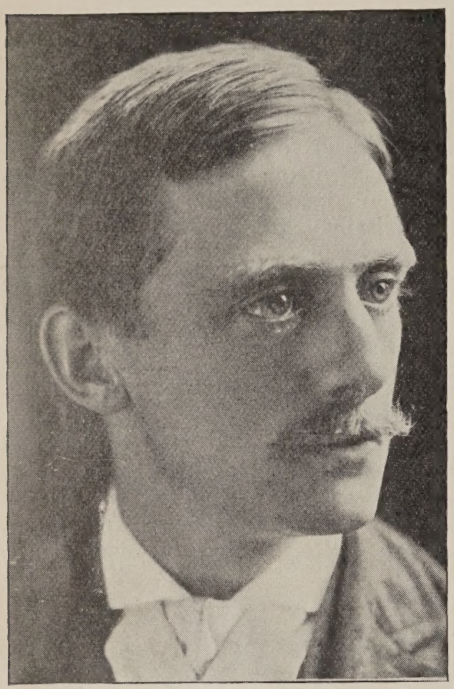
Harvard has been a loving mother to a number of the ablest young Catholics in New England to-day. The class of 1878 sent out Mr. William Sullivan, now associated with Samuel Hoar, one of the leading lawyers of the land. Hon. Harvey N. Collison, now a valued member of the Metropolitan Sewerage Commission of Massachusetts, and a lawyer of large practice, graduated from the academic department in 1880. He has served with distinction in the Boston school board and city council, and in the Massachusetts State Legislature. One of his classmates was John A. O'Keefe, formerly head-master of the Lynn High School, and now a learned member of the Massachusetts bar.

William Schofield was one of the bright young men who came out of Harvard with the class of 1879. He took a post-graduate course the next year and received his A. M. in 1880. He then entered the Harvard law school, and was graduated three years later at the head of his class. He at once went to Washington as private secretary of Associate Justice Gray, of the United States Supreme Court,



HUGH H. BROGAN, '85.

where he remained several years. Returning to Boston, he opened a law office with Marcellus Coggan, ex-mayor



JOHN D. BARRY, '88.

of Malden, and he is now associated with ex-Governor John D. Long of Massachusetts. For several years he has been instructor in Torts at the Harvard Law School, and a few years ago, he was appointed to succeed the late Professor Gurney, who had charge of the Roman law courses at Harvard College. Mr. Schofield is a brilliant scholar and eloquent speaker, and has been a prominent figure in political campaigns in Massachusetts during the past few years. His brother, Henry Schofield, took his Harvard A. B. in 1887, and his LL. B. in 1890. He subsequently acted as private secretary to Solicitor-General Carter of the Department of Justice at the national capital. Henry is now a member of one of the leading law firms of Chicago.

In 1882, Dr. E. V. McDonald, now of Chicago, received his A. B. at Harvard, and he has become one of the famous physicians of the West. In 1883 two young South Boston boys, George P. and John G. Morris, were near the head of the class at Commencement. These brothers are now practising medicine, and are as enthusiastic Harvard men as can be found anywhere.

Harvard's class of 1884 graduated six Catholics. Rev. Charles F. Aiken, now a curate at St. Patrick's Church, Roxbury, ranked second in a class of over two hundred students. After leaving Harvard, he taught school at Buffalo, but subsequently entered Brighton Seminary, and was ordained to the priesthood a few years ago. He is, to-day, one of the most scholarly young men in the priesthood.

Thomas A. Mullen, a Boston boy, was a classmate of Father Aiken's at Harvard. For several years, he was one of the most successful teachers in the Boston Latin School. He resigned his position to enter the law school at Harvard, where he is now hard at work. As president of the Catholic Club of Harvard University, he has advanced the interests of the Church at Cambridge wonderfully; he is continually interesting himself in the Catholic charities of Boston and vicinity; and, withal, he finds time, occasionally, to take the stump in advocacy of democratic men and measures. Dr. Joseph A. Cogan, a prosperous Boston physician, John A. Noonan, a progressive young lawyer of Boston, Frank J. Riley, a highly successful schoolmaster of Springfield, Mass., and Harry Cox, who holds a very responsible position in the United States signal service, were the other Catholic members of the class of 1884.

The first holder of the Tyndall fellowship at Harvard was Hugh Henry Brogan. He received his A. B. in 1885, and for three years studied in the University of Leipsic, where he earned a Ph. D. He was an instructor at the Washington University in St. Louis during the next three years, and he is now back at Harvard, studying

pedagogics. In the same class with Brogan, Royal Phelps Carroll, a lineal descendant of Gov. Charles Carroll of Carrolton, of glorious revolutionary memory, took his degree of A. B. He is a man of great wealth and high social position, and is best known to the American public, as an enthusiastic believer in the supremacy of the American-built yacht over those of any other nation. He is the owner of the Navahoe, which sailed a number of races in British waters last year in competition with the crack boats of the British Empire. He is rear-commodore of the New York Yacht Club.

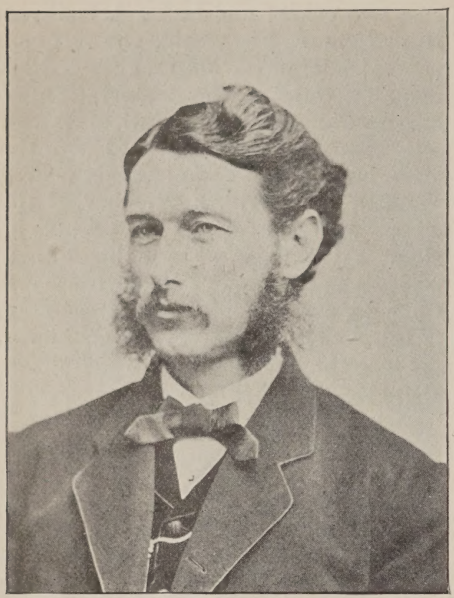
Another young Catholic was the second holder of the Tyndall fellowship for the study of Physics. Daniel W. Shea, Harvard '86, was the fortunate one. He was a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives from 1886 to 1888, and subsequently received an appointment at the University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Md., was of this class. So was Dr. John McQuaid Thompson of Boston, one of the most promising young Catholic physicians in New England.

All four of the Catholic graduates in 1887 have prospered. One of them, Dr. John Bapst Blake of Boston, completed his medical studies in Vienna, and is rapidly pushing to the front in his chosen profession. In 1888, the Catholic A. B.'s, besides Father O'Callaghan, were John D. Barry, who has written several novels and has been assistant editor of the Forum; Michael J. Kelly, a brilliant young barrister; Willam A. Leahy, who was near the head of his class, and who has published several poetical dramas, one of which, "The Siege of Syracuse," is widely known; he is at present the literary editor of the Boston Traveller; Dr. William J. Gallivan, of South Boston, who has come into prominence on account of his successful labors during the past two years; and James A. Gallivan. Hon. John F. Fitzgerald, the eloquent young leader in the Massachusetts State Senate, and the regular democratic nominee for Congress, in the Ninth Massachusetts district, entered Harvard with this class, but did not complete his course. William B. Merrill, a member of this class, was converted to Catholicity about a year ago. He holds a high position in the famous Poole library in Chicago, and is now assistant secretary of the American Library Association.

Since the class of 1889, which graduated but two Roman Catholics, one of whom, Charles H. Slattery, of South Boston, is a busy young lawyer, the number of Catholic students at Harvard has gradually increased. The Catholic Club, the youngest of the college clubs, is, to-day, one of the most active, most enterprising, and most zealous of the college institutions. The club was started in May, 1893, and has worked faithfully since then to counteract the impression, preva-

DR. W. J. GALLIVAN '88.

lent outside, of illiberality at Harvard, and to counteract the opinion that

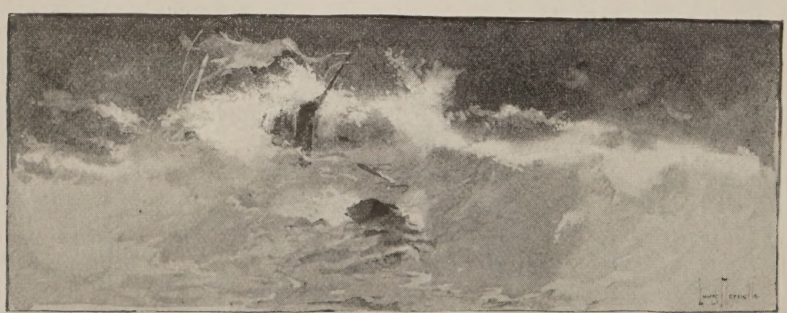


DR. P. A. O'CONNELL, '57.

irreligion had obtained a footing among the students. The aims of the association, President Mullen announces to be the same as those of the University itself. "As the motto of the University is 'Christo et Ecclesiæ,' we, as a body within the University, are tending towards the same end; and as the correlative motto of the University is 'Veritas,' we believe that in laboring for the great principle of 'Christ and the Church,' we are securing the advancement and acceptance of truth by students and the community."

The Catholic sons of Harvard are watching with active interest the progress of the club. They are conscious of the great amount of good such an association is capable of doing, in a community where the mother of all the churches has been so shamefully misrepresented. Although there is a tremendous amount of ignorance of the Church abroad to-day, still, there has been a steady advance in the enlightenment of the people. The hatred with which the unenlightened Protestant pursues the ugly monster, which is conjured up for him as the Catholic Church, by better informed, but wickedly bigoted haters of the Church, his very hostility to this supposed Catholic Church, is a tribute to the sincerity and nobility of his character. Let the average American only learn that he is being deceived and his hatred will be turned against his deceivers. In the many elements which have combined to make what we may fairly call the American character, are emphasized honesty and love of justice. The people may be deceived as to what constitutes justice, but let them once see where justice lies, and you may count upon their loyalty to it.

Harvard will lead in the changing of the attitude of the American mind towards the Church. She will lead because she is the pulse of America's highest intellectual life.



A COLORED ETCHING.

BY REV. JOHN CONWAY, M. A.

IN a pastoral letter issued by the Fathers of the late Plenary Council of Baltimore, attention is called to the millions of colored people in the United States "who stand sorely in need of Christian instruction and missionary labor." At present there are about 8,000,000 of negroes in this country. They are sure to remain here and to multiply and they are quite right. The colored question cannot be solved by any effort to coop up our black brethren in a limited section of this land. To tell a people who were brought here 250 years ago, and who have been manfully enriching this country for two centuries and a half, that they must now go back to Africa, is an intolerable impertinence. They are a valuable acquisition to the United States; they will be much more so when all of them will have been brought under the chastening influence of Christianity. Whoso helps in making the sunlight of an enlightening and civilizing Christianity shine upon these souls deserves well of God and country. Every argument in favor of foreign missions is equally strong for missionary work among our negroes at home. Then there are the considerations that they are, and ever will be, Americans; that we have to live with them as neighbors and friends; that the higher they are religiously, socially, and intellectually, the better it is for the United States. My purpose is to tell, as briefly as I must, what the local representatives of Christianity have been doing for the colored people of St. Paul, and to state the secret which has made Christian efforts here so singularly successful. Ex uno disce omnes. What has been done for the negroes in the capital of Minnesota could and should be done in every large city throughout the land.

There are about 3,500 colored people in the city of St. Paul. Some five years ago, the Rt. Rev. John Shanley, now bishop of North Dakota, undertook to christianize them. Among the dark children of his charge he found few Catholics save some scattered and lapsed ones. Nevertheless he saw nothing hopeless in an attempt to convert the colored people. Bishop Shanley set about organizing a congregation, using the basement of the cathedral for divine service. But the paucity of the worshippers recalled the beginnings of some of the total abstinence societies in remote rural districts where, not unfrequently, the president and the secretary, and the treasurer were at once all the officers and members of the organization. Bishop Shanley's colored congregation was a personification of the parable of the mustard seed. Even his embryonic choir had an interesting beginning. Long ago, St. Aldhelm, the sacred minstrel of the Anglo Saxons, skilled as he was in music and poetry, used to compose and sing hymns for his people.

Similarly the Very Rev. Dr. O'Gorman, now of the Catholic University of America, then of St. Thomas's

COL. SAMUEL HARDY.

Seminary, Merriam Park, used to play the organ and otherwise act as choir for the few colored Catholics of St. Paul. In addition to Bishop Shanley's well-known powers of translating Christianity into the most limpid language, so that even the utterly uninitiated cannot fail to follow his explanations, he secured the services of the Very Rev. John R. Slattery, President of St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore. Father Slattery's experience of the colored people stood him in great stead, and his mission to the negroes of St. Paul was full of fruitful results.

When Bishop Shanley had been called away to the vast vineyard of North Dakota, the Rev. John T. Harrison succeeded him as pastor of the colored people of St. Paul. Father Harrison brought to his work a glowing enthusiasm and a generous abandon. He visited his people in their homes, showed an interest in their welfare, procured positions for the strong, gave financial aid to the weak, rejoiced with them at their social gatherings, even to the extent of joining in their opossum suppers, and made himself entirely acceptable to the whole colored population of the city. He made all possible concessions to the customs and prejudices of the colored man. He made the religious services as popular as the rubrics permit, and he kept up that mild form of religious excitement so strongly fascinating to the Afro-American. But it remained for the Rev. E. D. Casey, the present pastor of St. Peter Claver's Church, to crown the work of his predecessors, and to reap a rich harvest of souls among the colored people of St. Paul. Three years ago, Father Casey volunteered his services in behalf of the negro. Notwithstanding all that had been done in the way of preparing the soil for a fruitful harvest, the actual membership of St. Peter Claver's parish was very small when Father Casey took charge of it. The colored Catholics then owned no church. Father Casey saw the great advantage it would be, when his people would be able to point to a creditable house of worship and say to their fellows, "There stands our Church." He set to work at once, and in a short time built and paid for a $15,000 building, to-day the pride of the colored people of St. Paul, even of those who are not yet members. Scarcely a Sunday passes, that Father Casey does not receive some converts into the Church, and the result is that two very large congregations fill

the sacred edifice at morning and evening services.

Father Casey's many friends among the clergy will doubtless enjoy a little experience he had when collecting for St. Peter Claver's Church. "By the way, Father Casey," said a generous contributor, "of what church are you pastor?"

"I'm pastor of the colored church," answered the Father. "Why, no one would take you for a colored man," added his benefactor.

"No," rejoined Father Casey, while a blush of modesty suffused his cheek, "I'm often taken for a white man. You can't always tell." And verily the colored Catholics of St. Paul look upon their pastor as a "white man" in the slang sense of the word.

In addition to zeal and tact, there are special reasons which account for the success which has attended missionary work among the negroes of St. Paul. There is no line of demarcation drawn between them and the white people. The fact that they have their own church does not keep the whites out, and the colored people heartily welcome them to join in their religious services. On the other hand, the negroes have been made to feel that they are at home in any Catholic church in town. Hence, on special occasions, such as when a famous preacher appears, or when extraordinary devotions are held, they go in great numbers to the other churches, and are cordially welcomed by the pew holders.

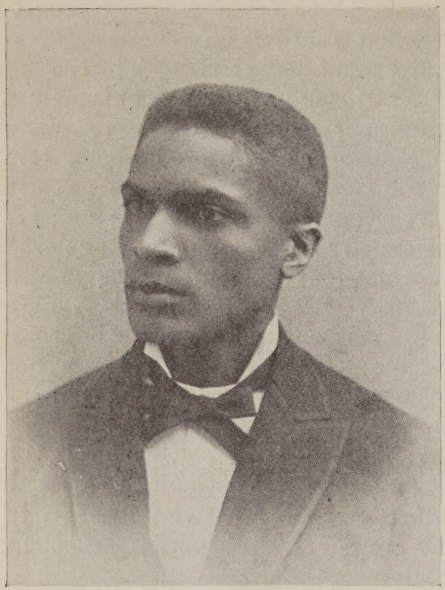
In the catechism class on Sundays, the white children freely associate with the colored children of St. Peter Claver's Church. The latter are pleased, and the former mingle with them as a matter of course, never for a moment reflecting that there is any condescension in the good they thus do. The Sisters of St. Joseph teach catechism, and altogether the negroes are made to realize that there is no color line in the Catholic Church.

Another reason which makes for missionary success among our colored population of St. Paul is the practical interest taken by the clergy here in the material welfare of the negroes. I have often said — and I am not ashamed to repeat it as often as Disraeli did one of his pet phrases — that it is a strong motive of the credibility of Christianity to see its ministers taking a lively interest in the temporal prosperity of their flocks.

Again, the colored man has some social standing in St. Paul. The

MRS. FREDERICK L. MCGHEE.

leading Catholic citizens look upon color as an accidental difference, the result of climatic influence, and they



FREDERICK L. MCGHEE.

never think of magnifying it into an essential or an insuperable barrier. Gentlemen of the learned professions freely associate with the colored man, and accord him as much social equality as his attainments and integrity merit. You see him sit side by side in the banquet hall with distinguished guests; you hear his eloquence mingling with that of orators when the good of the community calls it forth; you behold him working for God's glory in unison with those sun-crowned men who do honor to a community by living in it. The greatest influence in the way of favorably disposing the colored people towards Christianity, has come from Archbishop Ireland. His speeches on the negro problem have dispelled all racial prejudice from St. Paul, and have made him the idol of the Afro-American throughout the land. The Archbishop demands such equality, civil, political and social, for the colored man as his intelligence and behavior warrant. Even though Archbishop Ireland's utterances may offend the sensibilities of a few southerners, his speeches have given the public an opportunity of honoring the position of the Catholic Church on the vastly humanitarian question of the equality of races. He reasons out his position with regard to the negro from the platforms of the Christian religion and of American citizenship. He himself grants all that he asks from others. Let me quote his own words: "For my part, I should deem myself unworthy of my American citizenship, and unworthy of my Christian inheritance, did I consider a man in any manner inferior to me because of color, and were I not prepared to extend to him, as I now do, despite the clamorings of prejudice and ignorance, the full right hand of fellowship and brotherly equality."

ONE DAY IN MY LIFE.

BY A COUNTRY PASTOR.

A GOOD many people — and not all of them lay folks by any means — labor under the impression that the life which a country pastor leads must be a uniformly dull, tiresome, and uninteresting one. I was once of that opinion myself. I can distinctly remember how, at the time, not so very long ago, when I was a curate attached to one of the largest city churches, I used to regard the rural rectors who occasionally visited the pastoral residence there. It always seemed to me then that they must look upon the odd days that they passed in the city as a blessed relief from the monotony of their country existence; and when, one morning, a letter from the archbishop reached me and informed me that I had been appointed the pastor of R ——, one of the smallest and most remote of the country parishes in the diocese, my first impulse was to decline the appointment respectfully, and to ask the archbishop to allow me to remain where I was. The advice of friends, coupled with that innate desire which almost every man has to sit in "his ain ingle-nook," influenced me otherwise, however; and 10 years ago — how short that time seems now! — I bade adieu to urban life and came down here and became the pastor of a flock which numbers less than 500 souls, and assumed charge of a district that runs 10 miles and more in various directions before the boundaries of adjoining parishes are encountered.

It was horribly lonesome at first, and had it not been for the kindness of my people, who, never having had a resident pastor before, were overjoyed, good souls, to have me with them, and were assiduous in their efforts to make me feel at home, I verily believe that I would have resigned my post within a week after my arrival in R ——, and requested the archbishop to appoint some other priest in my stead. And yet it was not so much the lack of clerical company that I missed; for, in the days that immediately followed my appointment to the parish, all the neighboring priests called in turn and spent a day with me. It was rather the utter isolation of the place. There was then no railway communication between my parish and the outer world. The nearest railroad station was 10 miles away, and twice each day a lumbering stage brought up the mails, which were not ready for distribution, at the village store that contained the post-office, until after nine in the morning and about seven in the evening. Then there was so little to do! My morning mass said and my office recited, the rest of the day presented absolutely no other duty. Of course, I had my books, and having always been of a studious bent, I managed, with their assistance, to get through many hours that would otherwise have hung heavily on my hands. A man can-

not always read and study, though; and a Catholic priest may not, with propriety, go visiting, even among his own people, day after day. I made a census of the parish during the first few weeks, and thus became fairly well acquainted with the individual members of my flock. I organized three or four parochial societies, that met on the evenings of week-days; and was continually planning new enterprises to give myself additional work and keep my mind from brooding upon the lonesomeness of my position.

And almost before I was aware of the fact, I had become deeply enamoured of rural pastoral life, and grown so contented with my present surroundings that I really doubt if the office of a city parish would then — as it certainly would not now — have induced me to exchange therefor my country charge. Just how or when this change took place in my sentiments I cannot say. It was, doubtless, of gradual growth, and I think that I was hardly aware of its existence and development at all, until, one day, having been obliged to go down to the city on business, I found myself thoroughly ill at ease there — though I spent the most of the day with my former priestly associates — and actually longed for the afternoon to come, that I might return to R —— and its quiet restfulness. From that day I do not believe that I have ever felt a moment's dissatisfaction with my present situation. On the contrary, I have daily grown fonder, I am convinced, of rural pastoral life, and would now look upon an appointment to a city church with much the same aversion that I regarded my nomination, 10 years ago, to be the first resident pastor of this little village.

But I set out to give the reader an account of one day in my life here, as an illustration of the sort of work which a country pastor is sometimes called upon to perform, and the sooner I begin the recital the better. I was sitting in my study late one evening last winter, having become deeply interested in a magazine article which I was loth to leave until I had finished it. It was a wild night outside, the January thaw had set in, and the rain that had fallen steadily all day, and made the roads treacherously slippery, was now being driven furiously against the window panes. After looking out at the storm and the swaying trees for a while, I was seriously thinking of retiring for the night, when my ear caught the sound of a horse's feet clattering at a gallop, and drawing nearer and nearer to the rectory. I knew at once that this meant a sudden sick call, and was wondering who could be taken ill at this hour as I went to the door to hear the summons.

"Is that you, Father?" queried a voice from the darkness, as the rider reined up in front of the house. "You are wanted at once over at Phil Brady's, on the mountain! He fell over the ledge coming back in the dark from the store last evening, and the doctor says that he is badly hurt, and should have the priest at once."

"All right, Henry," I replied, for I recognized the caller at once by his voice. "I'll go with you, of course; but how am I to get there? Can I drive the buggy, or shall I take the sleigh?"

"You'd never get there with either conveyance to-night, Father, and your horse isn't sharpened as I know. I brought a second horse with me, and I thought you might ride him back with me."

"But I have never ridden a horse

in my life, Henry, and this is hardly the night to begin practice."

"That's true, Father, but what can we do, then? Your horse would never make Brady's with his shoes unsharpened, and the roads are in such a condition that it would be useless to try and get there in either a buggy or a sleigh."

"Then I must walk," I rejoined, "and the sooner I set out the better."

"Walk, Father! Why, that is out of the question. The road is like glass, and you'd never be able to get on! Would you mind going on the hand-car? I think I could get the loan of it from Grady, the station-master, and the railroad, as you know, runs pretty near Brady's."

"That's the best idea yet, Henry," I replied. "Go down, then, and wake Grady and tell him what's wanted. I'll be at the depot by the time he has the car on the rails."

The railroad had come to R—— five years previously, and the depot was only a few minutes' walk from the rectory. Hurriedly preparing for the journey which called me to the very outskirts of the parish, fully 10 miles away, I managed to reach the station, when, I found that Grady, with Henry's assistance, had already got the car in readiness, and was bidding his eldest boy, whom he had awakened, to stable the horses till morning.

"It's a wild night, Father," he said to me as I came up, "and a rough ride that you have before you. But get into the car! I'm going down with you myself, for the rails are that icy, it will take the two of us to get you safely over them."

It was, indeed, a rough ride in one sense of the word that I took that night. Not that the riding itself was in any way difficult or tiring, for the car ran very smoothly, it being down grade all the way; and the only real exertion that had to be put forth, was to keep us from going too fast down the slippery incline. But how the rain beat against us, and the wind howled around us! The skies were of inky blackness; the road was lined on either side by thick forests, and in the dense darkness, the lantern that we carried seemed as feeble as a glowworm's lamp. It took us about three-quarters of an hour to reach our destination, and on entering the sick chamber, I saw at a glance that I had not been called an instant too soon. Poor Brady's life was plainly drawing to a close; internal hemorrhages had set in, and I was unable to give him the Viaticum. I stayed with him to the end, which came about four o'clock, and then, after having spoken what consolation I could to the afflicted family, I went out and began the journey back over the rails to R——.

It took us considerably longer to make the return trip, owing to the fact that it was up grade all the way; and by the time that I had reached home and changed my dripping garments for dry ones, it was time for the morning mass, which I make it a practice never to omit when I can possibly avoid doing so. After breakfast I waited for the mail, and that having been disposed of, I was preparing to get a few hours' sleep in lieu of the rest that I had missed the night before, when the housekeeper informed me that there was a gentleman in the office waiting to see me. I found my caller one of those smooth, designing sharpers who periodically visit country priests

in the expectation of finding them easy victims ; but my city experience had enlightened me regarding the tricks of such worthies, so that I had no difficulty in seeing through this fellow's schemes, and no hesitation in showing him the door. His particular game consisted in asking with an all-earnest air, if I were not the pastor of the Sacred Heart Church of R——, and upon my answering in the affirmative, he drew from his coat-pocket a legal-looking document, which, he said, was a bestowal of $1,000 to the church by a former parishioner, now deceased, the money to be paid in the form of a check, provided the pastor would defray the expenses of the law-firm that drew up the will ; which expenses, he naively added, were but $50. Upon my telling him to draw his check for $950, which would allow for the expenses in question,

he undertook to explain that such a method of procedure would not be in keeping with legal usages ; but as I knew the whole scheme to be a knavish one, I plainly told him so, and added that if I treated him as he deserved, I would hand him over to the authorities for fraudulent practices. I may add that one of my clerical neighbors actually did this,

and that the scamp is now undergoing punishment in one of our penal institutions.

A few hours of sleep refreshed me wonderfully, and I was meditating how I could best get out to Brady's again — for I wanted to offer additional consolation to that afflicted family and to arrange for the funeral services, when I had another caller to interrupt my musings. It never rains but it pours with us country pastors in these matters. My visitor this time was the owner of our one great industry, the mill down there by the river; and there was a smile on his face as he answered my greeting.

"Father Mac," said he, "I know that you will say that I am a fool for coming on such an errand as

has brought me here; but I thought it was best to do so. I hired one of the latest additions to your flock the other day, and this morning I put him at work shovelling some coal that I wanted shifted from one side of the mill to the other. There was about 100 tons of it, and Barney was getting along famously, and doing good work, too, until this afternoon, when, somehow or other, he loosened the boards that kept the coal in, and out it all came on the run. Of course, Barney made tracks to get out of the way, and he would have gotten wholly clear had he not slipped and fallen just as he was about crossing the line. As it was, he fell sitting, and the coal has poured all around him until only his head is free. He isn't in a particle of danger; there can't be 50 pounds of weight on any part of his body; his position is an easy one; but for all that, he thinks of that 100 tons behind him, and is shouting for you. We tried to quiet him, but we cannot make him listen to reason. It will take us some little time to get in back boards to keep the coal from running down on him as fast as we shovel it off; and I am apprehensive lest the poor fellow's fright may have a bad effect on his brain. Would you mind stepping down to the mill with me, and saying a word or two of assurance to him?"

Of course I went, and it required all my self-command to keep from laughing when I saw the plight poor Barney was in, and the alarm that

was depicted on his countenance. There was not the slightest danger of any kind to be feared; but the unfortunate wight imagined that he was fated to be buried beneath the mass of coal that lay behind him; and nothing would satisfy him but that I should remain with him until he was dug out. This, perforce, I did, with the result that I presented a rather sooty appearance on my return home, where, to my delight, I found one of my clerical neighbors awaiting me. Him I persuaded to stay over night, and his company enabled me to end in pleasant chat and reminiscences "one day in my life."

THE PRYING STARS AND LADY MOON'S REBUKE.

I. I. SUMMERSCALES.

THE sun put on his nightcap red,
And rolled away from sight;
Two little stars stole forth to see
Whether or not 'twas night.

Quoth Lady Moon, who, I am told,
Holds forwardness a sin,
"For shame! I'll shine a bit to send
Those prying children in."

And she who in the heavens high
All day had hung most white,
Down in the eastern sky sailed out
Full round, and gold, and bright.

"Ah!" frightened cried the little stars —
Broad Lady Moon did grin —
"We thought the great sun slept! Dear! dear!
How very blind we've been."

An instant, lo! the faintest gleam
Abroad's no longer seen;
The lesson given, Lady Moon
Sails on her way serene.

"HE PAID TATERS."

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

"THE govern'r-gen'ral's comin', father."

"Well, what ef he is?"

"The school children's goin' to the station."

"I ain't goin' t' hender 'em."

The woman at the churn looked discouraged, and the child in the porch wrung her hands nervously. She knew that her mother was leading up to a crisis.

"Mary 'Gusty's got to look pooty smart."

"I ain't sayin' agin it, Jane."

The crisis was at hand.

"Mary 'Gusty wants boots."

There was an awful pause. The child leaned against the white-washed boards and pressed her hands tightly over her heart. Her mother stopped churning, and looked pleadingly at the head of the family. He rather enjoyed the situation, and kept on smoking and greasing harness, as if Mary 'Gusty and her needs belonged to some other man.

"D' ye hear me, father? Mary 'Gusty wants boots."

Her voice was sharp with anxiety, and she leaned forward a little as if to meet his answer.

It came with reluctant slowness.

"Let her ——"

"Order 'em," whispered the child, joyously.

"—— airn 'em," ended the brute.

There was no appeal from such a decision. None was attempted. Mary 'Gusty crept away to the barn to bury herself and her blighted hopes in the fragrant hay. Her mother took up the dasher, and with quick, angry strokes sent milky splashes far out over the floor. The revolt was silent, but none the less displeasing to her master.

"Wastin' milk won't bring the butter any sooner," he snarled. "I tell y', Jane, I won't hev ye fillin' Mary 'Gusty's head with sich noshuns. New boots indeed! it ain't more'n a year sence she had a pair." And gathering up the harness he took himself off.

"I'd orter be thankful," muttered the woman, tremulously, — then, as if advancing her sole cause for gratitude, — "he don't drink."

In the meantime the child in the hay was passing through the different stages from dry, hopeless misery to the relief of tears. When this point was reached, she gathered herself up in a wretched little bundle, and resting her head in her knees wept bitterly in a dreary, heart-broken way like her mother might have done. The disappointment about the boots bore heavily upon her, but a greater grief wrung her childish heart, and forced itself into words.

"I'm sick of bein' trash," she sobbed. "I don't mind pickin' taters an' totin' milk, an' goin' 'ithout boots, but I'm sick of bein' trash."

To be "trash" in a Canadian village is a hard lot. The law of caste obtains from generation to generation, compelling a man to be what his grandfather was, whether country squire or poverty-stricken pariah. Mary 'Gusty was the first of her race to rebel against fate. Her soul was much too big for her surroundings; it was constantly reaching out, and harassing her by demanding higher things. It had brought her to the village school, and kept her there despite the taunts and sneers of the favored class; and now it was whispering to her words of inspiration that dried the tears on her cheeks and brought her to her bare feet, flushed and exultant. "You kin do it, Mary 'Gusty Bell," she asserted, proudly. "You kin airn them boots."

"I wish I could help ye, Mary 'Gusty," sighed her mother, when the grand scheme was confided to her. "A dollar is a powerful sight of money to raise on chores, but ef yoe hoe in hard 'nuff mebbe yoe'll do it."

It was the holiday season, and ambitious Mary 'Gusty "hoed in" hard, working early and late, picking berries, minding babies, feeding pigs whose owners went on picnics, and killing potato bugs with a savage earnestness that meant 10 cents a hundred. Her store grew slowly, penny after penny, till 75 were gathered in her small, brown palms, and then her resources suddenly failed. Berries and bugs disappeared, owners of pigs grew tired of picnics, babies got into a way of minding themselves, and the governor-general's visit was close at hand.

"There's nothin' left but the eggs an' Uncle Abe's hairs," sighed ambitious Mary 'Gusty, "an' I needn't build on 'em. Father counts the eggs, an' Uncle Abe ain't half ez gray ez he'd orter be."

"Don't you think, father, I might put two dozen eggs to Mary 'Gusty's boots. She's mos' airned 'em."

Mary 'Gusty's quiet misery had goaded her mother into this final appeal. She felt that she would forgive much if the child's wish was granted. She had given up asking anything for herself, but the vision of Mary 'Gusty in her new boots had a strong hold on her fancy. It was worth a struggle.

"Don't ye think so, father?"

"That's a powerful sight of money for a little gal like Mary 'Gusty to throw away," he grumbled. "I dunno but I'd orter take it

from her. Ye needn't look sav'ge ez a meat-axe," he added, hastily, cowed by the fierce light in the woman's eyes. "She kin keep it, but I won't hev no eggs thrun away on wimmin's fool antics."

A great moral conflict raged in Mary 'Gusty's soul. She had come to her last resource, and in that lay temptation. Necessity was pressing her sorely.

"I don't want to be trash," she cried out, fiercely. "I airned every cent hones' but now," her little mouth set itself fiercely, "Uncle Abe's got to git grayer."

"Got a bar'l to sell, Mary 'Gusty," shouted a farmer over the fence under which the little girl was fighting out her battle. "Ef you hev, jes tote it along."

Mary 'Gusty rose joyously. It was another honest chance. Her designs on Uncle Abe receded into the distance, but returned with overwhelming force at a sudden direful thought. "Ef he pays *money*," she whispered, huskily, "I won't do it, but ef he pays taters, I will."

With nervous haste she sped over the road, and quickly trundled the barrel down to the field.

"It's a good strong one," she faltered, intense anxiety in words and eyes. "I've got the head, too, ef you want it."

"You kin fetch it along, Mary 'Gusty, an'—" she had started off in eager haste—"tell your mother I'll make it up in taters."

Mary 'Gusty dropped on the roadside and grovelled there in abject misery.

"Taters!" she groaned. "I don't want to act trash, but I'm fair druv to it."

That evening she drew the scissors from the broken lock of the back door, and with it cut long gray hairs into short lengths. Her evil spirit had conquered.

Uncle Abe was a bachelor of uncertain age, who clung feverishly to the semblance of youth. To keep up the deception he had on several occasions engaged Mary 'Gusty's services at a very uncertain salary. She had sharp eyes, could keep a secret, and worked more cheaply than the village barber. Uncle Abe was never finicky about the cut of his hair, but the color affected him sorely. After the failure of Mary 'Gusty's other resources, his gray hairs increased in alarming numbers. He groaned aloud as the child brushed up the coarse stubble, and deftly abstracted them here and there.

"I'm gittin powerful gray, Mary 'Gusty."

"I'm fair druv to it," muttered relentless Mary 'Gusty. "He paid taters!"

"I'll be gray ez a badger in less'n no time," lamented Abe. "Sakes alive, child, thet's a brown un y've yanked out."

"They's all brown," muttered the child. Then, hastily, "D'ye ever git sick of bein' trash, Uncle Abe?"

"Can't say ez I do, child," was the mild reply. "There's wuss things than been pore and low down. Don't fret if folks set you down as trash; jes' let 'em see you ain't by bein' allus square an' hones'."

It was a long speech for Uncle Abe. Mary 'Gusty wished he had not made it. There was something tugging at her heart, and the words "square and hones'" kept ringing in her ears.

"Spose you worked for money an' got taters, would you still act hones', Uncle Abe?"

"Sartin, little gal," he responded, cheerily; "taters can't be growed big 'nuff to turn folks inter trash. Here's yer money, Mary 'Gusty, an' I hope y'll enj'y yer boots!"

Enjoy her boots!

Mary 'Gusty felt that she could never enjoy anything in the wide world. The fraud she had practised on trusting Uncle Abe assumed gigantic proportions. The hurt she had inflicted on his simple vanity recoiled on herself. In her changing mood, the governor-general appeared as a lesser man than close-fisted, warm-hearted, honest Uncle Abe. She was even inclined to blame him as the cause of her misery. The quarter lying in her palm seemed to burn into the skin, and she threw it from her with a quick, angry jerk that sent it rolling into a chink in the floor.

"You're trash, clear trash, Mary 'Gusty Bell," she cried, fiercely. "There aint no use blamin' the taters or the govern'r-gen'ral; it was jes' you robbed your old uncle."

The governor-general came and went. Mary 'Gusty stood in the front row, and in the shabbiest pair of boots ever worn by mortal child. She didn't even try to hide them; everybody saw that the toes and heels were gone, and more than one wondered why Cy Bell didn't keep his girl better shod, or why she didn't keep in the background. But Mary 'Gusty had risen above such trifles; she had learned that life holds greater trials than wearing broken boots. She turned a little pinker when the kindly governor bade the children be upright in every deed, true to every duty.

"He says it prittier'n Uncle Abe," thought Mary 'Gusty, "but it jes' means the same thing."

"Mary 'Gusty's dear girl," said Uncle Abe, and Mary 'Gusty's mother agreed with him.

Both were thinking of a shining quarter, and a scraggy little note, with "square an' hones'" scrawled on top; and underneath, "from Mary 'Gusty Bell, for pullin' fals' hares."

DIOCESE OF ALBANY.

BY M. J. LOUDEN.

STREAMING through the streets of a modern American city, coming from all points of the compass, converging at street corner and market square, and joining the living tide that flowed for hours in the direction of the railway station; imbued by one spirit, and animated by one thought, they silently passed through the gates and filled the long line of cars that stretched away behind the double-headed locomotives that puffed and throbbed in manifest impatience of delay. With none of the noise and clatter of the ordinary excursion party, quiet and orderly, yet with beaming faces and swelling hearts, they awaited the signal that would bear them — where? Not to scenes of rustic enjoyment or idle communion with the wonders of nature. They were going into the country, and out upon the soil made fertile by the sweat and blood of a Jogues, a Goupil, and a Couture. They were the band of pious pilgrims that left the city of Troy in the early morning of Aug. 19, 1894, to the number of 25,000 souls on their way to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville in the valley of the Mohawk.

On the rocks of Quebec, in the year 1656, rose a few wooden dwellings, the residence of the Jesuit Fathers and seat of the mission of New France. From here the missionaries travelled to the wandering tribes in the forest around them; but to spread the faith, the inhabitants of the villages must be reached, and missions started among them. On the northern shores of the lake which still bears their name, dwelt the Hurons and here was the spot for a mission. From this, as a centre, the missionaries could reach the Eries, on the south side of Lake Erie, the "Neutral Nation" around Niagara, and in time the great "Long House," which lay along the chain of lakes in central New York, and thence eastward to the Mohawk. A formidable foe was the Iroquois; more formidable foes were famine, pestilence, and the gloomy forest.

St. Mary's Church, Albany, in 1798.

But they were only temporary obstacles to the men who were bound to Christianize a continent. They never wavered in the work until they had opened up the forest,

St. Mary's Church in 1828.

and the light of the faith began to glimmer through the wilderness. Now the forest is cleared, the wilderness is settled, and the light has broadened and widened until it has flooded valley and upland through all the vast territory included in the archdiocese of New York. And now the three thousand pilgrims stand where the three missionaries had fallen, the latest link in the chain of Catholic history that reaches from the martyr's grave, in 1656, to the shrine of Auriesville in the year of grace 1894.

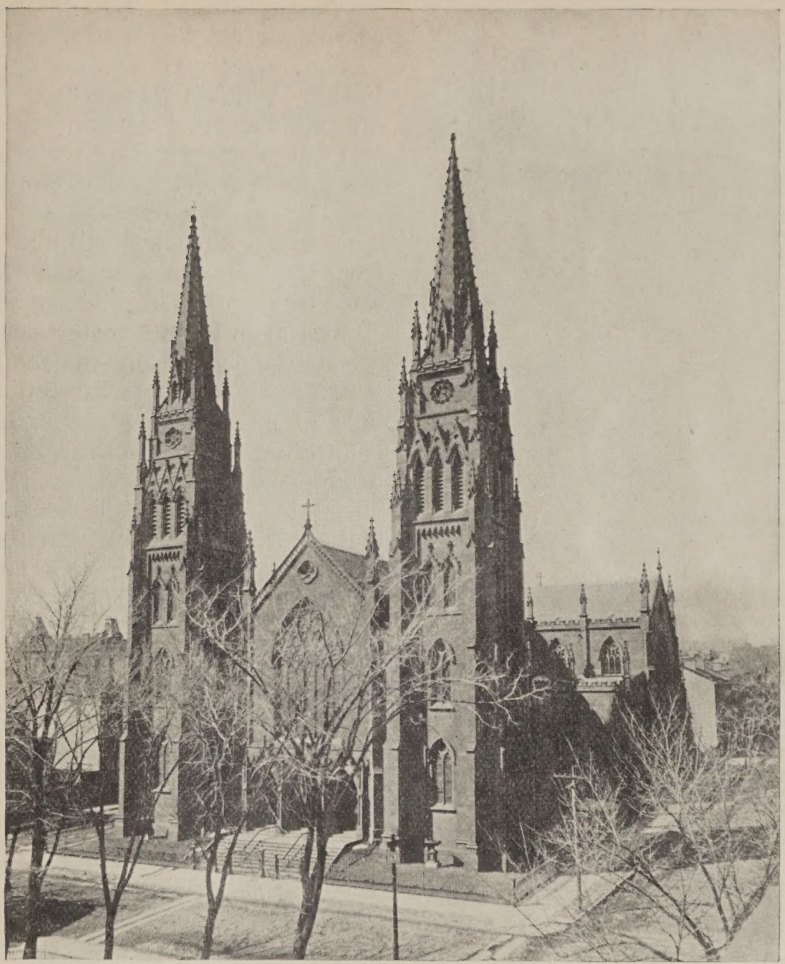
As early as 1667, a permanent chapel was established at Spraker's Basin in this diocese, and bore the name of St. Mary's. There was another established at Fonda, in 1669, known by the name of St. Peter's. Here Tegakwita, the Indian maiden, was baptized in 1676. In that year, Kryn, the conqueror of the Delawares, led a large band of converts to the new Caugh Nawaga, at the Great Fall near Montreal, where a Catholic colony of Indians exists to the present day. "This was an eventful year," says the venerable Father Walworth, pastor of St. Mary's, Albany, "for the Catholic faith in the state of New York. Missions and mission chapels were erected among all the five nations of the Iroquois. Numerous conversions were made and, alas, many martyrs suffered, both Frenchmen and Indian converts."

This condition of things lasted to 1684, when Father Lamberville, the last of the Catholic missionaries, reluctantly departed for Canada, and a century later not a trace was left of the rude chapels erected among the Indians of New York. But, though the material edifice perished, the intangible temple of the faith remained, founded in the blood of the martyrs. There was quite a few Catholics in Albany at this period, but they had no church, receiving only an occasional visit from some missionary priest, and assisting at the Holy Sacrifice in some private house. In 1796, they were formally incorporated into a parish; in 1797, was laid the corner-stone of "Old St. Mary's," and in 1798 was completed the oldest church in central New York.

From this onward the faith spread

St. Mary's Church in 1867.

with phenomenal rapidity, and on the once savage banks of the Hud-



Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Albany.

son and the Mohawk arose many stately edifices for the worship of God. Of those who built them, and laid the foundation of the larger moral edifice of Catholic belief in American soil, I can but notice, en passant, by the snap-shot light of tradition, as it were, a few who stand within its range as I write.

There was a Father Beecham, of Rome, N. Y., a priest of true missionary zeal, who, in the early forties, covered a wide swath of territory running east and west in the premier state. No hardship could dampen his abiding good humor; no shortness of funds could set any cold limits to his generous hospitality. The good he has done is not interred with his bones. His memory lives in the hearts of the generations brought up at his knees. Well up on the bead-roll of missionary records, we find a Father Mackey, of Ogdensburg, who singly worked the fields that now comprise the entire diocese and then included several counties. Memory recalls

The late BISHOP MCNEIRNY.

him as a peculiar personality, of somewhat eccentric manners, but all leaning to goodness and all dominated by zeal for God's house, and the place where his glory dwelleth.

Those of the reverend clergy, who own to the shady side of the "two score and ten" will perhaps recall a Father Hayes of Salina that was — now incorporated into the big saline city that is — who had a "soft snap" in his day that extended west from Syracuse to the eastern lines of the diocese of Buffalo, including five dioceses of to-day and running through a dozen counties. A sick call often involved days of travel. It was something of a parish.

But the young priests and the old need no particular reminder of a certain Father James Hourigan, of Binghamton, "the big Irish priest," as the railroaders were wont to call him, who swam the Chenango and Delaware to reach them, and who had a royal right of way from Port Jervis to Elmira. He did yeoman service and died in the harness.

The quaint and familiar figure of Father William Howard is before my mind's eye. Quick, energetic, and full of missionary enterprise, he was known as "a builder of churches," and he always built them well. The crosses of half a dozen point from the valley of the Mohawk skyward to his home beyond the clouds.

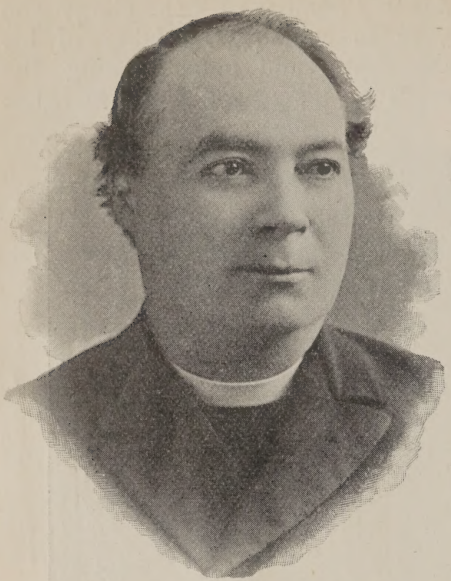
At the head of another family of priests stands the name of Rev. James Keveny, whose labors covered a wide field of missionary work, extending from Saratoga to Rouses Point with head-quarters at Keesville. Kind, hospitable, and priestly, he was the idol of his people and the admired of his fellow priests. Co-laborers and followers in the same portion of the vineyard were his two brothers, Revs. Thomas and Philip Keveny, excellent and open-hearted gentlemen of the old school of clerics, while the line is kept unbroken, and its best traditions preserved in the person of a nephew, Rev. T. S. Keveny, of St. Bernard's Church, Cohoes.

There is another tall and portly figure within the focus of the flash light, and I recognize the winning presence of the late Rev. B. F. McLaughlin, of Cortland, who is properly numbered among the old priests of the valley, and who spent a score of years at Little Falls, bearing the Sacraments to all who needed them, among his scattered flock within a radius of five counties. He was of a calm and resolute temperament, with much of the savoir faire which made him popular with all classes. Three nephews possess his name, and inherit his virtues.

With the wonderful growth of the Church in central and eastern New York came the necessity of dividing up the field of Episcopal labor, and

lessening the burdens of bishops presiding over large territories. The division of the diocese of New York, nd the formation of the Albany diocese, took place in May, 1847, and Rt. Rev. John McCloskey, destined later to be New York's metropolitan and America's first cardinal, was made the first bishop of the new See. Already familiar with the clergy who were to support the labors of his episcopate, and understanding the needs of his new diocese, he gave such an impetus to Catholic affairs that in 1864, when the death of Archbishop Hughes called Bishop McCloskey to New York to wear the pallium as the lamented prelate's

RIGHT REV. THOMAS A. BURKE.



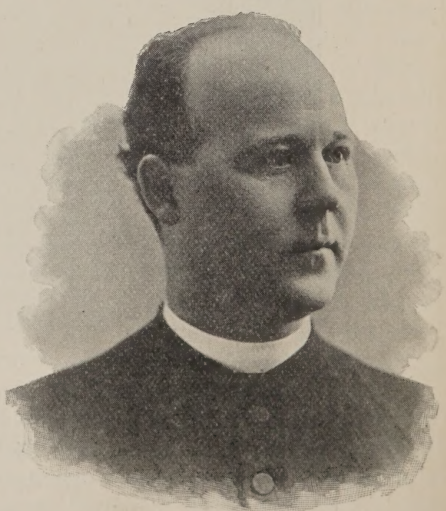
VERY REV. J. J. SWIFT, V. G.

successor, he left the See of Albany with 113 churches, 8 chapels, 50 stations, and 85 regular and secular priests.

Rt. Rev. John Joseph Conroy, Albany's second bishop, was consecrated in October, 1865. He was specially well qualified to carry forward the work of his distinguished predecessor, whose right-hand man as vicar-general he had been for seven years, while his zeal and scholarly attainments were well calculated to conduce to a fruitful episcopate. The diocese grew rapidly under his fostering care. Ill health, however, in 1872, obliged him to seek the assistance of a coadjutor to whom, two years later, he relinquished the administration of the diocese, his resignation and removal to New York following in 1877.

Not yet, nor for a long time to come, will the sense of loss for their late beloved bishop, Rt. Rev. Francis McNeirny, fade from the hearts of his devoted children, lay and cleric, in the diocese of Albany. His consecration took place at Old St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, April 21, 1872. He entered immediately upon his duties as coadjutor to Bishop Conroy, became administrator in 1874, and was declared titular bishop of Albany, upon the resignation of Bishop Conroy, Oct. 18, 1877. Within the seven years he spent in the episcopacy, and under his watchful guidance, the spiritual and temporal interests of the diocese were advanced to an extent that can only be understood by those who have watched the growth of the Church in central New York, during the two decades comprised in his beneficent rule. Peace to his ashes!

Rt. Rev. Thomas Martin Aloysius Burke, the present bishop, has been long identified with the Albany diocese and for seven years was the late Bishop McNeirny's vicar-general, enjoying the confidence of his superior, the esteem of the reverend clergy, and the affectionate regard of the laity. When death summoned home the beloved bishop of Albany, Jan. 2,



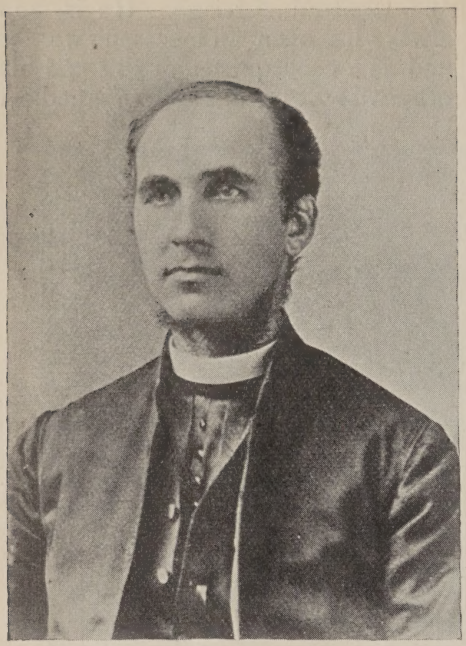
REV. JOSEPH H. MANGAN.

1894, Very Rev. T. M. A. Burke was appointed administrator of the diocese by the Most Reverend Archbishop of New York, an appointment which was subsequently confirmed by the Holy See. The brief term of his administration contributed to establish his fitness for the Episcopal office, and he was nominated to the vacant See by the consultors and irremovable pastors of the diocese. The nomination was approved by the bishop of the province, and afterward confirmed by our Holy Father, Leo XIII., who caused to be issued in Rome, May 11, an Apostolic brief appointing him Fourth Bishop of Albany. The ceremony of consecration took place Sunday, July 1, at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Albany, the 30th anniversary of the new bishop's first mass.

Catholic Union of Albany.

As to physical and mental characteristics, Rt. Rev. Bishop Burke is somewhat under middle size, stoutly yet not "stockily" built, active and elastic in his movements and of easy and graceful carriage. He is, and always has been, an incessant worker and, as a consequence of this and his otherwise careful and methodical habits, he enjoys the best of health and is likely to reach a venerable age. Intellectually, he is a man of liberal views yet of conservative tendency in actions; he has a mind well stored with knowledge and is a graceful and convincing speaker. That the spiritual and temporal interests of the diocese will be largely promoted under his Episcopal care is the happy assurance of priests and people. Ad multos annos.

The diocese is blest with a noble band of priests, and by a Catholic laity whose fervor for the Faith is crystallized in beautiful churches, in institutions of learning and of charity and is shown in the warm Catholic ardor that finds most earnest and united expression whenever occasion requires. Bishop Burke has about him a family of priests who are thoroughly in touch with him in promoting the interests of the diocese.



REV. JAMES LUDDEN.

Very Rev. J. J. Swift, vicar-general, pastor of St. Patrick's, Troy, since 1872, when he found his parish without a church and embracing a thinly settled territory, has as the fruit of his labors and the coöperation of his people, a handsome place of worship, one of the finest parochial schools in the country, and a church property valued at $80,000. The years have witnessed a growth in his congregation until it now numbers 600 families, representing 3,000 worshippers. The vicar-general is a fine looking clergyman, nearly six feet high and built in proportion. He is a big man in all respects: broad-shouldered, large and liberal minded, and with a big, generous heart.

The Rev. Joseph H. Mangan, vice-rector of the cathedral and chancellor of the diocese, is a native of Albany, and is highly esteemed by all classes of his fellow citizens. Father Mangan had the good fortune to be in very close touch with the late Bishop McNeirny, whom he attended in all official visitations of the diocese, accompanying him to Rome on the occasion of his visit, ad limine, and later to Europe, where the lamented prelate went thither for the benefit of his health. For seven years he was assistant at St. Joseph's Church, of which the present bishop was pastor, and was greatly beloved by young and old. Father Mangan is a young priest, of fine appearance and engaging manners. While his work as chancellor and secretary involves considerable worry and trouble, he never loses that fine serenity of character and mental equipoise that make him amiable and affable to all. Since the above was written Father Mangan has been appointed pastor at St. Joseph's Church, Albany.

The Rev. Francis D. McGuire, rector of the cathedral, is of unique and charming personality, and is greatly esteemed by all who know him. Since his ordination, in 1874, his life has been one of zealous activity, in the diocese, first as assistant at Saratoga, then in an extensive field of missionary labor at Cleveland, Oswego county; next founding a mission at Fonda, on the accomplishment of which in a few months, in 1883, he was called to the pastoral charge of the Church of the Immaculate Conception at Schuylerville. Here he labored until 1887, when called to the pastorate of the cathedral. During the seven years of his incumbency he has won golden opinions in all directions.

Fathers Walsh and Fitzgerald are both earnest and devoted priests, and together with the rector and chancellor make up the clerical force of the cathedral parish.

Closely identified with the missionary history of Central New York, is a name which has given a family of priests and more than a century of service to the Church in America. Nearly 40 years ago, Rev. John Ludden pitched his missionary tent at the little village of Florence, in the midst of a territory 30 miles square, extending into Oneida and Oswego counties, where, for a quarter of a century, he labored day and night in all kinds of weather, travelling over "corduroy" roads and places that had no roads at all, and bringing the lamp of faith and the light of religious consolation to many who thought they would never set eyes on a "soggarth" again. The amount of work he performed was incalculable. A half dozen churches erected, as many missions built up, and hundreds brought into the fold, are the bare facts upon which I am permitted to touch. The thoughtful Catholic can fill in the rest.

To his brother, Very Rev. Dean Ludden, of Little Falls, fell the field of Madison county, with its centre at Hamilton, N. Y. Within this broad territory he labored the best years of his life, to the advancement of religion but to the detriment of his health. He has left to the Catholics of Hamilton one of the handsomest churches in America, and built up two or three outside missions which he left fully equipped.

To another brother came, in the order of divine allotment, a portion of the vineyard embracing three counties which bear the marks of his administration at different points. Rev. James M. Ludden is one of the leading priests of the diocese of Albany. He was born in Ireland in 1843, and made his preparatory studies at St. Jarlath's College, then under the immediate supervision of that renowned ecclesiastic, the "lion of the fold of Judah," the late Most Rev. Dr. John McHale, Archbishop of Tuam. He subsequently entered the famous missionary college of All Hallows, where having spent some seven years in careful training for the American Mission, for which he had been adapted by the late Cardinal McCloskey, he was ordained, in 1868, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Conroy. His first missionary work was done at St. Mary's Church, Florence. He was next assigned to St. Mary's Church, Little Falls, and after a short time was transferred to St. John's Church, Utica, and was then promoted to St. Mary's at Little Falls, where he

REV. FRANCIS D. MCGUIRE.

labored for nine years wiping out a heavy debt and leaving the congregation one of the finest and most substantial church edifices in the diocese. In 1880, Father Ludden became administrator at St. John's, Utica, and for two years directed the affairs of that important parish with characteristic skill and prudence. He has been pastor of St. John's Church, Albany, for the past ten

years, during which time he has greatly endeared himself to his people and made many substantial improvements in Church affairs.

REV. FRANCIS J. MAGUIRE.

Physically, he is a fine specimen of manhood, strong, and active, with a genial face that is a mirror of truth and benevolence.

Rev. Clarence A. Walworth, LL.D. who will soon celebrate the golden jubilee of his ordination, is one who has given his most vigorous years and most forcible eloquence to that missionary propaganda which has spread the gospel of Christ far and wide through the land.

In the class of venerable priests who have passed the meridian and almost finished their life work, is also to be found Rev. Peter Havermans, of Troy, the second oldest priest in America and for over half a century, an active and tireless worker in and around the city which honors him in his old age as it loved him at all times.

Still hale and vigorous and active, though having passed the meridian, do I see Very Rev. James McDermott, M. R., of St. Mary's, Glen Falls, honored of his bishops, respected of his fellow priests, and beloved of his people; Very Rev. James E. Duffy, of East Albany, trenchant preacher of the consecration sermon of Bishop Burke, fearless exponent of Catholic principles wherever the test arises, and strong in the affection and esteem of the community; Rev. William F. Sheehan, missionary rector of St. Patrick's Church, West Troy, the gentle and gentlemanly type of the true priest whom there is no mistaking.

Of a later generation, and among the men in the prime of intellectual manhood, may be not invidiously noted Rev. John Walsh, of St. Peter's, Troy, convincing orator and incisive writer; Rev. John McIncrow, Amsterdam, the personation of clerical cleanness in purity of life and strength of character; Rev. John Dillon, vice-rector of St. Mary's, Albany, the well-informed gentleman, the quiet, unobtrusive worker; and Rev. John L. Reilly, of Schenectady, the little, strong man of theology and the clear, practical speaker and thinker.

From the younger blood of the priesthood might be evolved such specimens of robust sacerdotalism as Rev. James Halpin, of Herkimer, Rev. John Dolan, of Fonda, Rev. M. Killeen, of Gloversville, and a host of others which the inexorable limitations of magazine space unwillingly shut out from the record. "By their deeds you shall know them."

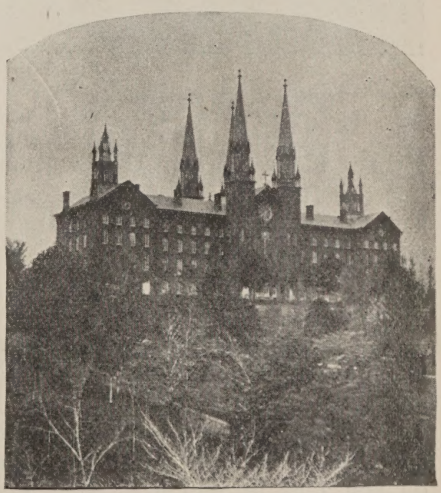
The population of the diocese of Albany is 130,000. It has 144 secular and 22 regular clergy, five of the seminary of the archdiocese and

two of the diocese of Ghent, and 29 of the Mission house of Redemptorists, making a total of 202 priests. It has one theological seminary and one college with 28 clerical students. There are 94 churches with resident pastors and 40 without. The number of chapels is 51, of stations and of academies and select schools 8, the number attending both being 1,600. There are 40 parochial schools with an attendance of 30,000 children. It has seven orphan asylums, two homes for the aged, two hospitals, and two houses of the Good Shepherd. Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul are established in many churches of the diocese. The society of the Rosary, the Purgatorian Society, the Association of the Propagation of the Faith, the Association of the Holy Infancy, the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart, Temperance Societies and various sodalities exist in many churches of the diocese.

As an ecclesiastical institution, St. Joseph's Theological Provincial Seminary ranks with the best in the country. It was founded in 1862, and a vast army of priests have passed through its halls into the fields of missionary labor. It has an able and accomplished staff of professors who have no superiors in any institution of the kind in the country. Very Rev. Peter A. Puissant, S. T. B., is president and professor of moral theology and canon law; Revs. A. Fivez, S. T. L., professor of moral theology and canon law; R. Lafort, scripture; W. H. Murphy, LL. D., dogmatic theology; Wm. Livingston, A. M., sacred eloquence; James Fitzsimmons, S. T. B., metaphysics and philology; Joseph Delaney, S. T. D., logic and natural sciences. The number of students is now 128, of whom 22 are students of the diocese.

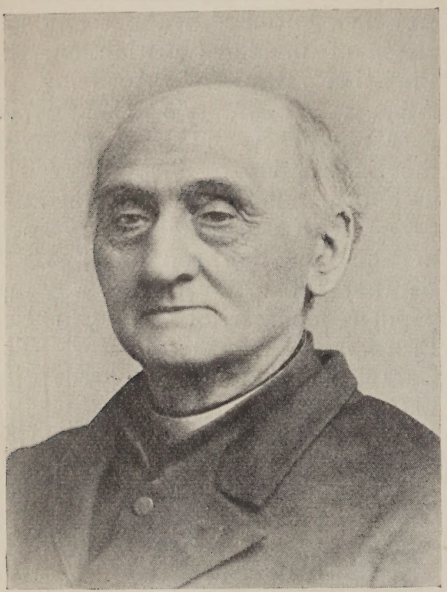
Of the many excellent scholastic institutions of the diocese of Albany may be mentioned, without any suspicion of invidious distinction, the Christian Brothers' Academy at Albany, St. Mary's Commercial Academy, Troy, and the Academy of the Sacred Heart, Kenwood. The first of these is now a flourishing institution, with a school property worth in the neighborhood of $50,000. Brother Julian, a very scholarly and popular member of the Christian Brothers order, is the director. The Catholics of this city take great pride in the institution.

The Troy Academy is also in charge of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and includes a valuable property centrally located. It has an extensive patronage, and has always a full complement of pupils. Brother Edward, the present director, has been in charge for the past seven years, and has brought the institution to a high state of efficiency.



Provincial Theological Seminary, Troy.

Among the earliest religious foundations of the diocese, is the Convent and Novitiate of the Sacred



REV. PETER HAVERMANS,

Heart, Kenwood, on the southern line of the city of Albany. It is beautifully located, and the buildings and grounds are among the most charming and picturesque in the country.

The Catholic Union, of Albany, is an organization that, within the short period since its foundation, in 1887, has largely enhanced the social standing and Catholic spirit of the city in which it is located. It already enjoys a national reputation and gives the highest promise of a long career of credit and usefulness. The recent election of officers, has resulted most happily in placing in control and direction of the institution, the following well-known and highly esteemed gentlemen: President, Edward J. Hussey; Vice-President, J. H. Gordon; treasurer, P. J. Henzel; Financial secretary, J. J. Hagan; Recording secretary, R. J. Powers; corresponding secretary, W. A. Curtin; trustees, J. J. Gaffney; E. F. Manders, T. A. Hazen, F. J. Magin, Dm'k Fitzpatrick.

The fine edifice and valuable property of the association are well taken care of by the courteous and efficient superintendent, E. J. Flood.

A distinguished son of the diocese, now engaged at the fountain-head of the great river of Catholicity that now irrigates all land, is worthy of eminent mention among these necessarily imperfect sketches. The career of Rev. Dr. F. Z. Rooker, vice-rector of the American College at Rome has been unique in its way and not without a tinge of the romantic. A young man of the world up to 18 or 20, with the best worldly prospects, educated for society, with no thought of a religious calling, taking collegiate honors with an easy indifference, free to enter any profession and sure of success therein, bright-headed, gay-hearted, "omnes omnia in bona spe habuerunt," every one predicted a brilliant worldly future for this promising youth, but he turned from it all and entered on the course that has brought him, already a young man, to an exalted position in the priesthood, one in which, as a representative American, he is an honor to his countrymen and an object of deep affection to Rome.

A bright personality in the priesthood is Rev. Francis J. Maguire, of the Sacred Heart Church, Albany. He is already well known to the Catholics of this country through his position as President of the Young Men's Catholic Union of America. His life work is valuable and extensive. He is a thoughtful reasoner and impressive speaker.

THE CITY OF TROY,

IN the state of New York, is one of the most widely known and seldom visited places in the union. From its immense output of collars, cuffs, and shirts, it might be called the "White City." Those who have seen, from Maine to California, the familiar announcement "Troy Laundry," might imagine that the famous process of making "your linen look like new," originated in Troy; nor would they be much mistaken. Trojan tourists often meet the question, "What is there in the water of your vicinity that fits it specially for laundry purposes?" A full reply would involve an assorted lecture on topography, geology, and chemistry.

Situated near the confluence of the Mohawk and Hudson rivers, at the head of river navigation, and at a terminus of the Erie Canal, the city is charmingly located. The river at this spot begins to assume such noble proportions as would accommodate the traffic of a metropolis. Lofty hills form the eastern and western boundaries of Troy, attaining on the east an elevation of 200 feet. From this standpoint may be seen on the north the rocky barrier through which the Mohawk has cut its way to the Hudson, while far beyond lie the foothills of the Adirondacks. Westward the Heldeberg mountains disappear on the horizon, while stretching like huge walls toward the grander outline of the Catskill Mountains. Between these and the observer winds the Hudson, like a silver thread, while apparently under the shadow of the mountains rise the vast proportions of the Albany State Capitol.

Troy is the largest of several popular sister towns. On the opposite side of the river lie West Troy and Green Island, and further northward are Lansingburgh, Waterford, and Cohoes.

The city's abundant water-supply is guaranteed by the Hudson river and several important and picturesque streams which, after yielding their power to numerous mills and factories, mingle their waters with the Hudson.

Troy's manufacturing products scarcely need mention in the limits of this article. In addition to its shirt and collar product, the iron

industry is of the first importance. The Burden Iron Mills are famous throughout the union for nails, merchant's iron, and horse-shoes. The Troy Iron & Steel Works comprise one of the most efficient and extensive plants in the state.

To allude again to the shirt and collar industry; this city has been its centre for nearly half a century. Among its largest and oldest firms, are Cluett, Coon & Co., Earl & Wilson, United Shirt & Collar Co., Geo. P. Ide & Co., Miller, Hall & Hartwell, and Tim Wallerstein & Co. Over 20 firms are here engaged in the manufacturing and laundering of linen goods.

Troy is a city of churches, of handsome and commodious places of worship, and of institutions for the advancement of religion and learning. The various denominations vie with each other in their care for the welfare of children. Its citizens, Catholic and Protestant, in their respective as well as in united efforts, provide for the poor and the fatherless. Orphan asylums, seminaries, and parish houses are among the most prominent of the city's public buildings.

The Troy Young Men's Association claims one of the finest free libraries north of New York city. A recent building, — one of the largest in the city, — is owned and occupied by the Young Women's Association. Entirely undenominational in its foundation, it provides a home with all the attractions of the social arts, for a large number of industrious inmates.

The group of new and artistic memorial buildings, commemorating the names of Mrs. Emma Willard and Mr. William Gurley, form one of the city's most conspicuous architectural centres.

Music Hall, with its immense organ and complete provision for public meetings, takes the first rank in such edifices.

Troy enjoys its full share of such commercial advantages as arise from the best and most varied means of transportation. A belt-line of passenger steam cars, following both sides of the river, runs half-hourly between Albany and Troy. Finely equipped electric rail oads connect the city with Lansingburgh, Waterford, Cohoes, and Albia. Her railroad system, centring in the Union Depot, affords every accommodation to be desired.

Nor should all these more modern and scientific appliances lead us to forget the slower but more picturesque methods of our forefathers.

Though not an ornament within the city limits, the Erie Canal is yet an object of interest. Troy shared, years ago, in the rejoicings and ceremonies which witnessed its opening. Season after season it accomplishes its annual work till the fiat of winter suspends its traffic. Railroad travellers between Troy and Saratoga catch glimpses of the Erie Canal as it glides under the west bank of the Hudson; not that the waterway is in sight, but rather that the strange vision of boats and barges apparently stealing slowly through flats and fields attracts curious attention. Still, the commercial importance of the great canal is a reality. Without it, our state would not be herself.

Founded over 100 years ago, Troy attracted the attention of enterprising New Englanders. Her earliest settlers were people of high intelligence. Her citizens have never ceased to promote the establishment and to provide for the maintenance of educational institutions. Conspicuous among these is the Rensse-

Soldiers and Sailors' Monument, Washington Square, Troy.

laer Polytechnic Institute, which, with all its extended fame, is best known by its fruits. In many lands its graduates are giving to material progress the aid of science. Conspicuous names among America's most successful engineers are on the roll of its alumni.

The name of Mrs. Emma Willard is known and honored throughout our land, wherever the higher education of women is adequately regarded. Spending her life with this high purpose in view, she has reared a more durable monument in the hearts of the women of America than could be embodied in stone or marble. Perhaps many to whom her name is familiar are unaware that she wrote the fine lyric, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

The streets are regularly laid out, and many of the leading avenues ornamented by shade-trees whose opposing branches touch each other across the roadway.

But one of the most characteristic features of the city, and one which exhibits the status of its population, is seen on a fine evening. At such a time its leading thoroughfares present a scene that would not discredit a metropolis. Along Broadway and River street stroll the well-dressed, cheerful crowd, full of talk and laughter. Then comes forth the industrious and well-remunerated damsel, arrayed in her best walking costume. The labors of the day are over; she can resume them tomorrow. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and enough for the next day will be the reward of her labor. As she trips along chatting with her companions, it is doubtful if industrial questions trouble her mind. She is satisfied in seeing and being seen, pleased alike with herself and her friends, and a better-fitting dress than hers might have to be sought on a Viennese or Parisian boulevard.

City Hall, Troy.

THE REFORMATION OF GUSSIE HOOKER.

BY FRANCIS J. FINN, S. J.

When Miss Harvey heard the loud slamming of two doors, and the clatter as of iron-shod feet upon the corridor leading to her class-room, she knew that Master Tommy Playfair had returned from Chicago. Instinctively she drew herself up in her chair, compressed her lips, and braced herself for the coming shock.

Tommy had gone to Chicago with his father just before the opening of school; and for the first two weeks of class each day had seemed to Miss Harvey as a Sunday. A Sabbath calm pervaded her twenty little boys and eighteen little girls. Miss Harvey was pleased to style their conduct angelic. But now as the clatter drew near, Miss Harvey felt that the Sunday-school days were over.

"Where's Gussie Hooker?" bawled Tom, his voice entering the room a second or two before his chubby face appeared. "How de do, Miss Harvey? I've had a great time, but I'm glad to get back. Where's Gussie? oh, there he is in front. Say, Miss Harvey, can't I set next to him?"

"You may not, Tommy," answered Miss Harvey, shaking the hand which Tom, while running his eyes over the class, was good enough to extend towards her. "You two together would create too much confusion. He is troublesome enough; and as for yourself, you seem to be more boisterous now after your trip than you were before you left for Chicago."

Tom, during these remarks, was bestowing nods and smiles upon various friends. He appeared to pay no attention whatever to Miss Harvey. It does not follow, however, that he did not take in every word. One of the problems of life is to know when a youngster is not paying attention.

"Look here, Miss Harvey," said Tom, bringing his mouth to her ear, and sinking his voice to a confession-whisper, "I promised Gussie's mother to take care of him. He needs care, you know. He's the hardest nut on our block; and I want to reform him. If you let me sit next him, I'll do my best to behave."

Tom made a swift reach for a fly on the table, missed him, and resumed his whisper.

"You know, I don't like him any too much, but I like his mother. She's got sense; she doesn't kiss me every time I go to her house, the way some women do. She treats me like a boy, and listens to me when I talk."

"Well, Tom," said Miss Harvey, after a moment's consideration, "I think I can depend upon your word."

"Yes, ma'am; I'll do my best to be quiet. If I don't it will be because I forget."

"You may sit with Gussie."

Tom for very joy shook his tangled mane of black hair, his eyes sparkled, and his face relaxed into a smile of gratitude.

"Thank you, ma'am; I'll stick to my word till Gussie is reformed."

"And then?" queried the teacher.

"Why, then — then we'll just start over again."

And thus, with a firm but temporary

purpose of amendment, he seated himself beside Gussie.

"Did you have a good time in Chicago?" Gussie whispered, before Tom was well seated.

"Sh!" hissed Tom, frowning horribly.

"Ugh!" snarled Gussie; "you're setting up to be pious."

Tom bit his lip; this was a hard saying.

"You're afraid to talk," continued Gussie.

"I'm not," growled Tom, in a whisper which reached every ear distinctly, "and if you don't behave yourself better, I'll punch your head after school."

And thus began the reformation of Gussie Hooker.

II.

Gussie was just turned eleven; but as regards depravity, he was far in advance of his years. He was not, like Tom, a "wild boy;" he was quiet, reserved, silent and sulky. When aroused, his temper was decidedly ugly; and he was then wont to employ expressions which gentlemen shrink from with natural repugnance. His sense of honor, too, was low. A lie cost him nothing; detection seldom brought a blush to his cheek.

When one comes upon an American boy of this kind, one at once concludes that he has been shabbily treated. Lying and swearing are acquired vices for our boys.

Gussie had been shabbily treated. Born of a Protestant mother, his father, a Catholic, had insisted upon the baby's baptism. Thus, as an infant, Gussie had entered the door of the church; but from the moment of entrance, he had been allowed to sit upon the door-sill. His father was careless in the matter, and left him entirely to Mrs. Hooker.

And, to do her justice, Mrs. Hooker did very well according to her lights. At eight, Gussie was a charming little lad, pretty, polite, cultured according to the capacity of his youth, but without a touch of religious training. Then, in an evil hour, Mrs. Hooker sent her boy to a certain boarding-school. It had many advantages. Board and tuition were high, consequently it was most exclusive; some of the best St. Louis families had representatives there, consequently it was aristocratic. After two years at this academy, Gussie returned with a strong taste for cigarettes and profanity, and a decided facility for the distortion of facts. Then the eyes of his mother were opened.

The father was vexed. He now insisted that his boy should get a Catholic training. Humbled and submissive, Mrs. Hooker assented, and Gussie at once became a pupil of Miss Harvey's select school for boys.

Gussie learned his catechism with ease. His memory, despite his habit of lying, was good. But when it came to carrying precept into practice, Gussie made it understood that he wished to be excused. He was an unlovely little boy at this period of his life, and I do not care about dwelling at any length upon his faults. Suffice it to say, that he had never gone to confession, and could not be induced to go by all

the eloquent pleadings of zealous Miss Harvey.

Then Tom came upon the scene. Two days after our young reformer's return, Gussie undertook to bring a mouse into class. It occurred to him that it would amuse the boys to see Miss Harvey mount a chair, and place one trembling hand over a palpitating heart, and look silly and helpless.

While Gussie was biding his time to free the mouse, that little creature discovered a hole in his pocket, and found its way deep down into the lining, where it began to tumble about, to the no small perplexity of the practical joker.

"What's the matter?" whispered Tom.

"My mouse has got loose."

Tom glanced with eager interest at the little furrows that rose and broke upon the lower fringe of Gussie's coat. At once two or three other boys noticed the phenomenon. There was a craning of necks, and a fastening of eyes upon the curious jacket. Gussie flushed red with anger and confusion.

Miss Harvey followed the direction of the general gaze, and saw the unusual movement in the recesses of the jacket.

"Gussie, what's the matter with your jacket?"

"There's a cat in it, ma'am," answered Gussie promptly.

Gussie had no sense of humor; so he wondered very much when the boys broke into a shout.

"Why don't you tell her it's an elephant," suggested Tom.

"Gussie," repeated Miss Harvey, "try to think before you answer. Now, tell me the truth."

"It's a frog I'm taming for my circus — honor bright, Miss Harvey. I tied up his legs so that he couldn't hop about, but he got loose."

Meanwhile, Tom disgusted with his schoolmate's lying, resolved to put a stop to further variations from the truth. Also, he wanted to enjoy a little fun, so while Gussie was narrating the story of his imaginary bullfrog for his fictitious circus, Tom whipped out his knife, turned up the lower part of Gussie's jacket, cut a neat slit —

If Miss Harvey did not stand upon a chair, it was not because her natural impulses failed to point in that direction. She stood quite pale, while twenty boys tumbled and pushed and stamped about the floor. I shall say nothing about the conduct of the girls on this occasion. It was only after the mouse had been knocked senseless by Tom Playfair, who carried it out swinging it jauntily by the tail, that Miss Harvey addressed herself to restoring order.

It was capital fun, the boys thought. However Tom and his charge had reason to change their opinion later in the day. They were required to stay after class, and commit to memory twenty lines of Hamlet's soliloquy.

"You had no business to slash my coat," remarked Gussie, as he and Tom sat in the deserted class-room.

"I did; it was a good action. It was virtuous," retorted Tom. "You see I wanted to stop your lying. If I hadn't slit your coat, you'd have told more lies. You're the biggest fibber I know of."

"But look at my jacket," urged Gussie, taking no note of the brutal animadversions on his veracity.

Tom glanced at the coat cheerfully. "You just go and get that coat mended, and send the bill to my pa.— 'To be or not to be, that is the question. Whether —' Now you keep quiet and stop fooling till I learn these lines. I want to go over to Charley Mackey's yard; he's got a billy goat from Texas."

"You ought to see the billy goat that was at our military school," Gussie observed.

"Was he from Texas?"

"No; he came from Greenland. He was bigger than my pony."

"That so?"

"Yes; and you can just believe he was strong. You ought to see him butt."

"I'll bet he couldn't beat a Texas billy."

"Couldn't he now? Like fun, he couldn't. I saw him knock a bull senseless with one lick."

Tom arose, scooped some grains of chalk from the gutter that lined the black-board, and said: "Take that back; or I'll chalk your face."

"It wasn't a bull, it was a cat," said Gussie.

"You ought to wash your mouth out," said Tom disdainfully. "Say, Gussie," he continued in a milder tone, "Ive got a plan. Let's get off, and go see the billy goat. You go to Miss Harvey, and promise her you'll go to confession, then she'll let you off, and I'll get off too."

"Oh, I'll promise," said Gussie; "that's easy."

"But you must mean it. You've got to go, if you promise."

"No, I haven't."

"I'll bet you have; and I'll see that you go; then when you go, you've got to make up your mind to stop cursing and lying. You can't go to heaven, if you don't."

"I didn't ask to go to heaven."

Here Gussie moved away rapidly — Tommy had made another scoop for chalk dust.

"Won't you go and promise," pursued Tom, "and mean what you say?"

"I don't intend to stop cursing — I can't help it when I'm mad, and I don't see so much harm in a lie; it gets a fellow out of lots of scrapes."

Tom gazed at him in undisguised wonder.

"Well," he said at length, "if you don't intend to make a promise that you mean, I shan't have anything to do with you."

"I don't care," sulked Gussie.

"All right," said Tom; "just the same that billy goat is a dandy."

This strong praise from Tom set Gussie to reflecting. Presently he said: —

"Say, Tom, I don't care if I do make that promise to go to confession."

"Honor bright?"

"Cross my heart three times." Gussie with much solemnity suited the action to the word.

"Well, I'll see to it that you go, if you promise."

As Tom had anticipated, Miss Harvey was quite willing to let them off under the proposed terms; and so Gussie Hooker has not learned Hamlet's soliloquy to this day.

Arm in arm, the two tripped away, examined the billy goat very earnestly, and had, in short, a good time, somewhat marred and curtailed, it is true, by the fact that the goat taking things as it were, into his own hands, upset Tom, and put them both to an ignominious flight.

"Never mind," Tom said, as he dusted himself off, and examined a bruise on his hand, "I'll get even with that Billy after I've seen you through your confession."

"You needn't mind about that confession."

"Needn't I? I just will all the same. Next Thursday after class, I'm going to bring you over to the church, and I'll stay behind you there till you go into the confession house, and come out again. You've got to go through with it."

Gussie snarled, and muttered something to himself.

After class, on Thursday afternoon, there was a great commotion in front of Miss Harvey's select school. All the small boys were gathered in a semicircle about the fence, gazing upon two strugglers. One was holding with hands and feet to the iron railings. The other was tugging away in a desperate endeavor to get his adversary free of the fence.

Beyond the crowd of boys stood nearly all the little girls, at a distance in keeping at once with their timidity and their curiosity. They gave frequent little shrieks of horror, and uttered loud exclamations of disapproval. In a word they were enjoying the spectacle more then the boys themselves. The intelligent reader hardly needs to be told that Gussie

Hooker was clinging to the fence, and that it was Tommy who was clinging

to Gussie. And very red and disgusted and breathless Tommy was. Gussie himself was white with fear, and clung to the rails as a drowning man to a straw. Tom could not dislodge him.

"Look here, Gussie Hooker," he flamed out, "if you don't come along, I'll thrash you and carry you all the way."

Just then the girls started for their respective homes, with a sudden and striking loss of interest in the matter. Miss Harvey was approaching the scene of trouble with all the haste consonant with her dignity.

The boys were apprised of her coming by the utterance of a rude translation of "Cave" from a youngster on the outskirts. They were too honest to give up all show of interest; nevertheless they drew back promptly to allow their teacher passageway.

"Little boys! little boys!" she exclaimed. "What's this I see? Such a scene is disgraceful!"

"Yes, ma'am, that's just what it is," cried Tom, letting go his quarry, and gesticulating at Miss Harvey, while the luckless Gussie continued to hug the fence. "You know the promise Gussie made you; now he won't keep it, and I'm trying to bring him up to time. He's been mean; and I was tempted to lick him."

"Go home, boys," said Miss Harvey to the interested crowd. As Miss Harvey turned toward the boys, there was a quick disappearance of skirts around the corner. "Tommy and Gussie," she continued, "come with me."

Looking very flustered and bedraggled, the reformer and his charge followed Miss Harvey into the schoolhouse.

The teacher had no little trouble in persuading Tom that in the matter of bringing a sinner to confession only moral force could be employed. Tom was at length convinced.

The upshot of it all was that our hero succeeded in eliciting a promise from Gussie to go to confession on the following Thursday. They shook hands over it, and Gussie crossed his heart three times three.

"You'll help me, Tom."

"Of course; I know how it's done, and we'll get the thing up in style. I'm glad I didn't lick you; you're a sickly looking sort of a fellow, and look as if you'd die young."

In saying this, Tom was not aware that he was repeating, in unscientific language, the words of Gussie's family doctor, one of the foremost physicians of St. Louis.

III.

It was at this period of his dazzling career that Tom betrayed an extraordinary interest in arithmetic. Miss Harvey noticed with joy that he was busy at all odd moments of class with his slate. That he was figuring was clearly evident. He would, with many taps and scratches, jot a few figures upon his slate; throwing down the pencil, he would sweep back his mane, cast his dark eyes not ecstatically but ruminatively towards the ceiling, and begin to mumble to himself. Then he would give his head a shake, lower his eyes, and start to counting on his

fingers, which he held in front of his face. Generally these proceedings ended in a growl. Gussie meantime watched Tom with vivid interest. The growl meant that Tom had gone beyond the range of his mathematical calculations. Reluctantly, he would leave his seat, go to Miss Harvey's desk, — where something like the following conversation would ensue: —

"Miss Harvey, how many are nine times eight?"

"Seventy-two."

"Is it? I thought it was sixty-four. You put down the seven and carry the two, don't you?"

"Just the opposite. You put down the two and carry the seven."

"It would be easier to carry the two; that's the way with multiplication; they make everything hard."

"It is not hard, Tom, if you study it properly."

"But I am studying it, and it is hard. Say, I can catch you. — Twelve times one are twelve aren't they?"

"Certainly."

"And you carry the one, don't you?"

"Of course."

"Now I've got you," cried Tom with a finger gesture which came within a little of injuring Miss Harvey's right eye. "If what you say is true, then twelve times one are thirteen."

Miss Harvey looked astonishment.

"I'll prove it. Twelve times one are twelve and carry one. Twelve and one carried make thirteen."

Then Tom returned to his seat smiling so intensely that one would think he had never suffered from the pangs of studying the multiplication table.

At home, these were happy days for Aunt Meadow. After their early supper, Tom would take out his slate and arithmetic, and declare his intention of studying. The Playfair Mansion had never come upon such peaceful days, since the youthful son and heir by a prodigious squall announced his arrival into the world, of which he had ever since continued to be a noisy ornament.

"Aunt," said Tom on the third night of his self-imposed studies, "is it a sin to smoke cigarettes?"

"Not exactly, Tommy dear. But if your papa were to forbid you, it would be sinful to smoke them because it would be an act of disobedience."

"You needn't talk about me, auntie; I gave up long ago," said the moralist of eight. "If your pa forbade you to smoke, and you were to go and smoke anyhow, it would be one sin of disobedience, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, dear."

"And if your pa and your ma were both to forbid you, it would be two sins, wouldn't it?" Then Miss Meadow had to explain that in regard to the child, the father and mother could be considered as one. Tom nodded intelligently.

"Oh, may be I won't catch Miss Harvey to-morrow. I'll prove to her that two times one are one," and Tom fell to at his slate with fresh zeal.

Miss Meadow, in passing by Tom, happened to let her eyes fall upon his slate.

AITEEN SIGARETS.

These words stood out in bold and artless characters. Miss Meadow bent down and read:

Aiteen sigarets about every day 2 years. 365 *days in 2 years* = 730; *therefore*

$$\begin{array}{r} 730 \\ 18 \\ \hline 584 \\ 73 \\ \hline 13{,}140 \end{array}$$

which is the anser.

"Tommy, what in the world are you doing?"

"It's a most solemn secret," answered Tom, with awe upon his face. "You didn't had ought to look. Don't speak to Uncle Meadow. Maybe I'll tell you some day."

Had Tom been sixty and secretary of state, he could not have been more dignified and solemn. For three days, then, he studied, and went about wrapped round in mystery. He was

changed in everything except his appetite; that was unfailingly good.

Gussie, too, was on his best behavior. He was quiet, studious, and particularly interested in his catechism. His thin, yellow, pinched little face was all aglow, on one occasion, when Miss Harvey spoke of the Saviour's love of liitle children.

"Did Christ love children my age?" he asked.

"Yes, dear," answered Miss Harvey, quite moved by the earnest pathos of the sunken eyes. "He loves all little children who try to be good."

And then Tom wrote on his slate: —

"And your tryin' to be good like forty, Gussie."

On Wednesday, there were several absentees. When Thursday came, the number was increased. Diphtheria had broken out with unusual virulence among the little ones of the West End of St. Louis.

However, Gussie and Tom were on hand.

"Children," Miss Harvey said that afternoon, "owing to special reasons, concerning which I have informed your parents, there will be no school for a week or two. Notice will be sent you, when we judge proper to reopen."

Tom led the chorus of shouting which greeted this announcement; but he did not lose sight of Gussie, who, strange to say, betrayed little or no enthusiasm.

"Say, Gussie, have you got that paper all right that I gave you?" he inquired as they came out upon the street.

"No, I've burned it; but I know it by heart. I don't feel like going to confession, I've got a headache and feel bad all over."

"Don't mind, Gussie; the priest I'm going to bring you to is nice as pie. He's never cross, and you'll be done in a minute; and when you're done you'll feel better, I always do. Maybe it will cure you."

"Well, I'm going to stick to my promise."

"Don't forget about your lying and curse-words," continued Tom gravely.

"I've got everything fixed."

"You needn't be so scared," continued Tom.

"What makes you think I'm scared?"

"You look pale."

"I feel pale," returned Gussie seriously, "because I feel sick. But I'm not scared. Don't you believe it."

They entered the church. Tom having supplied Gussie with his own prayer book, and pointed out the proper prayers, with an injunction to "read 'em slow," stationed himself behind his penitent, and watched him vigilantly.

After the lapse of five or six minutes, Tom arose from his knees, advanced to Gussie's side, and said: —

"Have you made your act of contrition?"

"Yes," whispered Gussie.

"And have you made up your mind to behave yourself properly?"

"Yes."

"No more lying, no more cursing?" continued Tom severely.

"Cross my heart, Tom."

"Then you'll do," concluded Tom coolly. "Go right in now, and I'll wait for you."

I haven't the least doubt that Gussie made an excellent confession, though the confessor must have been astonished by its unconventionality. Gussie knew his catechism quite well, and Tom had thrown in his "experience."

The penitent came out a quarter of an hour later, very pale, but with a loveliness about his pinched features which was the loveliness of peace and wholesome sorrow. He threw himself on his knees, and, judging by exterior signs, gave himself up to fervent prayer.

Tom gazed upon his penitent with great complacency. Suddenly, Gussie slipped from the kneeling bench to the floor.

Tom rushed to his side, and essayed to liit him up. The noise brought out the priest. He gazed upon the pallid face as he lifted the child in his arms.

"It's a faint," he said; "the boy looks really ill."

"It's his first confession," explained Tom.

"Oh," exclaimed the priest; "that has happened before."

The sacristan, in obedience to a

signal given him by the confessor, now came up with some water. With but little trouble, Gussie was brought to.

"How do you feel, Gussie?" asked Tom.

"Happy!" said Gussie feebly, with the long-lost loveliness of his early days in his face and smile.

"Are you able to walk?" asked the priest setting him down gently.

"Oh, yes, father; I'm all right now. I've often fainted before. My head feels awful light; but maybe that's because I'm happy."

"Well, my dear, you had best go home at once. You look ill."

"I'll take him home, sir," volunteered Tom. "He's in my charge anyhow. Good-by."

The two left the church together.

"I feel pretty sick," began Gussie, "but I don't mind. I'm going to make a new start, Tom."

"Gussie," said Tom, with a determination to show his love and approbation in one remark, "I'm mighty glad I didn't lick you last Thursday."

Both felt that the conversation was becoming sentimental, so Tom branched off to explaining a new method he had discovered of curving a ball. This topic lasted until they reached Gussie's home.

"Why, my dear, what has happened to you?" cried Mrs. Hooker, as Tom and Gussie walked into her sitting-room.

"He's sick; but he's been to confession," explained Tom.

"Yes, mamma; and I'm so glad I went. Tom made me. And I'm not going to disobey you any more, mamma, and I'm going to try to be like Tom. He's honest and square, and doesn't tell lies, and is the best ball player of his size in our school."

"That's so, I guess," said Tom.

Then Gussie kissed his mother with unusual affection. As she held him to her bosom, she noticed the sweet, calm look in his eyes; and her own filled with tears. She strained him to her breast.

"Ah, my little dear, I feel like going to confession myself," said the Protestant mother.

"I'll prepare you, ma'am," said Tom cheerfully.

As Mrs. Hooker released Gussie, the little fellow staggered and would have fallen.

The mother caught him again, gazed intently at his face, and then a startled look came upon her face.

"Good-by, Tom; you must go at once. My little boy is very, very sick."

"Good-by, Gussie," said Tom.

"Good-by, Tom," said Gussie in a low voice, "good-by." He held out a little hand, which Tom took in his, returning pressure for pressure. "I'm quite sick, Tom; but I'm very happy, and I'm not afraid of anything."

When Tom saw Gussie again, the eyes were closed, and a crucifix was between the motionless fingers. Pure

white lilies made the room fragrant and beautiful. Upon the set face was a beauty and a calm, and an innocence that suggested infinite loveliness.

That beauty and calm and innocence did not belong to the boy Tom had known two weeks before; but they belonged to him now, thanks to the Precious Blood of Jesus, for they had been restored by sacramental power.

SAINT CECILIA'S FEAST.

BY SARAH CECILIA COTTER.

I.

What thrilling vibrations,
What soulful cantations,
Enrapture the heart on this drear autumn day;
Making God's sunshine rush back to the meadows,
Making the songsters recall their sweet lay.
Seraphic voices sing, glorious their Antiphon!
Bright ranks of choristers swell the grand tone,
Cherubs pronounce the song,—
Fling it the strings along
Of harpsichords glad.

II.

God touched the love note;
All nature responded,
Cecilia's soul echoed the joyful refrain,
And harmony's captive, impetuous break forth,
When trumpeting angels her festal proclaim.
Then wondrous the power is,
And magic the spell 'tis
A creature creates.

III.

O soul, in which hides
And trembles and bides
The thoughts of our God, set to music sublime;
Touch softly our heart strings. In tune and in time
Our years be as hymnals, our days their sweet stanzas,
Until St. Cecilia
Our lives blend with thine
In diapason divine.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

BY REV. ALPHONSUS B. PARKER.

At last the momentous hour has arrived, when out from the walls of his Alma Mater, and bearing with him the diploma of his knowledge as a guarantee of his proficiency, our young doctor emerges, confident for the future, supremely indifferent to the joys and sorrows of the past, concerned only with the very immediate present, for is he not saluted on every side by the high-sounding and important title of "Doctor," and what more can a man ask in this life, when his years are only four and twenty and his experience — nil?

Vacancies nowadays, even in remote country-places, are difficult to find, for there are numerous applicants for every position, but our doctor has already an offer. So, bright and early on this beauteous summer morning, he arrives flushed and weary, but always confident, at the scene of his future labors and triumphs in the cause of Science and Humanity. With amateur eagerness (and we might add, amateur success), he fastens up, aided by local talent, the gorgeous sign-board which tells of his right to the use of the magic letters "M. D." in a conspicuous position over the front door of his humble office, and then in an equally conspicuous place within, he displays the sonorously reading and bombastic diploma, which under seal of dean and secretary, informs a heretofore ignorant community, that our young friend has the right and the science requisite to perform all the varied operations known to medical lore.

And now begins for him his weary wait. From behind the curtains of his office window, he views the gig of his rival and senior passing and repassing day after day, while his own privacy is never disturbed by sick-call or even by office work. There is ample time for study, if he were so inclined, but this enforced inactivity dries up the desire for knowledge, and only awakens an intense eagerness for tobacco, of which pleasant but insidious stimulant he consumes many and large pipefuls during the long hours of the day, thus soothing his anxieties, but adding to his growing nervousness.

Friends he has not many, acquaintances but a few, for the former class he requires time to choose, while the latter are known as one knows the individual posts in a half-mile length of fencing. Still he does not live without some encouragement, for when remarking one day to a chance visitor, that his own attitude of expectancy reminded him of a Statue of Patience on a monument, he was told by his witty if not sympathetic caller, to cheer up, for things would change soon, and he would yet be planting Monuments on his patients! Unkind remarks are passed upon his youthful appearance and upon his lonely bachelorhood, but though he is cognizant of this current gossip, he possesses his soul in patience, for he knows that both failings (or virtues?) can be cured by the great healer — Time.

Keeping up appearances is what gives him the greatest trouble. A medical ward is supposed to be above the average store-keeper on account of his superior education and more eminent abilities, but clothes, in country-places, are costly, and the board-bill mounts up each week with alarming rapidity, and you must keep an array of drugs on display (though bottles filled with aqua pura have been known to serve, when the liquid was colored) and all this placed against receipts which approximate nothing, makes a

big show on the wrong side of the ledger.

Then human nature is weak and craves some excitement or occupation as a tonic, and the livery stable proprietor is quite willing to afford the means of indulging his customer's tastes or fancies in horse flesh as long as the purse of the latter is known to be well garnished.

The little office-boy is enjoying a regular sinecure, for his duties consist only in sitting and dreaming behind the half-open door, as never a patient darkens the threshold from dawn to dawn again. Thus do the long days of the summer pass away, and save for an occasional formal call upon his elder brother practitioner, our young medico has no occupation with which to while away the weary hours.

Social pleasures are the media by which the evenings at least glide away on fleeting wings. The doors of society are opened to the young disciple of Æsculapius, and he forgets at night the sorrows and watchings of the day.

But all things come to him who waits, and, at last, an accident which brings sorrow and grief, and bent heads and curtained windows to others, brings to our friend the first call of his professional life, and a "hurry" call at that. 'Tis a case where coolness and common-sense are better remedial agents than the skill and science of the schools, so, though flurried and anxious, he does his work, while the wiseacres and the rural judges nod and signify their approval of his system. From this day out he is sensible of a change in that fickle quantity — public opinion. He can, from now out, work upon popular superstitions, and play upon the keys of public fears and illusions. He will soon discover that public opinion or sentiment is a very fickle and changeable element, and that it may not be confided in with too blind or firm a faith. One or two cures made by guess-work or by carrying out the prescription of the schools, and his fame has reached at a bound the topmost rung in the ladder. One or two slips or mishaps, and he is spoken of as careless or ignorant, and his future in that particular locality is blasted for all time.

There is no reputation so completely at the mercy of the merest gossip or of the idlest loafer as the reputation and good name of the Country Practitioner. His friends can do him an immense good by their judicious praise of his efforts as a healer, but his enemies can also do him endless and immense injury by their sneers and stories and inuendoes.

Now that our friend has begun to be called, he will receive other applications for the exercise of his professional power, and the bad roads of the surrounding country will gradually become familiar to his view. Weary will he often return after long hours passed in driving over muddy and well-nigh impassable routes, until his patience is worn out and his own and his horse's milk of kindness is turned sour and thick. Turning out of a comfortable bed at midnight or after; sleepily guiding an unwilling horse over a dirty and rocky path; falling asleep by snatches and then starting up again with the cold wind searching every vulnerable spot in the armor of a warm overcoat: bounced and jarred over the thousand inequalities of a country road, until at last, almost as worn out as the sick person within, the doctor's gig pulls up at the patient's house, and the doctor himself, stiff and sore, alights and enters to pass a weary night in the presence of suffering and pain, tossing upon an uneasy couch. Home again, when perhaps another "call" is waiting for another jaunt in the opposite direction. Thus it goes on until the dollars that are earned are bought with the price of lost rest and diminished vigor.

But now the doctor sees and feels that it is not good for man to be alone, especially a man in his position, so, from back in the old home of his youth, or perhaps from among the circle of his new acquaintances, he chooses a life-partner, and for the future his home-coming has a welcome, and a confidant

for many a secret not strictly professional. A habitation and a name has begun to be attached to his whilom bare and lonely existence, and life wears a new and permanent charm.

Over mountain roads and along the wild and rocky edge of the sea-shore; into the houses of the more respectable farmer as into the cot of the hardy settler; into places where naught is lovely or inviting, as into refined and sweet-smelling dwellings, does the mission of the doctor call him.

Thank God for the gift of those manly, charitable, uncomplaining men, who pass away a long life in healing the infirmities of the body, while at the same time they are often ministering angels to the mind and heart. All honor to those men of superior education, of refined manners, of sterling worth, content among rustics, doing good silently and secretly, charitable, when their means are yet limited, refusing the fee which poverty extends, aye, often giving of their own to relieve the pressing needs of their patients.

We are glad to pay them this slight tribute of praise, for though now and then exceptions to this rule may be found among their ranks, those exceptions but prove and emphasize the sterling worth of the vast majority. Yes! struggling against poverty (decent poverty if you will, but not less poverty), contending with jealousy and popular ignorance, yet they have done and are doing their work with zeal, with talent and with success, until the name of the country doctor has been woven round with wreaths of gratitude by a sympathetic and loving people.

HELP ME TO KNOW.

BY AMALIA SOLANO.

I TRY, I fail, t'were all in vain!
The problem still remains unsolved,
Perhaps — a mingled joy and pain
Is ever with the text involved,—
The text of Love.

The question "Love?" was ne'er defined,
Only as felt in one's own soul,
And, as we differ, mind to mind,
By different routes each reach the goal,—
The goal of Love.

Love is, I know, a precious gift
From God; 'tis priceless and divine;
By it to Heaven we mortals drift,
And worship at the Holy Shrine,—
The Shrine of Love.

For "God is Love," and when He gave
His attribute to Nature, all;
He gave the balm to heal and lave
The woes and mis'ries of man's fall.

That I, oh, God!
May better grow,
Help me thy Love of Loves to know.

CÆSAR'S TRIUMPH.

BY LILLIAN HARRIET BARRY.

How beautiful Rome looked on that warm July day! The whole city was decked in festal attire; gay banners floated from every house-top. The triumphal gate of Rome was thrown wide open. The lares and penates of every family, dressed with fresh flowers were placed in the porches; those of the Olympian gods stood on the steps of the temples, while incense from every altar perfumed the air. Improvised stands erected at the corners of the streets were filled with enthusiastic, gaily costumed crowds, shouting wildly, "Io triumphe!" And what was the cause of all this merrymaking? The great, only, and powerful Cæsar was about to celebrate the first of his four grand triumphs in honor of his conquests of Gaul, Egypt, Pontus, and Numidia. The first of these victories, being the most important, was to be celebrated first.

Everywhere was gaiety and pleasure. But in the dismal prison, where the conquered chiefs of Gaul, with their wives, children, and sweethearts were detained, until the time came for them to walk in the triumphal procession, and be jeered at by the Roman populace, there were many heavy hearts and tearful faces. They well knew what their fate would be when the procession was ended. The men would be taken to the Mamertine Prison, in the side of the Capitoline Hill, and there put to death, while the women and children would be sold as slaves. No wonder that they looked downcast. Loud lamentations filled the air as the women thought of their husbands, sons, and lovers, with whom they never expected to speak again, for the execution was to take place immediately at the close of the procession, and even now the men were in the dungeons beneath the prisons, while the women were all confined in one large cell.

But among them all there was one maiden more interesting than any of the others, from the fact that she did not manifest her grief in the violent manner of her companions. She sat apart, her head resting on her hands, a picture of utter misery. She was extremely beautiful, and from her dress and bearing appeared to be of noble birth. It was a noticeable fact that she alone of all the captives was unfettered. The reason for this we shall presently see.

This maiden was Thora, daughter of a Gallic chieftain who had been killed in one of the battles with Cæsar's troops. She was betrothed to Vercingetorix, chief of the Arverni, and foremost in the insurrection against Rome. He had been in captivity now for six years, and during all that time she had not seen him once, nor even heard of him. She had inquired if her jailer could tell her anything of her lover, but he had only said that Vercingetorix was safe enough, where she would never see him again. She was in a cruel state of uncertainty as to his fate. At one moment she thought he must be dead, or if not already dead, undergoing terrible tortures. Then the hope would come that, after so long an imprisonment, Cæsar would release him, or, if he were not released, that he might be sold into slavery, where she could, perhaps, see him and be near him. Anything but death, she felt, she could endure. But still she knew that if the choice were given her lover of slavery or death, he would instantly choose death; and she gloried in that knowledge.

As Thora sat thinking of her lover's bravery and generosity in the war where he had held out till all hope was gone, and then surrendered himself only as the price of his followers' lives, she felt that Cæsar would surely recognize Vercingetorix's nobility, and pardon him.

And then she thought of the hand-

some young Roman lieutenant who had spoken to her so kindly that morning, and had commanded her jailer to release her from the heavy fetters which bound her hands and feet. Even as the thought passed through her mind, she saw him advancing toward her. Perceiving that he appeared to be of some authority, and encouraged by his kind face, she conceived the bold plan of imploring him to intercede with Cæsar for her lover. So she waited, hoping and fearing alternately.

Meanwhile, Labienus, Cæsar's first lieutenant, was eagerly scanning the ranks of captive women and children. He was looking for the beautiful maiden whom he had seen that morning among them. She had excited his admiration and love by her proud yet gentle bearing, and the quiet way in which she sat alone, not indulging in any outward signs of grief or passion. Labienus was Cæsar's favorite, and he intended to ask the great general for the liberty of the lovely girl. He hoped to win her affection by this action and make her his wife. At last he saw her, and advanced eagerly toward her. He knew a little of the Gallic language, and had discovered in his short conversation with her that morning, that she knew a little Latin. So he hoped to be able, with the aid of signs and gestures, to make her acquainted with his love, and his plans to set her free.

"Why do you look so sad, fair maiden?" Labienus said, stooping down to the girl, and speaking softly; "I will ask the great Cæsar to grant you your freedom, when he gives his officers their customary reward, for I love you exceedingly, and wish that you might love me."

"Ah, do not speak to me of love," said Thora; "but, tell me, do you know anything of Vercingetorix, the chief of the Arverni?" "Vercingetorix!" said the lieutenant; "he is confined in the dungeon, and will be put to death in the Mamertine Prison, when the triumph is over." Then, as she burst into passionate weeping, he asked kindly," "He is perhaps a brother, or near relative?" "Ah, no," she said, "he is my lover, and my heart will break if he dies. Oh, Labienus, you have influence with Cæsar, I know. Go to him and beg that he may pardon Vercingetorix. You know how brave and generous he was in the battle. Surely Cæsar will not take such a noble life."

Labienus did not speak for a few moments. He was greatly distressed at Thora's words, but, although he knew that she wished for the impossible, he was resolved to do his best. So he said, "I am much grieved, Thora, that you love Vercingetorix, though he is worthy of your affection, for I had hoped that you would learn to love me. But I will obey your wish, though I fear there is no hope for your lover." She thanked him many times, and after endeavoring to comfort her a little, he went away, for the time was drawing near when the procession would form.

Cæsar collected his troops near the temples of Bellona and Apollo, outside the gates of Rome. Here he gave rewards to his officers and a sum of money to each of the common soldiers. After thus recognizing the services of the subordinates, he called his first lieutenant to him and said: "And you, my Labieneus, what do you desire? You have done brave and noble work in our campaigns, and you shall have any reward in my power to give you. I have already made you my chief commander and representative, but what else do you wish? Perhaps there is some maiden in the city whom you love but are not wealthy enough to wed. If so, only speak, and you shall have your wish."

To this kind speech Labienus answered: "Most illustrious Cæsar, there is a maiden whom I love, but she is not of Rome. She is one of the captives of the tribe of the Arverni, and is betrothed to Vercingetorix, their chief, who is now confined in the dungeon. She begged of me that I would ask you to pardon her lover, and I, loving her, could not refuse. If you will but spare this man's life, O great Cæsar, I ask no other reward."

Cæsar replied, "You know, Labienus, that what you ask is impossible. What would the senate and people say if Cæsar, for the sake of a captive girl, pardoned the leader in the insurrection against Rome, which he had such a task to quell? Vercingetorix is a brave and noble man; I admire him much, but he must die. Go, tell the maiden what I say, and also tell her that for your sake I will give her her liberty." Labienus departed and delivered Cæsar's message to Thora. He also told her that she was free, but this did not seem to affect her. She asked him if she might be allowed to see her lover once again, and he, only too glad to be able to give her any consolation, promised that after the procession was over, he would take her to the prison where the chief was to be executed, and there she might bid him farewell.

Now the triumphal procession advanced toward the gate of Rome, where it was met by the senate, city magistrates, and prominent citizens. It then entered the city headed by a band of trumpeters. Next to them came tokens of the conquest. They were many and various. Figures made in gold of the supposed gods of the two Gallic rivers, the Rhine and the Rhone, and also one of the captive ocean, were carried by crowned soldiers, on portable stands. Pictures of the scenes of the victory were exhibited, framed in citron wood. Here were portrayed the wild wastes of the Cevennes, the steep peaks of Auvergne, the immense camp of Alesia, the white cliffs of Dover, and the fight with the Britons on the beach. Models of wood and ivory showed the cities of Avaricum, Gergovia, and many others. The curious fortifications of the Gauls were represented. Then came specimens of olives and vines, and strange plants of the newly-won territory, and the breast-plate of British pearls which Cæsar had dedicated to Venus. Next in order marched a band of flute players, filling the air with sweet melodies. These were followed by the beautiful white oxen with gilded horns and garlanded necks, which were to be sacrificed at the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter, the priests who were to perform the ceremony accompanying them, with wreathed heads. As the procession wended its way through the dense crowds, specimens of bears, wolves, and other animals from the Gallic mountains, came into view. Everything belonging to the conquered country which could be of any possible interest to the populace, was exhibited.

Then came the saddest, but, to the spectators, the most interesting part of the display. The national ensigns of the numerous Gallic tribes waved for the last time. Once more Vercingetorix and his kinsman, Vergosillaunus, marched behind their loved Arvernian standard, with the noblest of their followers. For the last time they wore their native dress. But fetters were on their hands and feet, and the heroes, who had struggled so long and bravely for liberty, were mocked by every man, woman, and child.

Long was the line of fettered Gauls of every tribe, ere the four magnificent white horses came in sight, all abreast, drawing a beautifully gilded chariot. Clad in a purple Roman toga and the tunic temporarily taken from the statue of the Capitoline Jupiter, stood a slight figure, with the bald head and narrow temples wreathed with bay, the thin cheeks painted, the narrow lips gravely compressed to proper Roman dignity, and his eyes closely scanning the vast crowds to note what impression the display was making on the people. In his hand he held an eagle-crowned ivory sceptre, while over his head a slave held a golden crown, murmuring, at intervals, "Remember, that thou, too, art a man!" Close behind him, in an officer's chariot, sat the man whose dagger thrust, two years later, should be answered by the Emperor's dying words of reproach. The horsemen of the army followed; and then the vast legions, every head wreathed with bay, so that an evergreen grove might seem to be marching through

the streets, but for the war songs, wild jests and ballads which the soldiers continually shouted out. The triumphant general climbed the Capitol steps, and laid his crown on the knees of the image of Jupiter; the white oxen were sacrificed, and the feast was continued by torchlight.

But we must leave this scene of feasting and merriment, and see what is taking place in the dark prison vault, where the captives were always executed, after gracing the triumphant procession. Thora, having been liberated, was spared the degradation of walking in fetters and being gazed at by the crowds. Although grateful to Labienus, she did not seem to realize that she was not to suffer the fate of her companions. She only could think of Vercingetorix, and the fact that his death before night should close in was inevitable. Soon Labienus came and conducted her to the dungeon, which was in the side of the Capitoline Hill. He opened the door of the cell where the chief was in prison, and motioned Thora to enter. She took a step forward, then hesitated, the place being so dark and gloomy that she could not discern the objects in the apartment. But the sound of her name made her spring quickly toward the corner of the cell. A torrent of Gallic words followed, as the lovers eagerly questioned each other as to what had happened during their separation. Labienus stood near the door of the dungeon, his duty compelling him to witness the loving meeting. All too short was the time given Thora and Vercingetorix to take farewell of each other. The door opened, and two warders entered and said respectfully to Labienus that the interview must terminate. He crossed the cell, and gently told Thora that she should now leave her betrothed.

Then Vercingetorix turned to the lieutenant and said in perfect Latin, "I pray you, be kind to Thora. She has told me of your kindness to her, and your efforts to obtain my pardon, and I am very grateful to you. I should like to live for her sake, but I do not regret that I have surrendered myself to save my people."

He had no time to say more, but clasped Thora in a last embrace. The warder's hand on his shoulder made him release her. As the door closed behind him she fell back in a swoon. Labienus caught her in his arms, and bore her into the open air. Here he labored long to restore her to consciousness, but in vain. The frail life had snapped from the weight of its burden of sorrow; Thora had gone to meet her lover.

[The foregoing article was written by a young girl of 16 years.—Ed.]

DANCING MASTER'S PAY DAY.

THE GOVERNMENT PAWN SHOP.

THE LAST WORD.

BY P. O'NEILL LARKIN.

THE Rev. T. A. Hendrick, in his able article, "The Blessings of Monopoly," which appeared in the June number, saw fit to select the Standard Oil Company as a typical example of the industrial monopolies which shower blessings upon the American people. He put the case in these words: "If the Standard Oil Company was not a monopoly, it could not sell oil at retail for four cents a gallon and make a profit. If it had not extinguished competition in its own line, it could not conduct business at a profit to itself and its employees."

In the October number, in an equally able article, Father Hendrick says: "As a matter of morals, the consideration must be borne in mind, that neither the Standard Oil Company nor the railroads mentioned in my article, 'The Blessings of Monopoly,' the New York Central, or the Pennsylvania Railroads are monopolies, for neither of the three has exclusive control of the things in which they deal. Therefore they are not monopolies. The Standard Oil Company never controlled, or used more than about half of the total output of oil in the United States. Therefore it is not, and never was a monopoly."

In the face of these lucid statements, the average reader cannot withhold admiration for the versatile genius and fertile resource of the writer, who so conclusively disproves the dogmatic assertion, attributed to Sir Boyle Roche, "That no man can be in two places at the same time, barrin' he's a bird."

The reverend gentleman, however, admits for the sake of argument, that the Standard Oil Company be called a monopoly, and asks the readers' attention, to hear him argue. I am afraid the majority of the readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE have neither the time nor the inclination to listen to any argument for argument's sake. Certainly, I have not. In my criticism of the Standard Oil, I set forth a few facts, out of a multitude at hand, to indicate the infamous character of that monopoly. Father Hendrick playfully replies, by saying that it reminds one of the charge once made, that General Butler's son stole a horse in New Orleans, and informs us that it was not true, because General Butler had no son to steal a horse. I am very sorry to spoil a good story; but let me assure the reverend gentleman, that General Butler had two sons, Ben Israel Butler and Paul Butler. The former died in 1881; but the latter is very much alive, and can be called upon to testify to his own existence. "Be sure you are right, then go ahead!" was the maxim of David Crockett, a most excellent rule, which should be observed in dealing with facts.

I have asserted, and Father Hendrick denies, that the Standard Oil Company owns, maintains, or controls gas plants in various cities and towns. This is a sharp, clearly defined issue of fact. As the space allowed me is limited, I will refer

only to the city of Boston, chiefly because it is one of the latest places to which the octopus has extended a tentacle. Nearly two years ago, the Standard Oil Company moved upon Boston, under the name of the Brookline Gas Company. A little over a month ago, on Sept. 17, the Brookline Company captured the Jamaica Plain Gas Company, one of the old plants, by securing a majority of its shares, outvoting the old officials, and replacing them by a new set, in the Standard Oil interest, among whom the attorney of the Brookline Company appears as treasurer. How this was accomplished, is explained by the ex-president, Mr. S. S. Pratt, in a statement which appears in the Boston daily papers. He says: "This is only the first step in the absorption of all the gas plants in this city by the Brookline Company. Backed by the Standard Oil Company, it can buy up everything. We had 1,700 shares of our company's stock, on our side, up to a few days ago, when the new directors went about offering fabulous prices for enough shares to give them control. They offered $175 and $180 for shares, and at these figures, who wouldn't sell? Of course the Brookline Gas Company does not appear in this as an organization; but through Messrs. Foss and Burrage, it can guide the management of things to subserve its interest."

Nine days later, on Sept. 26, the Brookline Company held its annual meeting at the president's office in Boston, at which meeting an auditor's report made to H. H. Rogers, at the Standard Oil building in New York, and covering 15 months, was read, showing various discrepancies between the books of the company, of no great importance in the aggregate, and stating that the discrepancies had all been adjusted, and the general system of book-keeping now placed upon the Standard Oil system.

Father Hendrick, or an official or beneficiary of the Standard Company, will doubtless say, that the Jamaica Plain, or the Brookline Gas Company, is not the Standard Oil Company. Neither is Beelzebub or Belial precisely identical with Lucifer, although they are members of the same great syndicate, and pursue a common object.

I am dealing with the substantial thing itself, the Standard Oil Company or oil trust of the American continent, not with its various names, or protean forms.

As I write, Oct. 14, the Boston Daily Herald, in a lengthy article on the proposed consolidation of the gas interests of Boston, says: "An effort will be made to bring the Bay State and Standard Oil companies (Brookline and Jamaica Plain) into harmonious union. Both sides appear willing to effect a union, but upon what terms? There's the rub."

Every citizen of Boston, of average intelligence, is conscious of the presence of the Standard Oil monopoly in their midst, as one of the two powers which control absolutely the gas supply of Boston and vicinity. This is also the case in Brooklyn, N. Y., in New York city, and many other places, and yet Father Hendrick, in his childlike innocence, imagines that his typical monopoly distributes its blessings solely through the medium of oil.

Chateaubriand defines innocence as holy ignorance, a definition which applies with considerable force to the reverend gentleman's state of enlightenment respecting the monopoly whose blessings he extols.

An eminent writer has recently said, that "extraordinary pains had been taken to sophisticate public opinion in regard to all these matters — for the ignorance of the public is the real capital of monopoly — and with great success."

Father Hendrick denies that the Standard Oil Company made a fight against the city of Toledo in 1889, on the right of the people to furnish their own gas supply. He avers that it was a corporation independent of the Standard that made the opposition. This is another clear issue of fact: I will call a few good witnesses out of a host. Professor Bemis, formerly of the Vanderbilt, and now of the Chicago University, was in Toledo, in the United States Court during the hearing of the injunction asked for by the private company. He had been visiting various cities and towns to procure data for a monograph, entitled "Municipal Ownership of Gas in the United States," which was subsequently published by the American Economic Association, an organization comprising the leading political economists of this country, in their regular series of publications for the year 1891. Professor Bemis in his monograph says it was a branch of the Standard which fought the city, although it may not have been legally proven, but it was so understood by nearly every one in Toledo.

Ex-Alderman A. E. Macomber who was an active participant in the struggle, being one of a committee of three appointed at a mass meeting of citizens, called by Mayor Hamilton to protect the public interest, writes to me, under date of Sept. 28, 1894, as follows: —

"The evidence as to the responsibility of the Standard Oil Company is simply overwhelming. Two local Ohio corporations first appeared here in the gas business. When the contest was well on, at a public mass meeting called to consider the natural gas question, the president of each company publicly stated that the Standard Oil Company owned the majority of the stock in each company. These two corporations immediately consolidated, and Mr. O'Day, the manager of the Western properties of the Standard Oil Company, took absolute command in the campaign. Indeed, after a little time, it was not attempted here to deny the responsibility of the Standard Oil Company.

"The plan of the Standard Oil combination, when a local enterprise is to be entered upon, is to organize a local company, taking enough local men to nominally man it, but to hold a majority of the stock, and actually to control and direct the business.

"When the business runs quietly, no one appears to the public but the local men. In the Toledo case, the contention became so severe, that the local men were deemed incompetent, or unwilling to conduct the warfare on Standard Oil lines, hence Mr. O'Day and Mr. Payne boldly took charge of affairs and directed every move.

"It would not be more wide of the mark to say that the United States government was not responsible for the Union soldiers in the South, as to say that the Standard Oil Company was not the responsible party in the Toledo contest. As to the Columbus case, I am not so fully advised."

I stated that 60 per cent of the voters, who voted were in favor of municipal gas supply. Father Hen-

drick admits it, but says, "in this 60 per cent, the taxpayers were not included, and it is a fact that the 60 per cent composed mostly of non taxpayers, voted that the taxable property of Toledo should be assessed to furnish gas to the non-payers at a lower rate."

In the duplicity of the statement that the 60 per cent of affirmative voters did not include taxpayers, coupled with the other assertion that they were mostly non-taxpayers, is a clear indication that the reverend gentleman has no very definite information on this point. He further characterizes as theft the action of these alleged non-taxpayers, in appropriating $750,000 for gas works against the wisnes of the alleged taxpayers.

A brief digression from the subject, may be pardoned for a dissection of this Tory statement.

As a concrete fact, who pay the taxes of Toledo? or Rochester? As in every other community, the people who live, and who labor in those places pay. Taxes are a share of the product of labor taken for public needs. The Marquis of Pullman, fishing at the Thousand Isles, is neither producing the taxes of the town of Pullman nor paying them. That eminent American Tory, William Waldorf Astor, is a taxpayer in a small way, in the city of London, but not a real taxpayer in the city of New York. The tenants or occupiers are the real taxpayers, and when they vote for public improvements, they simply vote to assess themselves.

To return to the subject of the Standard Oil monopoly. The evidence of the corruption of legislatures, courts, and public officers, the conspiracies and violations of law, through which it has grown and destroyed its competitors, has been very carefully gathered and arranged, in a book of over 500 pages, entitled "Wealth against Commonwealth," by Henry D. Lloyd, of Chicago, and published within a few days by Harper & Brothers, of New York, containing references to congressional and Legislative Committee investigations, and to the records of the courts. In this work the Toledo case, and many others involving the peculiar methods of the Standard Oil monopoly, are fully reviewed, furnishing a story of perjury and crime, and a conspiracy against the public and private welfare, which is without a parallel.

The reference of the Reverend gentleman to the Erie canal is based on an ignorance of fact. The great Erie canal, conceived by the genius of De Witt Clinton, is, to-day, a free highway, and, like every other well-designed and free highway, it is an invaluable blessing to the community, and it is no more of a curse to the taxpayer than the system of good common roads. Its enemies are the railroad monopolies who are cursed by its competition, and who use every effort to obstruct and to destroy.

Nearly all the governments of the civilized world have practically ceased granting franchises to private parties in the matter of natural monopolies, such as railroads, canals, gas and water supply, telegraphs and telephones. Not only have they ceased granting such franchises, but they are acquiring the ownership of those now existing. The British government, one ot the slowest to move in this direction, has at the beginning of the present year begun the building of main trunk telephone lines, to connect all the large cities, and refuses to grant new franchises. The

telegraph had already been taken possession of. It is deemed wiser, in most countries, that the people should own and operate at least the natural monopolies than that the latter should "own the people," as expressed in the terse language of Cassius M. Clay, Ex-Minister to Russia.

It is, perhaps, the instinct of chivalry in Father Hendrick which leads him to sally forth as a knight-errant, in defence of monopoly. He sees it assailed not only by those who clearly perceive its demoralizing influence and oppressive power, but by the cheap politicians and demagogues who wish to be bribed into silence. His attitude recalls the story of the Scotch revival meeting, where toward the close, after several of the ancient ladies, inspired by their religious enthusiasm, had asked for prayers for pagans, Mahomedans, Jews, and even "Papist idolaters," many were surprised to hear a venerable brother, in the exuberance of his charity, cry out to the congregation, to "Gie ane little prayer for the puir auld de'il whae has gat naebody to pray for him."

A great change is coming over society, for which the seed has been sown ages ago. The harvest may come slowly or rapidly, the time no man knows. It is in the hands of God.

TALKS TO THE TYPEWRITER.

THE air of authority with which some of the daily papers of the country attempt to retail the most improbable stories from Rome in regard to the mission here of Mgr. Satolli and his relations with prominent American prelates would be amusing were it less impertinent. Rome is not in the habit of making newspaper correspondents the first medium of its confidences in matters such as this, and the audacity which perseveres in such unfounded gossip, in face of the proof of its falsity, is simply one of the evidences of the journalistic charlatanry that is abroad at the present time. One would think that in the general run of the news of the day there was enough opportunity for the legitimate use of the "scare head" without cooking up such stories as the above just for the display of editorial word juggling in startling headlines. It is time a halt was called in this witless parading of stories which have no other basis than the fertile brains of mendacious intermeddlers. Catholics know very well that when the Church authorities have any information to impart, its source will not be cloaked as coming from "a prominent ecclesiastic" or other such anonymous authority, the creation of the same riotous imagination that is responsible for the story in all its glaring impertinence.

The last link in the golden chain of poets, the glory of New England, has been broken with the death of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and a great and good man, rich with years and the fruits of a most useful life, has gone to rest. As a poet, Dr. Holmes was not equal to the richly-wrought word-painting of Longfellow, the virile patriotic out-

bursts of Lowell, or the touching simplicity of Whittier; but he combined, in a lesser degree, the characteristics of all three, while he had one gift, a rippling and, at times, rollicking kind of humor to which his brilliant contemporaries could never attain. He was, primarily, the poet of sunshine, and the light of a happy optimism illumines all his work. With his genial tendency to infuse into the life of his readers something of his own sunny nature, he was as well equipped for flights of song into the very highest realms of poesy. His "Chambered Nautilus" is a gem that will be treasured as long as the language it so richly adorns. His life was one of uplifting effort and generous impulses. Life to him was not only a duty, but a pleasure, for he made the duty a pleasure; and earth is better and brighter because he was one of its children. The medical profession had in him a noble contributor to its advancement, while the world of literature retains the enduring impress of his gifted mind. America has had greater poets; but none more loved than he whose harp will ever more be silent.

The recent celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the dedication of old St. Augustine's Church, South Boston, carries the mind back to the infancy of the Church in Massachusetts, for this venerable edifice is the only Catholic church in the state that can claim such an age. Although the second church to be built within what is now the municipal limits of Boston, it has survived by 34 years the old cathedral in Franklin street, the only other Catholic edifice in the city at that time. It is a sacred monument of a glorious past, bowered among the graves of those who ministered and were ministered to at its venerable altar. What a glorious growth the Church has had during those three-quarters of a century, as shown by the original lines of this modest little brick chapel, contrasted with the many magnificent temples that are now the privilege of the Catholics of Boston. It is the one material reminder of the days of a Cheverus and a Matignon, the latter of whom early found a resting place within its sacred walls. Well may it attract the Catholic pilgrim as a shrine sacred to the early struggles and sacrifices of Catholicity, and win his fervent prayer for the devoted priests and people who sleep under the shadow of its venerated walls.

THE DRAMA IN NEW YORK.

Although New York may be considered the market of the drama, it can hardly be called eminent in the matters of taste and criticism. All manner of dramatic creatures make their first flight from the metropolis, some of them so horrible that only the poverty of their creators can excuse their appearance in the stage world. But a New York advertisement is everything to a manager in securing dates in provincial theatres, and hence the number of novelties sprung on the cosmopolitan population for the first six months of each season. When one sets out to look for real merit among these creeping things, the absence of that heroic quality makes the task of inquiry quite easy. But it is impossible for the observant in the most cursory examination not to be struck with the immense importance of the stage as a social factor. The innumerable companies of actors setting out every year to amuse the people of the country with all sorts and fashions of amusement, under the management of clever busi-

ness men whose only principles are financial — the mere statement ought to make the thoughtful pause. What censorship are these people, teachers of the people, subjected to? Who guarantees that they are safe teachers? None, only the people themselves, who up to date have felt such a dread of the stage, that managers and actors, even when under the influence of the money-making instinct alone, are forced to present decent plays and comparatively decent actors. To a certainty there is a time coming when this restraint will not hinder the obscene, unless the rulers of opinion and thought keep a sympathetic eye and hand on the baser sort, and stand so close to the stage as to exercise control, and compel the indecent, as the blackmailing press is compelled, to remain in obscure places.

The first rank of plays and actors this season has not yet provided us with many new names or with any novelties. Ada Rehan took Boston by storm, and has gone on storming the country in a way that must make her old partner, John Drew, blush and stare, with all his success. She gave us her famous repertory of characters, Rosalind, Katherine, Vera, Viola, and Lady Teazle, and shone in them all, as no actress of this day can shine, and very few of the days that are past. Admitted that there is a certain sameness of coloring in all her interpretations, that her purring voice remains a purr in every part, that her Viola is inferior to Neilson's, yet no actress of our time has shown more individuality, or greater contrast to herself, in such parts as Katherine and Rosalind; where the contrast is really so violent that the most experienced cannot connect, mentally, Ada Rehan with either part, or one part with the other. Fresh from her English triumphs, an object of adoration for managers, it seems that Miss Rehan remains faithful to Augustin Daly, who risked a great deal in giving her a London opening. The drift of dramatic business forced our greatest manager into ways he would prefer to have avoided, but the change will certainly distribute his great and beneficial influence over a wider extent of territory. John Drew's new play of "The Bauble Shop" fits him very well, and is so popular that it will be a long time before that excellent actor can try his deft hand at another play, which is a misfortune for the public, if not for the actor and his manager. The commercial instinct is so strong that even an eminent actor cannot give us anything that will add to his reputation, if, at the same time, it does not forcibly strengthen his purse.

The pleasantly original and inventive genius, Richard Mansfield, began his season in New York with a new play, and continued it with a series of his old-time successes. It is one of the positive delights of the stage to see Mr. Mansfield in any part. His daintiness, his attention to detail, his love of the picturesque, mark him as one of the interesting actors of the day. One never knows what to expect from him. John Drew is our society actor, always well dressed, polite, finished, sometimes dashing in a refined way: the same may be said of Sothern, and of others: but of Mansfield one can say nothing until the play is in progress. He may be a great disappointment in a particular part, but the study of his failure is as interesting as the success of some. He opened his season with a comedy, "Arms and the Man," a pretty conceit not unlike the pretty things Sothern can give us. It amused for a time, and was then laid aside for the familiar roles which always delight, and make us regret that Mr. Mansfield seems rich enough to do without ambition. Since he took to yachting he has not presented us with the gracious surprises of the past. Mr. William H. Crane, however, went into the business of surprises. He opened his season with a clever production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and for a month the metropolis turned out to see its favorite in a character so little suited to his

style and methods. He secured, naturally, only a succes d'estime: for Mr. Crane's humor is decidedly American, of the breezy, uproarious kind made familiar to us by Raymond in the part of Mulberry Sellers. The Falstaff of Mr. Crane was perfect in the appearance, and at the same time it was as if the Senator had dropped into the London of Prince Hal's time from the Detroit of Mayor Pingree. Yet it was all very handsomely done, and in his support were a number of capable actors, among them Lizzie Hudson Collier, whose sweet face and charming manner are not seen often enough of late years. Mr. Crane returned to his own particular line of parts last week, and appeared in a new play by Paul Potter called "The Pacific Mail." "The Merry Wives" will remain in his repertory. He deserves the praise of the judicious for his revival of the old Shakespearian farce. It is the only hope left us, that every star, who has made his name and his fortune on the stage, will revive, now and then, some of the old-time favorites, which on the modern stage, with its Frenchy inclinations, seem to be eternally doomed.

Mr. Otis Skinner has, however, gone into the Shakespearian business with as much courage as though the Stratford dramatist had died but yesterday. He opened his season in Chicago last month as the star of a company which will play Shakespear and the romantic drama with equal vigor and impartiality. As the support of great actors for many seasons, Mr. Skinner has undoubted experience and skill. He has enthusiasm, too, and a financial support prepared to do much in his behalf. With Frederic Warde, Louis James, Walker Whiteside, and James Keene he takes his place as the representative of the legitimate drama. Would that there were more of him and them! The realism of the French, or, let us say, the modern stage, has struck a deep root into our soil, and has made success almost impossible for the Shakespearian actor. One of our most promising actors of the romantic school, Frederic Paulding, has gone out of the business for the time being. There was nothing for him to do but follow the current, and he preferred to get out of it altogether. Joseph Haworth, however, has found an opening that promises better than "Paul Kauvar" in the Wallack success of other days, "Rosedale," and he is on the road with it hoping for groat things. None deserves it better. His acting in "Paul Kauvar" made that play a success. The critics are comparing him with Wallack, a comparison quite natural, but utterly lost on present audiences, which are not such as Wallack once charmed. Mr. Haworth understands his patrons as thoroughly as need be, and impresses them as desply as ever did Wallack. He may lack finish, but has more fire, and if the New York critics could have forgotten some few of their predilections they would have done him more justice last season.

Two novelties appeared on the dramatic horizon towards the end of the month. A lady from London, Miss Olga Nethersole, produced "The Transgressor," and Hauptmann's play of "The Weavers," was presented at the German theatre, both in New York. Miss Nethersole is said to be a genius, and the new play was announced as something phenomenal. People are s till quarrelling over the facts in the case. The play has one act and one scene in that act, after the Parisian fashion, that may be pronounced good from the stage point of view. It is anything but respectable from the Christian standpoint. The author wished to show how hard the British law is on the man who has an insane wife, confined in an asylum, and who wishes to desert the afflicted wife for a woman with more mind and less principle. The Christian looks on such a man as something of a brute. The hero of the present drama is something worse, for he marries the lady of his second choice without informing her of the insane

wife's existence. Probably it would have made little difference anyway, for when the truth comes out at last, as it always does in a drama, his paramour lays aside her reputation and becomes as willing a bigamist as her villanous consort. The insane wife dies in time to save the feelings of the audience. It is pleasant to think that in real life the insane live long enough to drive such wretches into exile, where they usually take to drink, and prey upon one another like the beasts they are. Miss Nethersole came fully prepared to convince the critics of her genius, and succeeded with a few. The rest will wait until a more satisfactory play displays her talents to advantage.

Hauptmann's drama, although performed in German, stirred up the critics. The author is in New York with a mission to do something for society. He is said to be a poet of the school which begins with the fact of existence and ends with the fact of non-existence. They say to one another, the members of the school, what is life? and again, what is death? getting no answer, they proceed to write a drama, or a poem, or an essay, or an epic on human misery. They write effectively without any attention to rules of art or religious principle. The drama of "The Weavers" is a powerful presentation of life in Silesia among the poor. There is not much coherency in the plot, but the condition of the unfortunate laborer is described with ghastly fidelity. It explains the rush of immigrants from Europe, and the willingness of these wretched people to work for anything here, so shameful are conditions in the military governments of the other side. It is significant how much the atheist is doing to make these fearful conditions known to the world, and how little Christians are doing in the same cause after all the encouragement given by the Pope. The press, and the stage, and the literature of the hour, are used to further the socialistic cause. Hauptmann is securing attention for his plays and his powers, by his fidelity to the cause that seems to inspire him. In fact, he has received more attention than Mr. Augustus Thomas did in his play, "New Blood," which was quite a failure, though it treated a serious theme seriously and well.

A Sacred Memento.

MR. C. R. GANNON, of Salem, has in his possession a ring, dug from the earth close to the monument at Norridgewock, Me., which marks the spot where suffered the martyred missionary, Father Rale, in the early part of the last century. The ring was found a few years ago and shows the evidence of its long entombment. The circlet is worn away to a mere thread and encrusted with rust; but the seal, bearing an imprint of the crucifixion, is excellently preserved, in strange contrast to the condition of the rest of the ring. Near where the ring was found were also unearthed several rosary beads.

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PRISCILLA AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

"YES, I went to Chicago," said Aunt Priscilla,
"And the World's Fair really was quite a show.
The sights I see was past believing,
But I couldn't remember them half, you know.
It beat our county fair all hollow,
And turned my brain quite upside down.
I scarse could told you what my name was,
And clean forgot my native town.
But one thing gave me greatest pleasure,
More than anything else out there,
Ayer's was the only Sarsaparilla
That was admitted at the Fair.
Now I always said Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Was better than any other kind
And it gave me inward satisfaction
To see the world was of my mind.
My Reuben, you know, was always doubtful
About the medicines made by Ayer;
But he gave right in without a struggle,
When he see the exhibit at the Fair.
Says I, 'This proves beyond a question
That Ayer's is champion of the earth.'
And Reuben, he said, quite meek and humble,
"Of course, the judges know its worth,'
Says he, 'I've been a bit mistaken;
I guess that Ayer's does beat the rest.
'Twon't do to fight the world's opinion,—
Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best.'"

WHAT SHALL I DO TO SUCCEED?

Shall I Be a Designer?

Among the many trades and professions which, within the last 15 or 20 years, have in this country opened their doors and permitted earnest, thoughtful, determined young women to enter and provide themselves with the means of earning a comfortable livelihood, is that of the designing of textile fabrics. In the manufactories of Europe, women have been engaged in this form of art for a much longer period, and their work has been found very satisfactory. The manufacture of those textiles which demand the highest class of designing, is, however, a comparatively new industry in the United States; and upon the establishment of a "plant" for the manufacture of such goods, the designers have been, until recently, invariably imported from Europe along with the other skilled workmen. But American youths of artistic instinct were quick to observe that a new avenue of employment was afforded them through the introduction of these industries; and admission into the various designing rooms connected with the manufactories was eagerly sought by young men who realize that they might find therein an outlet for their abilities, coupled with the certainty of receiving a reasonable return for their labors; and the manufacturers were, of course, willing to accept them as students. A little later on, a few young English women designers were brought to this country by some of the larger establishments; and the young American girls were as quick as their brothers in perceiving the advantages which such an employment offered. They applied and were received as students; and an interest in the training of young girls as decorative artists was aroused and became wide-spread; schools of applied design were established for their benefit; and their position among the artistic workers of the world was secured.

The variety of textile fabrics which are being manufactured in the United States at the present time is very great, and includes carpets, tapestries, shawls, laces, silks, chenilles, and a great assortment of figured cotton goods, all of which are woven after patterns supplied by the artist attached to the designing rooms connected with the several establishments. Of these, the woollen and silk fabrics demand the most beautiful patterns which the designs are capable of producing; and many of the models from which these designs are adapted are drawn in water-colors by famous European artists.

The designing of textile fabrics is both an art and a trade. The execution of a beautiful design is, of course, a form of art; and the application of the same, so as to produce a pattern suitable for weaving, is largely mechanical, and necessarily constitutes a trade. But the line that divides the two is so fine as to be scarcely visible; in order to be a successful designer, the mechanic must be an artist, and the artist a mechanic; and as the technical side of the art is acquired entirely in the designing room, and carpet designing is among those branches of the decorative art which afford the greatest scope for the abilities of the student, it is the purpose of this article to consider the designing of carpets as a trade for young women.

Naturally, the first qualification necessary in a young girl, who wishes to enter a designing room, is the possession of marked artistic talent; and she must not make the mistake of assuming that the ability to execute fairly well such drawing exercises as are taught in the public schools, for instance, will be sufficient evidence of talent to justify her in seeking to become a designer.

On the contrary, she must be certain that she has an innate perception of the true and beautiful in form and color; that she has an intense love for drawing, and is conscious that there is strength, grace, and originality in her work; in short, that she has the designing faculty. It is not necessary that she should have any knowledge of painting; she will be taught that in the designing room; but unless she is an artist by nature she will never succeed in acquiring even the technicalities of the profession, and after a few years of uncongenial drudgery and low wages, she will leave the designing room in disgust, and her employer may also be so annoyed at her lack of ability as to refuse to admit any more women students to that particular designing room. But if a young girl possesses the indispensable talent, and is earnest, patient, and sensible, she has all the natural equipments necessary for a designer. Beyond this she only requires so much education as she may have received at a common or parochial school.

While there are, at least, two or three schools of Applied Design in New York city, and also in some of the other large cities, which are undoubtedly useful to young students, who are anxious to learn the rudiments of designing in some of its more simple forms, yet the fact remains that the proper place in which to learn carpet designing is in the factory. The designing of carpet patterns is so difficult, and calls for so many years of patient drudgery on the part of the beginner, that the young student will only waste her time at a school of design, in attempting to acquire what, after all, can only be the faintest outlines of the trade; and it is not at all likely that her chances of obtaining a position in the designing room of a factory will be increased through having been a student of such a school. Therefore, when a young girl makes up her mind to become a designer, she should apply at once to a factory, and continue her applications until she has found some designing room where there is a vacancy. She may be successful in securing a position at once; or she may have to wait several months before she can gain admission to a designing room. But she will find an opening eventually, if she perseveres, and in the meantime she may accept some temporary employment; and it will be well if she uses her spare time in practising drawing, using black crayon and charcoal pencils, and confining herself to the sketching of flowers, scrolls, etc., in bold, true outlines.

When she has at length secured a place in a designing room, she will find the work exceedingly light, fascinating, and pleasant; and as the only paints used are water-colors, and the room must, of necessity, be very well lighted and ventilated, it is also a very healthy occupation. There is no mental strain, as in teaching school or telegraphing; and the manual labor is not in the slightest degree laborious. But the young woman very quickly realizes that she has begun a work which it will take a lifetime to learn, and that it will be several years before her work will be of any value to her employer; and she will begin to understand the difficulties of the trade when she is informed that a single pattern for a tapestry carpet sometimes contains as many as 90 different colors and shades, each of which must harmonize so perfectly with all of the others that no one color will be compelled to use bad words towards any of its neighbors. But the possession of the artistic instinct will prevent the monotonous copying from becoming irritating to the young beginner; she will employ her thoughts in comparing the methods of the different artists, whose "models" hang about the walls, and in her spare time, mornings and evenings, she will attempt to copy these models in miniature, and will endeavor to advance herself in a knowledge of the art in the various ways which may suggest themselves to her. After she has worked earnestly and intelligently for six or seven years, she will have acquired a sufficient knowledge of the technicalities of the art to entitle her to a position in any design-

ing room; and she will have the happiness of knowing that she has learned a trade in which the supply will never exceed the demand; which cannot, by any possibility, be replaced by machine work, and that she will be assured of a comfortable living as long as she continues at the work.

The hours in a designing room are naturally regulated by the rules of the various establishments to which they belong; but they are usually eight hours on five days of the week, from eight or nine o'clock in the morning until five or six in the evening. On Saturday the hours are reduced to five or six; and in cities where the half-holiday is recognized, they are even less on this day.

The wages which a young woman will receive for the first year in a designing room will probably be from $2.50 to $3 per week. This will be gradually advanced until she receives $6 per week, and she must be content to work at this sum for at least two or three years. At the end of six or seven years she may hope to receive from $10 to $15; and later on, as her work becomes more valuable, she may command from $20 to $25 per week. Of course if she has great ability, she will, in time, become a painter of models, and her annual earnings will go well up among the thousands.

All that has been said of the designing of carpets applies with equal force to the designing of chenille, silk, and wool furniture coverings, and a great variety of other fine textiles. The designing of cotton goods demands the same artistic ability on the part of the young student, but the technicalities are more easily learned, and the salaries paid to expert designers of cotton goods, though less than those of the designers of finer fabrics, are very good. The designing of wall papers, metals, leather and other stamped goods also affords remunerative employment to women. But there is no form of designing which must not be taken up seriously as a life work, and the young woman who attempts to use designing as a "bridge to matrimony" will only waste her own time and that of her instructors and employer, and after working perhaps two, three, or four years for low wages, will carry away with her from the designing room no knowledge or technical skill which will be useful to her in after life; and will commit the additional wrong of usurping the place of some other young girl who, through choice or force of circumstances, may find it necessary to provide a living for herself during her entire lifetime.

The earnest, thoughtful young woman who has mastered the technicalities of any form of designing, may, however, marry, if she is so disposed, and still continue her artistic labors in her own home; and in the event of the continued illness or death of her husband, she will be secured from dependence or want through having devoted her youth to the acquiring of a valuable trade.

K. C. Barrett.

Shall I Be a Book-Keeper?

Without a moment's hesitation, I answer, yes. Looking back upon my own business experience, I find that nothing therein stands out quite so conspicuously as the kindness and consideration that has been evinced for me as a woman book-keeper, by my employers and those with whom I have had to work, and that I am not singular in my experience is attested by many acquaintances who are filling, or have filled, similar posittions.

This will seem to many people a matter of remote consequence, not affecting the worker nearly so much as the amount of salary she receives; but from this view I must beg leave to differ. Most women, I am assured, would prefer to earn a dollar or two less per week, if by so doing they might gain more pleasant environment and conditions of labor.

In book-keeping pleasant surroundings and fairly good pay are at the command of the woman who is willing to put her mind to her business, and

who is quick and practical in her manner of doing her work.

Method is essential; everything must be done perfectly — a book-keeper who makes errors is a being who can very well be dispensed with in the business world, and no one who is slipshod and careless, can hope to climb even the lowest rungs of the ladder of success.

Many young women essay to learn the art of keeping books at one of the numerous business colleges — a course often viewed with grave dissatisfaction by those who have followed it. The girl who learns her book-keeping at one of these schools, and who fancies she has mastered it, is often quite at sea when she goes into an office and has to do actual business; nor are merchants and brokers keenly anxious to take these graduates into their service.

A girl, being a good writer and arithmetician, and wishing to be a business woman, cannot do better than to enter an office as assistant book-keeper. She will most likely be under a man who will teach her more in one week than she could learn in a month at a school, and she will have the advantage of practising the lessons she receives from day to day. Practice is always better than theory, though theory is a good thing to fall back upon; you may not need to use it, but it does you good to know that it is where you can lay your hand upon it when you need it. A still more pleasing feature of the practical way of learning is the fact that the girl who goes as assistant to an experienced book-keeper is at once in the receipt of an income; she is earning money, while the girl who attends a business school is spending it — I had almost said throwing it away.

I shall not treat of the technical side of the subject, because, fond as I am of my occupation, I realize I may, perchance, bore the readers of this article by so doing, but will sum up briefly the reasons which, according to my ideas, set apart book-keeping as an exceptionally favorable occupation for women.

The conditions are suitable, the work is essentially clean and delicate, done ordinarily in a clean, light, and warm room.

While it stimulates and brightens, it does not overtax the brain. There is no strain or hurry; one has only to go steadily on and do the right thing with careful exactitude.

The people with whom one comes in contact are usually civil and obliging, and a woman who is the same herself, and has business capacity, may make herself very necessary to her firm.

Women book-keepers are always in demand, and the pay offered them is good. Of course it varies, more or less, in accordance with two factors,— first, the value or worth of the services received; second, the capacity of the business, and the financial ideas of the employer.

The assistant book-keeper often begins at $5 or $6 per week, and rises to a higher salary as she becomes fitted to perform the duties required of her.

In the wholesale houses women book-keepers are paid from $9 to $12 per week, and sometimes $15; in houses where a woman is the sole person in charge of the books she often obtains a very handsome salary. Conditions vary so much that there is no standard price, but the average of the wages is good.

I not only advise women to become book-keepers, but I advise girls who are doing general office work to learn the art also, because the girl who knows this, or anything else of value, is the girl who will get promotion. There are some small qualifications which are absolutely necessary on the part of the candidate to insure success in book-keeping as a daily occupation; indeed, it may be accepted that no one can make way in the office without them; these are industry, of course, steadiness, concentration, the habit of giving constant attention to the work in hand, and exactitude, for no one will stand errors in figures, and lastly, method, without which the young book-keeper will find herself in hot water in a very

little time. With these, and the generally courteous demeanor of the young woman of the present day, she should command success as well as the respect of all with whom she comes in contact.

The hours are rather lighter than in many other occupations, though, of course, these differ in different places, according to existent circumstances.

MARIAN CAMPBELL.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

Religion and Science.

ONE has nothing but praise for the book which Father Zahm, of Notre Dame University, has just given to the public under the title of BIBLE, SCIENCE, AND FAITH, whether the point of view be the matter, the style, the method of presenting the topics, or the need which the volume supplies. Fervent Catholics acquainted with the condition of things in the student and reading world will hail a book that really fills so admirably a real want of the times. Of all the subjects that interest both scholars and the general public at this moment, none is so popular and so generally discussed as the Bible in its relations to modern scientific discovery. Ingersoll and his peculiarly raw school have made capital of the Bible in their sneering and ignorant attacks upon religion, until the religious world has been worried into attention and interest, if for no other purpose than to put a quietus on the sneerers. Hence, there will be more readers for this book than for any popular novel in the market. Father Zahm has taken three topics for examination: the Books of the Bible commonly ascribed to Moses, the Deluge, and the Age of Man. We all know how the scientific attainments of the Jewish lawgiver have been ridiculed: what capital the atheist has made out of the Deluge; and how the irreligious scientists of our time rejoiced in proving, as they claim, a greater age on this earth for man than the Bible allows him. More than one reader has had his faith badly shaken by the study of popularized science in these matters; many an other has found excuse in these so-called discoveries for leaving faith and virtue. Here lies the need of such a book and such a treatment of the subject as are found in this volume. Our students in secular colleges, our teachers and readers who must depend upon the public libraries, our business men and our workers, who live and work side by side with the disciples of Ingersoll, and are really the meat for these modern dragons of error, are provided with the best possible weapon against the arguments and questions of adversaries in the handsome, well-written book, BIBLE, SCIENCE, AND FAITH.

It is impossible in a limited space to convey any fitting idea of the learning, the interesting learning, which this book displays lavishly. In reading it one gets acquainted with the great lights of science and theology in all ages, with the story of their theories, their displacement by more plausible theories, a veritable history of the scientific fancies of men. To read it carefully, with a view to mastery of the information, would mean for the reader an education in science on its historical side. Yet admirable and interesting as the chapters are in warmth of style, human interest, and learning, the method of presenting the subjects to the reader is a perfect model for the writers of this day. Father Zahm never loses sight of his friends, his enemies, or his readers for a moment. He is writing for the cause of truth, against bitter and ignorant enemies, or innocent enemies, in behalf of the multitude who may be led away by the teachers of error. Hence, with unconscious dexterity, he refutes or overthrows all kinds of popular beliefs. Now, we see the great Christian theologians heartily differing on these questions, or deeply interested in their development; and at once the old impression that Catholics never discuss, never honestly differ, never show interest in anything but dogma, is cast down by the mere description. Again the enormous contributions of Catholic scientists to science in every age are described, and at once the Catholic student feels that glow around the heart which is the reaction after a dose of Ingersoll's lies. There is no controversial bitterness, no coarseness; the writer is thinking only of the truth, and if he offends, it must be only because the truth is unacceptable. To say more is un-

necessary. Father Zahm has done well, and he is well seconded in his publisher, John Murphy, Baltimore.

Novelties.

The Excelsior Publishing House of New York has just brought out two pretty and useful novelties in the book line, which can be heartily recommended to our readers. BOOK-KEEPING AT A GLANCE is a pocket volume in morocco and gilt, wherein the art of keeping accounts is taught in small space, and yet so thoroughly that few amateurs would fail to find all that was necessary to practise the art in their own business. It is surprising how little the majority of persons think of keeping the home accounts in a systematic way, and yet true economy depends upon accurate book-keeping. This handy volume will instruct any one sufficiently to make the keeping of the business accounts a pleasure, and will even supply the more experienced with useful hints. The same firm has published in beautiful style the TUXEDO RECITER, a collection of readings, recitations, and declamations so well chosen and so handsomely printed that one is divided between admiration of the editor's work and the work of the pressman. There is a painful artificiality in the popular readings of to-day, due to the fact that they are constructed like our plays, to suit the talents and deficiencies of particular stars, and to cater to the crudest tastes. It is pleasant, therefore, to see that the editor has not confined himself to the tailor-made recitations, but has taken tribute of the poets and singers, and given us a fair selection of poems of the heart. They are always preferable to the artificial rhymes of our declaimers, whose verses may well be named poems of the mouth, for they never touch the heart.

HINTS ON PREACHING by Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor from Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, is a real novelty in its way, small in size, neatly printed, and well written. It will prove useful to the young pulpit orators, and the chapter on reading the Gospel and making announcements need not be passed over by the more experienced.

The scientific side of social life is receiving serious attention from the American Academy of social and political science, and from the American Economic Association. The former has its headquarters in Philadelphia, and the latter its working officials in Ithaca, N. Y. Three publications have reached us from these societies, the latest of a long list on most interesting topics. Franklin H. Giddings, of Columbia College, writes on THE THEORY OF SOCIOLOGY, Dr. J. H. Robinson, of the University of Pennsylvania, on the PRUSSIAN CONSTITUTION, and Dr. Edwin Seligman, of Columbia, on PROGRESSIVE TAXATION IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. It is needless to say that these experts deal pretty thoroughly with the matter in hand, and afford a reasonable amount of information to the student. It is somewhat of a puzzle though for the average Christian reader to make out just what standpoint is taken by the professors in dealing with the human society. For example, in his THEORY OF SOCIOLOGY, Professor Giddings does not mention the name of God from first to last in his essay. It is easy to understand that such a thing might happen in technical books written by Christian authors; but when we come to the scientific study of man's social life, or even to a study of the theory of social life, the omission of God's name is a sure indication that the author is arguing from an atheistic or materialistic postulate. We get a hint of this fact from a description of Comte's method in sociology. That venerable and fruitful parent of a hundred errors, considered that "the task of sociology was to discover the nature, the natural causes and the natural laws of society, and to banish from history, politics, and economics all appeal to the metaphysical and the supernatural, as they had been banished from astronomy and from chemistry." The readers of Mr. Giddings will conclude from a perusal of his essay that he has applied Comte's method with success. If, as he writes, "sociology is an attempt to account for the origin, growth, structure, and activities of human society by the operation of physical, vital, and psychical causes working together in a process of evolution," and if this sociology "refuses to look upon humanity as outside of the cosmic process and a law unto itself," then we have to part company with his science as he has constructed it, and must build one of our own. His theory will be as dead as any that Comte ever invented or discussed, probably, before Mr. Giddings himself has retired from life; so what use in discussing the essay? If sociology ever becomes a recognized science, and we have little doubt that it will, its postulates must admit the existence of God and His providence before it can succeed in discovering those secondary causes under which society develops itself. Prof. Seligman has a happier task in his discussion of the progressive theory with regard to taxation. This theory is a favorite with advanced socialists. It provides that as each man's property and income increase the tax-rate shall also increase for him. For example, the man owning a house and lot worth $2,000 would pay a mill on the dollar, while the citizen worth $10,000 would have to pay two mills. The theory is plausible, for no doubt the richer man can pay two mills more easily than the poorer can pay one. But the theory is more plausible than the practice, which might easily loot the rich man. The professor's conclusion is that "while progres-

sion of some sort is demanded from the standpoint of ideal justice, the practical difficulties in the way of its general application are wellnigh insuperable. . . . For the United States, at all events, the only important tax to which the progressive scale is at all applicable is the inheritance tax." The essay is useful to combat the errors of the socialist crowd.

Poetry and Verse.

CERTAIN students of Holy Cross College formed a society last year while pursuing their studies, and devoted a little of their leisure to the pleasant task of verse-study and verse-writing. The results were so unexpectedly good that a class journal was started, in which the literary successes of the year were printed. Now a volume of the best poems, humorous, serious, in Latin and in English, has been brought out as a souvenir of the year. The work is one of real interest, not only as a specimen of class work, but for the really creditable and often witty verse achieved by the students. There is a very beautiful Student's Prayer to the Blessed Virgin, a clever lyric, "If you Would be my Friend," an amusing villanelle, "Oh, Would it Were Prose," a number of fine translations from the Latin poets, and a variety of sentimental and humorous poems well worth reading. Such work from an ordinary class gives us the suspicion that enough is not made of the idea of academies in college life. So much time is given to mere memory work, and the examinations as the test of results, that there is little or no time for such attempts, such happy achievement we may call it, as the Acroama Circle of Holy Cross made last year. It would be worth the trouble of our college authorities to inspect this suggestive book, and study to produce effects in other departments of college study as strongly indicative of improvement and skill.

Poetry of a serious character comes from the publishers, Damrell & Upham, Boston, in the form of a pretty volume, entitled BALLADS OF AMERICA. The author is Mr. Henry O'Meara, who has gathered together some three-score poems on patriotic and other themes, and presented them to the public in an admirable topical arrangement. He has brought considerable enthusiasm to his poetic work, and a strength of expression which would be more noticeable, were his expressions always clear and precise in their meaning. Here are two strong lines on a statue to Lincoln: —

"Lift high the life-linked forms, they cannot
reach his lofty thought;
Make firm, they never can outlive the fame
and work he wrought."

But in justice it must be said that the author does not reach this brevity and force any too often for the pleasure of the reader. The ballads are, in many instances, stiff and hard for songs that should have the freest and fullest swing in expression. Such lines as these, for example: —

"A hundred springs have waked the gladdening ground,
And autumns thrown their radiant cinctures round,
Yet we, insensate, yield not fruitful care,
While winds have planted weeds and wild flowers there."

In all the ballads there is a peculiar and unpleasant recurrence of mouth-breaking epithets and phrases, quite out of place in prose no less than poetry. And quite needless, also, as the evident desire of the writer was to escape the simply commonplace in expression. He fell into the worse fault of turgid eloquence. Simplicity of speech is the first condition of poetry. Under that simplicity can be hid the deepest philosophy, the profoundest truths of nature, and the richest feeling. These ballads and poems lack simplicity, and where they might have enjoyed it, their author has deliberately sacrificed it to his passion for epithet. The poem on Boyle O'Rielly is the best in the book, even with half its power sunk in labored adjectives and confused metaphors. The book is printed in beautiful style, and will attract readers.

Fiction.

BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER, by Oliver Optic; STORY OF PULLMANTOWN, by Nico Bech-Myer; MY LADY ROTHA, by Stanley Weyman; LITTLE MISS FAITH, by Grace Le Baron. Reviews of these books will appear next month.

New Music Received

FROM Oliver Ditson & Co. For the organ, Fantasy in E Minor, Gustav Merkel; Etude in C Sharp Minor, Chopin, arranged by August Haupt; "In the Garden," Goldmark. For the voice, "Thou art a Queen," tenor or soprano in A Flat, André Wormser; "Freedom's Land," Song and chorus, Luther Stephenson, "The Liberty Bell," Song and chorus, Luther Stephenson. For the piano, "Courtly Grace," Minuet, Theo. Lack, "Mystery," Valse Caprice, Paul Wachs. For Guitar, "Dixie's Land," Justin Holland.

From White, Smith & Co. For voice, "Isabella," from "1492," Pflueger; "Tell me Little Blue Eyes," W. H. Altman; "Twinkling Silvery Stars," Song and chorus, D. L. White. For the piano, March of the Pythian Knights, C. A. White; Medley, Hornpipe Polka, C. A. White; Iowa Waltz, Henry Bollman, Sophie Mazurka, Louis V. Eckert.

DYSPEPSIA is the national ailment of American life, due to the nervous, impetuous force of American character that gives too much time to matters of business and too little attention to physical laws in the way of dining. Dr. Mark A. Woodbury's Dyspepsia Killers, are so efficacious in removing this trouble, that they should be hailed by sufferers as a sure means of relief.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Successful Strategy

CHRISTMAS

is a joyous season, but the tendency to over-indulge in rich cakes, pies, puddings, candies, etc., weakens the stomach, and brings pain and misery to many in the form of indigestion, biliousness, sick headache, and other ailments of a more or less serious character. To strengthen the stomach and increase digestion, take **Ayer's** Sarsaparilla. It cures dyspepsia, debility, nervousness, and insomnia. It is also the specific for scrofula and eruptive disorders. It is the best remedy for rheumatism, and the most potent restorative after any wasting sickness.

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

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THE WORLD'S FAIR.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

In use for fifty years, is still the most popular and successful of all pulmonary medicines. Taken in the early stages of consumption, it checks further progress of disease, and even at a later period, it eases the distressing cough, and enables the patient to procure much-needed rest. In emergencies arising from croup, pneumonia, bronchitis, sore throat, and whooping cough, it proves a veritable household blessing, affording prompt relief, followed by a certain cure.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

The Only Cough-Cure

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHEDRAL, HARTFORD

See " A Chapter of Connecticut History," p. 659.

CHRISTMAS MASS IN PENAL DAYS IN IRELAND.

See p. 625.

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A NATIONAL MAUSOLEUM.

BY MICHAEL J. DWYER.

FROM the severe simplicity of the burial of Oliver Wendell Holmes arises, with new force, the thought which is suggested to the people of the United States at the death of every American who has won the rank of real greatness. Why is there not upon American soil a National Mausoleum of the character of Westminster Abbey in England, or of the Pantheon in France, where the nation may inter the bodies of those whose deeds and genius have made America glorious in the sight of the world? Does the American people adequately honor its illustrious dead, aside from the noble portion, whose service was rendered on the nation's battle fields? Each succeeding Memorial Day, indeed, attests anew the undying love of a grateful country for its soldier-citizens; but, so far as any public demonstration gives proof to the contrary, the passing hence of the Nation's great poets, statesmen, artists, authors, and scientists, and the places where their ashes repose are of comparatively little concern. Can it be doubted, that, if Dr. Holmes had lived and written in England, his remains would have been offered a resting place in that nation's great Valhalla of human genius, Westminster Abbey, whose existence not only throws a glamour of sentiment and poetry over the land, but perpetuates the inspiration of great achievements to posterity?

Like Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and numerous other great Americans in whose achievements the land of their birth won the world's admiration, Oliver Wendell Holmes, his life-work done, quietly drew "the drapery of his couch around him," and calmly awaited his hour. The knell sounded, indeed, with startling suddenness, and plunged the nation into universal grief; but, for lack of fitting means to give expression to its sorrow, the American people looked on inactive, while the body of their greatest literary representative was unostentatiously laid away, like some of his great predecessors, among thousands of undistinguished dead. There was no awakening of a national impulse to do his burial fitting honor, because there was no hallowed shrine of American genius, like the great London Abbey, to which his remains might properly be conveyed.

The public press, indeed, still rings with his praise; the sum of his attainments is secured in standard works of American literature, and will be cherished and admired everywhere; his life has already been made the theme of discourses in the pulpits of modern Athens; but in all this there is no assurance that after the lapse of years his body will not be permitted to moulder in oblivion; no certainty that his resting place will not be forgotten, except by the few who will make ceaseless and loving pilgrimage to it.

It is the inevitable habit of humanity to forget. There is probably no American without knowledge of Mt. Vernon, where, after life's fitful fever, the great Father of his country sleeps well, a grateful posterity paying homage at his tomb. But it is not too bold an assertion, that the grave of Washington is the only one universally known in the nation he established. There are hundreds of thousands of people living in the United States to-day, who cannot answer the question, where the second savior of his country, the martyred Lincoln, is buried; and the statement is perfectly safe, that, despite the historic pageant which accompanied the remains of Grant to their tomb, there are hundreds of thousands of Americans in whose minds the mention of Riverside calls up no associations connected with the iron soldier whose prowess crushed the head of American slavery. Who can readily tell where Garfield sleeps? Daniel Webster? Farragut? Benjamin Franklin? The Presidents of the United States? It is but a day since Sheridan and Sherman died, yet how many remember where these great fighters of their country's battles were laid to rest. It is but a day since the Kearsage crumbled away on the wild reefs of Roncador, yet how many can indicate the spot where lies her great commander, Winslow, whose deed adorns one of the most glowing chapters of American history? Wendell Phillips, the great tribune of the people, was honored by his fellow citizens with a public lying in state in historic Faneuil Hall, with a body-guard of the race his eloquence helped to free keeping watch over his honored remains; but how many, even of the thousands who looked upon the marble features of the great orator in Faneuil Hall, can to-day point out the spot where he lies? How many outside of New England, can tell the location of the tombs of Hawthorne, Emerson, Agassiz? How many throughout the nation are aware of the burial place of Cyrus W. Field, whose genius linked America to Europe? As for the great men of more remote times, — the signers of the Declaration of Independence, the great commanders of the Revolution, the heroes of 1812, the leaders of the Mexican War, — general oblivion has long since settled over their graves, except in the particular localities where they are interred.

Undoubtedly there is a nobility in the unostentatious simplicity that prompts our great men to spend themselves while living for the honor of their country, and to ask nothing after death, but a narrow cell in the family burial lot. Undoubtedly there is rightful consideration of the ties of nature in the sentiment that moves the nation, while honoring the fame of an illustrious son, to permit family ties to assert themselves for the possession of the body and to claim it as theirs, rather than the treasured possession of the nation. The custom and the principle are tokens of great characteristics of a

great people, but they carry with them the loss of a magnificent opportunity, if not the neglect of a solemn duty. Unintentionally, the republic subjects itself to the charge of indifference to those whose earthly careers were part of its national glory, and this charge is not wholly removed, even when the nation raises statues to many of its eminent sons in all parts of the country.

Great men belong to the world more than to their families, and the latter should not deny the right and the privilege of a nation to confer upon its distinguished dead every honor prompted by national gratitude. It is a fact too well known to brook denial that the memory of families falters with the flow of time. It is too well proven by human experience to be gainsaid, that after the lapse of generations, tombs of great men fall into decay. How many of the world's noblest ones are buried in hopeless oblivion! Were it not for Westminster Abbey, how many of England's greatest and best were to-day sepultured in ignoble obscurity!

If family ties are paramount, go out to the bald grave of Lowell, to the untidy tomb of Agassiz, or the simple monument of Whittier, and there consider whether the memorials erected, or the care bestowed, are commensurate with the fame or the service rendered by these illustrious men. Suggestive, indeed, very suggestive of the vanity of human greatness and renown have been the funerals and the burial places of these men; but they also indicate the need in America, of some more appropriate and more enduring memorial structure for preserving the remembrance of American genius and its lessons for succeeding generations.

The idea of such a national monument is as old as human history. It is imperishably embodied in the Egyptian pyramids. It reappears in Roman history, in the Mausoleum of Augustus and the other emperors. Westminster Abbey emphasizes the idea in the most suggestive monument to human genius the world knows. France determined a century ago that she, too, must group her great men in death, and with characteristic extravagance hesitated not even at sacrilege to carry out her design. France indeed was repaid for giving to Cæsar the things that were God's, when her mobs, unconsciously acting as the instruments of retribution, scattered the dust that might honor a human temple, but was desecration to a sacred fane. France did not even then learn her bitter lesson; but there is no danger that America will repeat the error of her sister republic, for American institutions have never yet risen from the ruins of outraged religion.

The germ of the National Mausoleum is already deeply rooted in American soil. It is evident in Washington's tomb at Mt. Vernon, in the stately Mausoleum of Lincoln, in Grant's monument at Riverside, in Harvard's Memorial Hall, and in the Soldiers' monuments erected in every town and city in the land. It but needs the bringing together of the most illustrious dead into one structure which time will hallow and invest with an atmosphere of national sentiment for succeeding ages. Is the idea impracticable? If family ties or other arguments prevail against it, it need not matter. Let the structure be raised, and, if not the bodies interred, at least let the marble images of our greatest men be erected within it. Longfellow sleeps beneath a stately sar-

cophagus in Mt. Auburn ; but it is in Westminster Abbey, among kindred memorials to poetic genius, that we must look for his image erected in the Poet's Corner in 1884, by Englishmen. It is there, because there is no American Westminster, that the wreaths of laurel are yearly suspended near his bust by his own countrymen and the lovers of his poetry throughout the world.

A National Mausoleum, under whatever name it might be called, is an idea which should spread with enthusiasm throughout the country. It is an idea to inspire the greatest architectural talent of our land ; to rouse the highest fervor of the nation's orators ; to spur the action of her statesmen. There is immortality for that one of the people's representatives who carries the plan through the halls of congress. It should be erected by popular subscription, as well as by a generous appropriation from the national government. Within its precincts there could well be celebrated an annual commemoration of American genius. There, amid the eloquent memorials and above the dust of the honored dead, the nation should yearly pronounce eulogy over her sons and daughters whose abilities blossomed to fruition under the spur of American freedom, and became her glory and her pride in the eyes of all the world.

In future ages, what wealth of material would such a structure and its venerated inmates furnish the literary genius of the nation! In it the poet, the essayist, the philosopher, and the historian would find ample and brilliant inspiration. It would contain the nucleus of unwritten volumes of American history, for the lives of the men buried there, of every phase of genius, would furnish in themselves a history of the progress of the republic, for the knowledge of future millions of Amercan boys and girls. Above all things, would not such a structure result in a closer welding of all parts of the country? Such a mausoleum would essentially be the nation's greatest glory, and around the remains of her great ones, whose fame was recognized by the world, the hearts of her citizens would knit in patriotic love, increasing and intensifying patriotic devotion and pride in our country. Sentiment must not be allowed to perish from American soil. It must rather grow and solidify if our institutions are to be preserved in the divergence of interest constantly developing in the different sections of the country. Our institutions are based upon sentiment as much as upon principle, and such a structure appealing to national pride would emphasize, as nothing else can so well, the idea of the inseparable unity and brotherhood of the American people.

Where should such a memorial be placed? Where better, than in the capital of the nation itself, where assemble the envoys of the people, transacting the people's business, where the official representatives of every land are gathered, and where visitors come daily from far and near. In Washington, a National Mausoleum would rise as a living lesson to native born and to foreigner. Its significance would there be more tellingly impressed upon the world, and there it would stand forever, a token of the united love and gratitude of a free nation, an imperishable monument, "To the Illustrious Sons and Daughters of America."

"The forms of pious worshippers wending their way towards the temple."

CHRISTMAS-TIDE IN ACADIA.

BY REV. ALPHONSUS B. PARKER.

ONCE more I see it all, as I saw it in reality on many a Christmas eve gone by. The old church afire with the brilliance of lamp and taper, glowing like a monster beacon upon the summit of the hill, and against the glistening background of newly fallen snow, the forms of pious worshippers wending their way towards the temple, and looking like silhouettes in some gigantic landscape! What days of preparation were those that preceded the great feast through all the Acadian land! How the little ones chattered and dreamed of it all unceasingly! For would they not enjoy the supreme happiness of "staying up" late that blessed evening; and of walking through the lanes and roads in the very middle of the night to the church, where was cradled the Child Jesus in his humble, though in their eyes, magnificent, crêche?

And the hurry and the bustle of it all! The eager parties of young men tramping over hill and dale in search for suitable material for garlands and wreaths, robbing the young spruce trees of their growth, and bearing home in triumph the holly-berries, showing deeper red against their clinging icicles! What cleaning of old muzzle-loading guns, that mayhap had seen service inside the walls of Port Royal or Louisburg, and were now to be used in the "feu de joie" which would wake the echoes of night at the moment of the Elevation, telling to all the country-side,

and to the mariners far out to sea, that again "on account of us men and for our salvation," the wondrous Birth of Bethlehem had been renewed upon the altar.

There are many to-day throughout the length and breadth of New England, as well as outside its borders, who have wandered through the long, sweet summer days in the dreamy land of Acadia, and have drunk in all the beauties of her picturesque scenery, with the invigorating air that is borne down from her mountain-tops, and then have gone away to their homes in the busy city, without ever bestowing a thought upon the same shores and hill-tops, when icy winter holds them in her resistless grasp, and when the piercing north wind sweeps down over dyke and meadow, over hamlet and lonely farm, chilling the hearts of the wayfarers who plod the country-road, and making the "home-bodies" crouch nearer to the cheering fire-logs. Where the gentle wavelets kissed the pebbly beach and sparkled in the golden beams of the mid-day sun, there is now naught but the sullen sound of irritated waters ever dashing against the shore and spending their rage in hissing wrath upon the boulders. In the forests where softest of moss and greenest of turf spread its alluring carpet beneath the pleasure-seekers' feet, there is now but the covering of virgin snow. The melody which the breezes played through the branches of the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks" are now changed into a mad carnival of blustering winds, sweeping with mighty roar through the grim, denuded stems of our lordly forest monarchs. Yes, all is changed; even the brook, where glistening scales were sparkling in tantalizing plenty during the halcyon days of last summer's fishing, is now covered with winter's shroud; but we know by the faint murmur that comes to the ear, that there is yet life and hope for our finny friends who make their home upon its rocky bed. Over all the Acadian land has come the spell of the icy enchanter, and Christmas, the Noel of our Acadians, is at hand.

Their long summer cruisings over, the little vessels that have been tossing on the bosom of the mighty deep are now firmly anchored in the shadow of the cliffs, and from out their scanty naval gear there has been selected all that can serve to deck the House of God, and make it more worthy of the great occasion which all Christendom will salute. Flags that have floated mid the fogs of the dreaded "Banks," and that have been lowered and lifted while saluting brother mariners arriving from old France, near the rocky Isle of Miquelon; flags all patched and mended where the boisterous winds in their crazy riot have torn them asunder, are now tenderly produced from greasy lockers in the fo'castle, and give a more vivid touch of red or white to the dark green of the spruce and hemlock garlands. The "ship's lights," as they are grandiloquently called, are put into perfect order, that their glare may mark at night the windows of God's House. Away up in the steeple will their kindly glow give cheering welcome to the incoming worshipper, and crowning the cross that night has veiled, their cross of light will tell the world that the Babe of Bethlehem is still on earth. Through many a dreary watch at sea, those lights have shone with the steady rays of hope, illumining the pathless waters and giving a sense of companionship

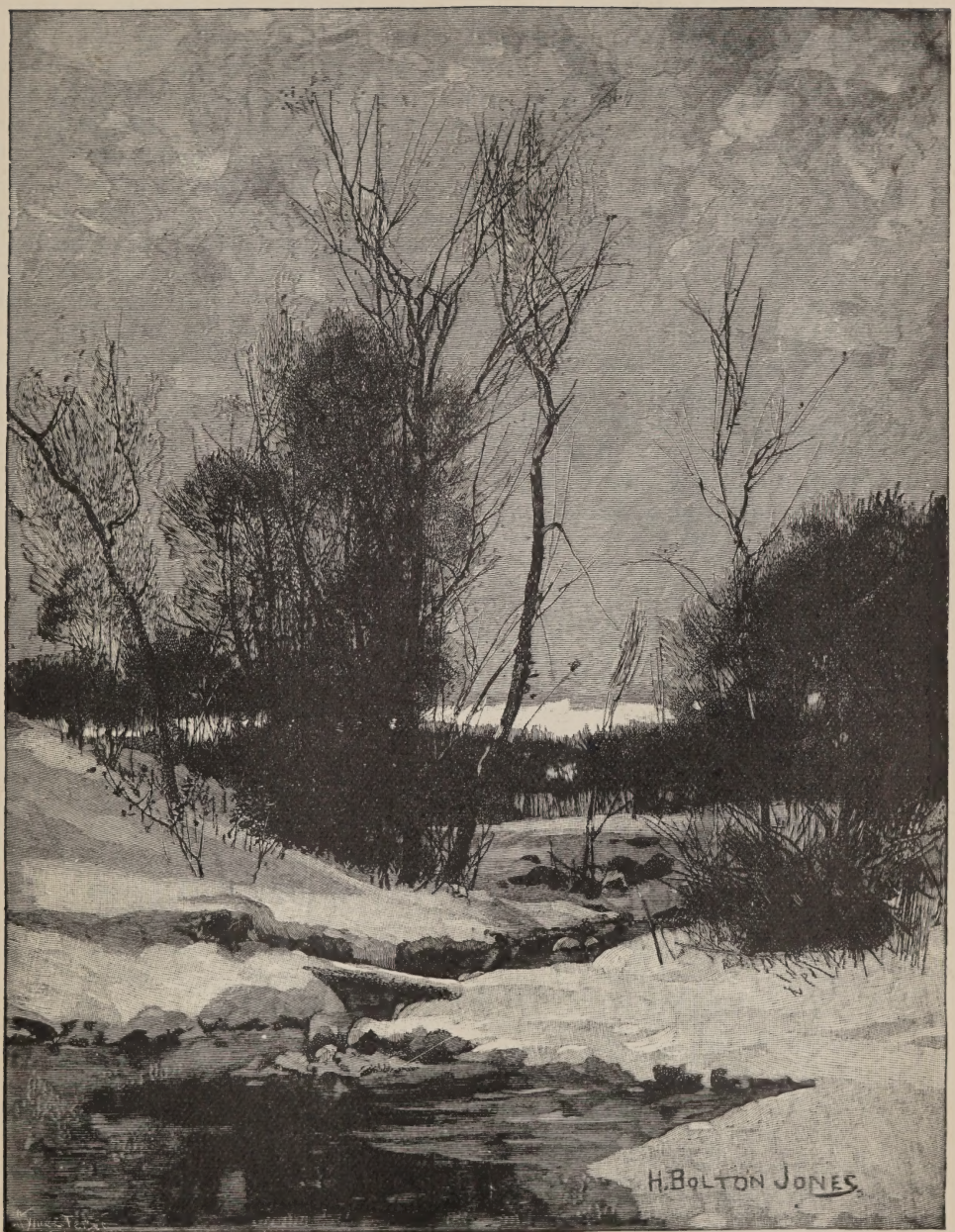
"When the North Wind Sweeps Down Over Hamlet and Lonely Farm."

to the sailor pacing the deck alone with his thoughts. Now, in the midnight gloom of a night on shore, their radiance will tell another tale, not of warning or alarm, but rather of comfort and welcome — the eternal "All's Well" of Jesus Christ — the world's Pilot.

By willing hands, then, all is decked and ready. Like a spouse awaiting her bridegroom, the old church stands waiting for the coming joys of the long-expected Christmas-tide. The organ, so long accustomed to the droning tunes of the Gradual or Introit, has been for week's rehearsing lively Noels and Cantiques, brought over from old France in the long-gone days of the Bourbons; and the village choir have practised again and again until the very notes as well as the words have become as familiar as the "Notre Père" or "Je vous salue, Marie," of the morning prayer. With a care all special in its painful anxiety, has the altar been dressed and redressed by the privileged members of the society of "Les Enfants de Marie," until its ordinarily plain surface and primitive form have been clothed in beauties which hold the children fascinated during the hours of service. No tropical plants are there — no hot-house exotics (there is no chance to give carte blanche to a fashionable florist), but it may be hoped that the humble plants in their still humbler receptacles, and the red and white paper flowers made by modest artistes, are acceptable in the sight of Him who is Lord of the daisy as well as of the orchid.

Slow and solemn, bearing the chalice of Benediction in his hands, comes the priest from out the sacristy, and to those believing fisherfolks he is all that the Church has ordained him to be, aye, and a thousand times more. The voices of the children mingle with their elders, and no choir down all the ages has ever sung with purer faith, the "Gloria" of the angels, than do those people gathered here whose fathers belonged to the red-robed army of the martyrs, and whose song is but the outcome of their hearts' deepest feelings. With rusty gun borne bravely out, it may be, into the windy inclemency of the December night, march the garde d'honneur, every man a hero in his own and in the small boy's estimation; and when the tinkling bell gives notice of Christ's second birth on earth, the deep-toned volley thrice repeated lends an added solemnity to the scene, and gives the glamour of war's panoply to the homage due the God of battles. Away over the miles of water the echoes of the mighty sound are carried, and those who are tossing on beds of suffering are strangely soothed by the distant clamor, for they dimly picture the reality of His birth to-night, who sanctified and hallowed all sorrow and misery by His coming down to man's estate.

With the sweet strains of the "Adeste Fideles" ringing in their ears, and their garments all redolent of the fumes of the incense, slowly and as if unwillingly, the vast congregation files out into the night, leaving the sights and sounds of the midnight mass behind them as a memory, but one whose recollection will ever be as a bright oasis in the desert of a hard and cheerless life. And thus the Christmas-tide of a Christian people has come and gone. The sailors in days to come, as they peer with anxious gaze through the veil of mist and fog far out at sea, will, in fancy, look upon the luminous beacon of old St. Michael's



"Over All the Acadian Land Has Come the Spell of the Icy Enchanter." p. 572.

Church; and mid the roar and tumult of the warring billows and in the ominous sound of far-off breakers, will hear again the volley which announced His coming who stilled the waves on the Judean shore. To young and to old the scene will oft again be present, and its lessons will ever be renewed, until expectation becomes certainty, and in a happier land their eyes will rest upon the eternal Godhead Himself.

Summer will come again and bring in its train the traveller and the pleasure-seeker, and all the land will grow bright and gay in the joy of returned youth and beauty, but no day among all the gladsome days of sunshine will show so bright and cheery as (strange paradox) the darksome night of Christmas. The birds, come back from their winter homes, will trill on every tree with the rapture of their songs; but the children will think them less perfect performers than their human brethren who filled the vaulted chamber of the country church with the songs of Israel during the midnight hours of Christmas. And those who are heart-weary and ladened with care will look back upon the past with fondest regret, but will also look forward with serenest hope to the future, for they know that the faith of such a people is certain to receive its reward, and that in the midst of an unbelieving world there is yet the pure and simple religion of God-fearing souls.

REFORM.

AMBROSE BEAVAN.

THO' sage and learned men may rack their brain,
The poor still suffer, and the rabid rave.
To strive by civic pow'r alone to save
Our struggling human race is all in vain;
While gen'rous souls by their own strength would gain
For all, the equal justice that they crave,
Man does his own nobility deprave,
His manhood blot with an ignoble stain.
Why search without the cause that lies within?
No law of state can guide a human mind.
Search as we will, we yet must ever find
Man's greatest enemy is man's own sin.
Since then reforms on single souls depend,
Reform the man, the state itself will mend.

A LIFE-TIME LOVE.

BY KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

Oh, I am tired of having you dead —
Tired of an anguish uncomforted.
I never get used to your empty place,
Nor cured of missing your vanished face.

For a year's young love a man mourns a year,—
You were half of my life for a life-time, dear;
And all of its sunshine, and all of its spring,
And the grace and sweetness of everything.

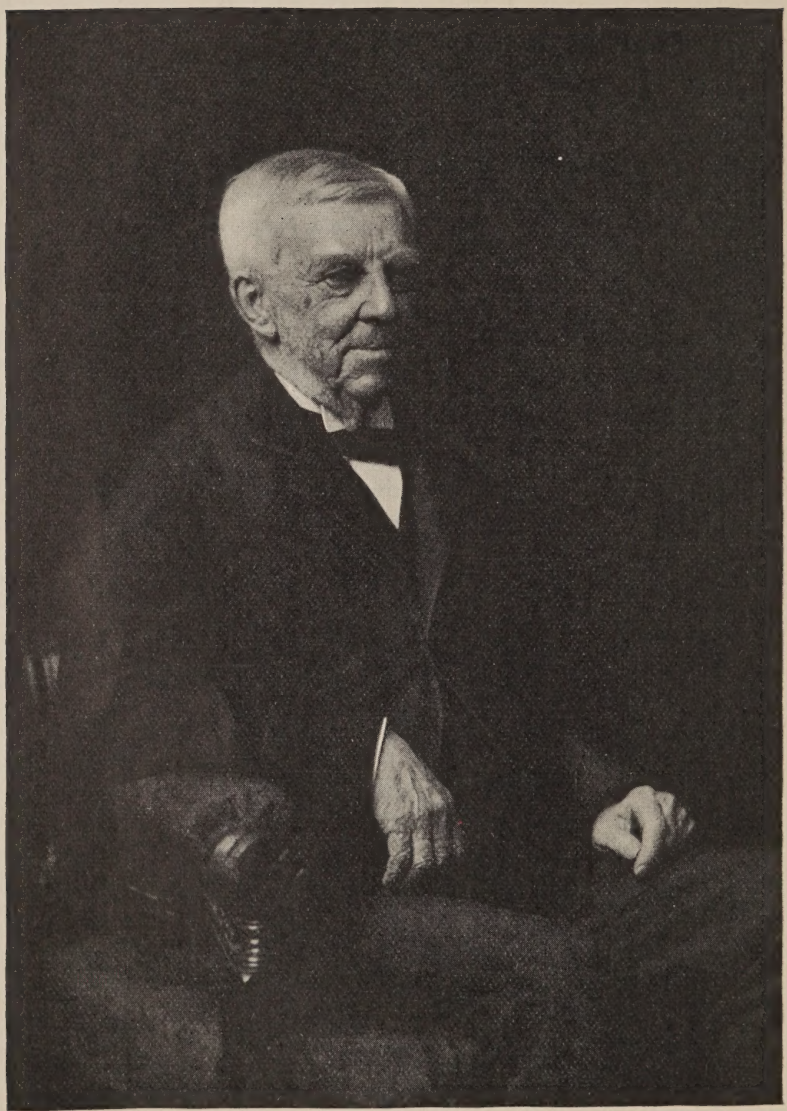
More love for the asking? old friends and new? —
Yes; but where is a friend like you?
All that woman and man can be,
Lovers and comrades and friends were we.

Did our loves begin with our lives begun?
Was there ever a day when we were not one?
Had we ever a separate hope or fear
Oh, can you, can you remember, dear?

Oh, I am tired of having you dead —
Tired of waiting the word unsaid;
Tired of the night, and tired of the day,
In the house that was Home till you went away.

Oh, life-time Love, don't you mind how we
Plighted our troth for Eternity? —
"Till Death do part us — oh, short and slight!
When Death do part us, till Death unite."

Oh, life-time Love, in your Heaven pray
That God may speed us our meeting day;
For I'm broken with sorrow uncomforted,
So tired, so tired, of having you dead.

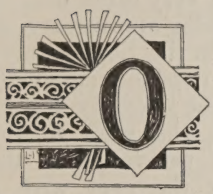


OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, IN 1893.

From a photogravure, copyrighted by A. W. Elson & Co

REMINISCENCES OF DOCTOR HOLMES.

BY WINFIELD S. NEVINS.



LIVER WENDELL HOLMES is not an easy man to describe to those who never met him. He had an individuality all his own. Those who have seen only his picture must have formed an erroneous opinion of his personal appearance. I shall never forget my own surprise on seeing him for the first time. I had always supposed, judging from his portraits, that he was a spare man, rather tall. This, I find, on asking the opinions of others as formed from his pictures, was the common impression. Dr. Holmes was a man under medium height and quite stout, not over heavy, but with a good, solid body. His head always seemed large for so short a man. He looked more the active physician than the man of letters. Certainly there was nothing pedantic about him. On first meeting him one was, I think, reminded of a bustling business man. He always had an air of business about him. It was my good fortune, as a newspaper man, to meet him in his summer home at Beverly Farms every year for eight or 10 years, on the anniversary of his birth, Aug. 29, as well as on several other occasions. These visits, I may say without assumption, finally became to him, as well as to me, more like friendly calls, than professional ones. They were, during later years, occasions of rare enjoyment, long to be remembered and treasured.

Perhaps I can write of Dr. Holmes in no better way than to speak of him as I met him from time to time on these visits. His reception of a stranger was probably illustrated in my own first call. It was in 1886, I believe, on the event of his reaching the age of 76. A fellow newspaper man accompanied me. We reached the house soon after nine o'clock, but the poet was up, had had breakfast, and was sitting in his dining-room reading the morning paper. Being shown into the library we waited only a moment, when the Doctor came bustling in, a little wheezy with asthma, but as full of life and animation as a boy. It was a cheery, but business-like, "Good-morning, gentlemen, good-morning," that greeted us as he extended his hand. "I am told that two men are lying in wait for me here." Dropping into an easy chair, and turning upon us, he began, "Well, now, gentlemen, what can I do for you? I can't stop very long with you this morning. I must have my morning exercise, for I expect a great many callers to-day and shall be very busy. You know I couldn't miss my morning constitutional for anything;" and then, without any questions being asked, he told how he always drove or walked in the forenoon and took a long drive in the afternoon. Asked if he did this on stormy days he replied: "If it storms I go out in a covered coupé. It is a very good fortress to get behind in a storm."

The Doctor seemed always to expect to be asked particularly about his health, whether the visitor were a reporter or only the ordinary caller come to "pay his respects to the foremost American of letters," as many were wont to address him. I am not quite sure but the spirit of the physician or the instructor in college still possessed him. He had no hesitancy in answering any proper questions about his health, his work, his exercise. He seemed fully to recognize the fact that he was something of a public character and that, as such, the public was privileged to know certain things about him. I really think he liked public attention and

approbation. He had good reason to expect and welcome such regard. He felt he was entitled to it; and yet, he was always modest and unassuming in speaking of himself and his work. Sincere praise of that work pleased him, and no man could detect intelligent words of approbation more quickly than he. When I told him one day of the pleasure I had found in reading his "Our Hundred Days in Europe," and that I had just finished it for the fourth time, he expressed the keenest satisfaction. He did not suppose any one cared much for the book except himself, for it was written as much as anything to please himself and a few friends. He had not, he said, looked into the book for more than a year.

I think there was not a birthday call from the 80th to the last that Dr. Holmes did not remind us all of the fact that he was born in a year of great men — 1809. "I had the honor to be born in a remarkable year," I remember hearing him say in 1892, "the same year with four of the greatest men this generation has known, — Tennyson, Gladstone, Darwin, and Lincoln, most remarkable men. How wonderful that four such men should be born in one year."

"There was a fifth whom you have not mentioned, Doctor," said some one.

"Indeed," he replied innocently. "Whom?"

"Dr. Holmes."

"No, no; I don't class myself with these men, only that like them I am an octogenarian; but I do not rank myself with them in any other respect. I just sneaked in the same year, that's all; no account any way."

He was very guarded in his remarks about great men, especially about literary men. Even when praising, it was usually in words somewhat qualified; he always guarded his language. Any one who ever talked much with him, especially newspaper men who sought to interview him, must have known at a glance that the pretended interview, published in a New York paper last August was bogus, for the Doctor would never talk so freely and unrestrained of others.

Dr. Holmes loved children dearly. They were always welcomed heartily, even affectionately, when they called on him, which they very often did. I remember one birthday anniversary, as I sat with the poet in the library, there was a commotion outside caused by 26 children from the Beverly Farms school trooping up the walk to the house. They were ushered into the library, all greeting the poet with a "Good-morning, Dr. Holmes." He welcomed each one in turn, and manifested the greatest delight in their presence. He asked their names, and had something pretty to say about their parents, all of whom he seemed to know. The children had supposed they were to surprise the Doctor; but he turned the astonishment on themselves, when he began to pass around little boxes of candy tied with pink ribbon, each box bearing a small vignette of himself. In some mysterious way he had heard of their coming and had prepared for them. On another occasion there came to his house one forenoon a nurse, bearing in her arms a tiny bit of humanity only 30 hours old, the child of one of his neighbors. "Oh, my," was the exclamation from the Doctor. And how he did talk away to that infant. Grown people had no chance with him while the "youngest caller" remained.

In all these things there was no affectation. That was something entirely foreign to the nature of Dr. Holmes. My own experience with him convinces me that he was perfectly frank in all he said and did. He would not welcome a caller and urge him to stay unless he really wished it. On the contrary, if he had any work to do, or it was time for him to go out, he would tell you that he had but a moment to spare, but he would also tell you, probably, that he was glad to see you, which would be the truth, and he would make you feel at home while you remained. Once I called when he was just going out, and I intimated that I would not detain him.

"Oh, yes," he answered; "sit down a moment, my man can wait. Just look at that basket of flowers. Are they not beautiful? and you must see this nautilus shell, all the way from California. It is very beautiful. Those are a few lines of my own painted on the side, I believe."

"That was your favorite poem, I think, Doctor, was it not?"

"Oh, well, perhaps it was as good as any of them. Yes, I think I like it myself as well as any."

From first to last his conversation was of the nature of the Autocrat,—full of wit and wisdom combined. You laughed while he was saying what seemed like funny things, and after you got away, and began to think over what he had said, you were amazed at the wisdom pervading it all. Dr. Holmes never monopolized conversation, no matter who might be his companion for the time being. He did his share of the talking, but gave a visitor an opportunity to talk, also. His conversation was unlike that of Whittier. Holmes thought and spoke like a flash; there was no hesitancy. Whittier, on the other hand, thought rather slowly in his later years, but spoke quite quickly. I remember particularly talking with him one day, soon after the death of Lowell. During our conversation he would often not utter a word for a minute; then he would speak, and the sentences came abruptly, yet gently. After this would follow another pause while his mind thought out a new idea for expression.

I have spoken of Dr. Holmes' habit of driving at least once every day, and sometimes twice. During his first few years at Beverly Farms, he took his morning exercise, of an hour or so, on foot. If the roads were in fairly good condition, he would walk towards Manchester, or up to Prides Crossing, or down on the beach, but if the roads were bad, he would go over to the railway station, and tramp back and forth on the concrete walk. The last year or two he exercised but little on foot while at Beverly, preferring rather to drive for an hour or so in the morning. His afternoon drive was never omitted. Neither weather nor callers deterred him. These afternoon trips covered a wide range of country, but the favorite one was to Essex, where he could talk with the famous "hungry man," and gaze at his favorite "big tree," thence home by way of Wenham and North Beverly. After the death of his daughter, Mrs. Sargent, the Doctor almost invariably rode alone, and the horses were allowed to jog along at their own pace. The poet-physician sat back in the open carriage, occasionally shielding himself from the sun with an umbrella or big black fan.

On Aug. 29, 1893, his last birthday but one, late in the afternoon, just as the last caller was leaving him, I called upon the Doctor to learn something of how the day had been passed. He was alone in the library. I told him I knew he must be tired. "Yes, just a little," he replied; "but put up your paper and pencil and sit down a few moments. Pull a chair up to the fire, it's a little chilly." It had been a dull day. A cold, driving easterly storm had raged all day long, and as I had approached the house the wind shook the woodbine leaves and drove the rain across the piazza and against the windows in fitful, spiteful gusts. The gloom of the coming night was already stealing across the room. A bright fire blazed on the hearth, the only cheery thing about us at the time, for even the poet was in a gloomy mood. Only once before had I seen him in that state. He talked, but the conversation was not enlivened by his usual flow of wit. He was in a reminiscent mood. Within a comparatively short time Lowell, Whittier, Curtis, and Parsons had passed away, and he alluded affectionately to each in turn, remarking almost mournfully how he was now left alone. He talked much of Whittier. "I had been on terms of intimacy with Whittier," he said, "for 10 or 20 years. My acquaintance with him dated from the starting of the Atlantic Monthly in 1857. Quite often," he said, "when Whittier was at

Oak Knoll, Danvers, I drove over to see him, and we spent many pleasant hours together. His was a beautiful character. Whittier began before I did, and has written later; for his poem to me, in the September Atlantic, is later than anything I have written."

Some time before this, on the occasion of the death of George William Curtis, I had driven down to the Farms to ask Dr. Holmes to talk about Curtis for publication. He begged to be excused because he was not feeling well himself that day, and because the sad news I had brought to him had unfitted him to speak as he would wish. But this afternoon he talked about Curtis with little reserve. Especially did he dwell on Curtis' devotion to the cause of good government and civil service reform. His literary style he compared to that of Addison or Steele. It was on this evening that Dr. Holmes remarked that he now felt all the things he had written about growing old, and realized his advancing years when one of his birthday anniversaries arrived. With the exception of this evening, when he discoursed on his loneliness, and the day he was told of the death of Curtis, I do not remember ever to have seen him other than cheerful and full of life.

His love of nature is known to all. Those who saw him in summer when enjoying the rare beauties of the North Shore and the country round were more distinctly aware of this devotion. Every big tree within 10 or 15 miles of his summer home, he knew better than the houses. Big and handsome elms were his pride. The largest tree in his "collection," until 1891, was one in Essex that measured more than 12 feet at the base. When, in 1891, he found at North Beverly another one exceeding 15 feet he was as pleased as an astronomer would have been at the discovery of a new star. Dr. Holmes was unselfish about the glory of discovering these trees; he always shared the credit with his driver. With him it was almost always, "My driver and I have found such and such a tree." "My driver and I can tell at a glance whether a tree is 12 feet or not. We do not measure anything less than that. Of course there are many fine trees among the smaller ones but they are not worth measuring."

The two might often be seen gazing up at one of their favorite trees. Not infrequently the team would stop, the Doctor would alight and take from his pocket a tape measure. Then handing one end to the driver, they would wind it around the tree until they met on the opposite side. He had only one favorite tree under the regulation size. That was an elm on Woodbury hill in Hamilton which he "discovered" last July. It was a trifle under 12 feet in circumference, but Dr. Holmes declared it to be the handsomest and most shapely elm top he had ever known.

The baskets of flowers brought him were always most delightful tokens. "Like one of Zola's heroines," he once remarked, "I am in danger of being smothered in flowers." Those who have read Dr. Holmes' "Our Hundred Days in Europe," will remember the interest he manifested in the flowers and the trees of England. He says in the book: "It is wonderful to note how people will lie about big trees. There must be as many as a dozen trees, each of which calls itself the largest tree in New England. In my younger days, when I never travelled without a measuring-tape in my pocket, it amused me to see how meek one of the great swaggering elms would look when it saw the fatal measurer begin to unreel itself. It seemed to me that the leaves actually trembled as the inexorable band encircled the trunk in the smallest place it could find, which is the only safe rule."

Dr. Holmes lived at Beverly Farms some 15 years, occupying the house on Valley street, the last one he lived in, since 1886. This house is a modest two-story structure, with French roof, and stands a few rods from the street. The piazza on three sides is embowered in woodbine during the summer months. The out-look to the

south is over the harbor and bay, and at night the poet could see the twin lights on Baker's island, the single beacon on Marblehead Neck, and the lights at the entrance of Boston harbor. Geraniums, nasturtiums, and tiger lilies were evidently his favorites, for they were the principal flowers grown in his garden. Almost opposite his library rises an abrupt ledge to a height of 10 or 12 feet. Near the base is a seat carved by nature. It is some four feet long, a foot in depth, and just a comfortable height from the ground. Around it, in summer, climb the bright nasturtiums, and here the Doctor was frequently to be seen reading, or meditating on some wise or witty saying to be later dictated to his secretary. As he sat there in his venerable dignity, sometimes looking off over the country, or out to sea, and again apparently sleeping, he seemed, indeed, like one who had completed his task, and was only "waiting." As I saw him thus one September afternoon, I could but recall his own lines: —

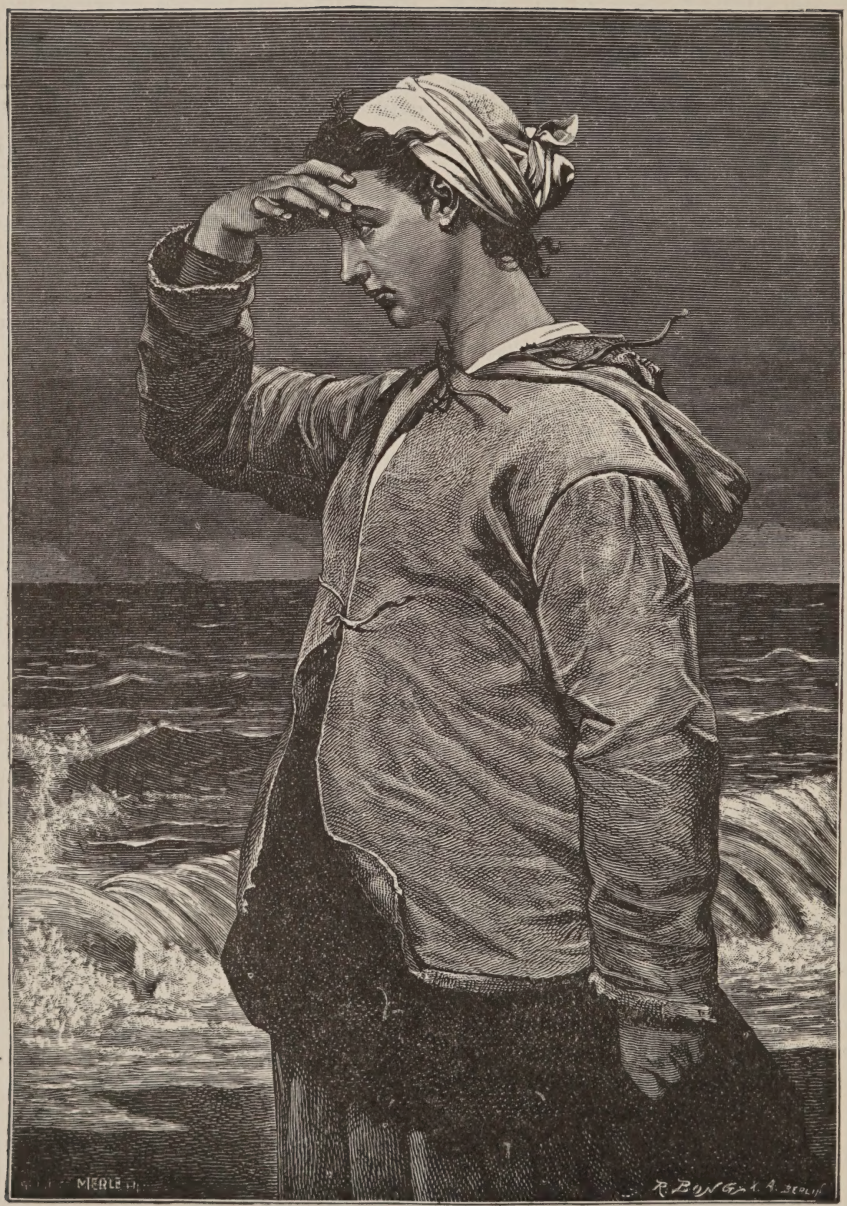
> And if I should live to be
> The last leaf on the tree
> In the spring,
> Let them smile as I do now,
> At the old forsaken bough
> Where I cling.

He did, indeed, live to be "the last leaf upon the tree," for Longfellow, Bryant, Emerson, Curtis, Lowell, Whittier, Parsons, all left before him.

He was a man of most liberal instincts, and frequently gave expression to such sentiments in conversation, when speaking on general topics. His writings breathe the same spirit of liberality toward all mankind. To him all men were brothers of a common humanity. He carried to England no narrow provincialisms, although his life had been spent almost entirely within the small domain of New England, and he brought home a heart filled to overflowing with kindly feelings toward the mother country. I have heard him express the keenest regret that he did not feel able to travel further and see more on that trip abroad in 1886. Especially did he regret his inability to visit Ireland. He would, he said, so much have enjoyed a chance to study the Irish character in its home. He used to wonder whether it were true that the wit there was keener, or more brilliant, than that we encountered in America; whether contact with our Yankee east-winds and cold natures tended to blunt it.

He has taken his departure from the summer home that knew him so well, and from that world to which he contributed so much sunshine. His idea that "the twelfth septennial period is one of the natural boundaries of life," is verified in his own death. He had little more than a year of "a prodigal's indulgence," as he termed the extent of a man's life beyond 84. But, though dead, may we not say of him, as Lucy Larcom said of Whittier? —

> Still sings he, while the year grows gray,
> From inner warmth no snows can chill:
> Spring breathes through his December lay;
> His song might waken bird and rill.
>
> Neither can poet die, nor bird;
> To life, forever, both belong;
> Before his human heart we bend,
> Far nobler than his noblest song.



THE CHANGING SEA.

THE CHANGING SEA.

D. O'KELLY BRANDEN.

GLOOM.

I stood by the sea when the waves rolled high,
And I heard but the moan of the billow
As it rose, like a mount in the distant sky,
Then broke o'er the sea with a plaintive sigh,
Ere it sank to rest
On a rolling crest,
Like a giant on his mountain pillow.
And my soul was sad; for hope had fled,
And darker seemed the morrow,
And I thought it were better to be of the dead
Than live here, haunted by fear and dread;
And rest from the deep
In unending sleep
'Neath its sheltering waves, to borrow!

GLEAM.

I stood by the sea when its breast was calm,
And it shone with a gleam of splendor
As its bosom rose like the waving palm,
And its murmur came like a soothing balm:
As if each swell
The love would tell
Of the kissing wavelets tender!
And my soul was glad with heavenly joy,
That made the future brighter.
For it spoke of peace without alloy,
Which naught but sin could e'er destroy.
And I saw that life
Was not all strife,
And my soul, for the sight, was lighter.

THE PULPIT.

BY REV. JOHN CONWAY, A. M.

THE pulpit admits the highest form of eloquence. Its pathos is an appeal to the noblest passions; it should never permit itself to be degraded by arousing the dormant demon who lurks in the dark caverns of the human heart. Forensic and parliamentary oratory deal with things earthly and realistic; but the sphere of the pulpit is spiritual and idealistic, reaching from earth to heaven. Others preach strife; the pulpit preaches peace. Its direct and God-like object is to save men's souls, and, as a consequence, to preach the removal of any obstacle which may lie in the path of the attainment of this object. Its divine commission covers the whole world: "Go, ye, . . . and teach all nations."

The Catholic pulpit has some drawbacks in that its preachers are at times overworked in the confessional; that their energies are overtaxed by the ceaseless strain of having to pay pressing parochial debts; that now and then excessive duties leave them little time for preparation; that not rarely they have to preach when the day is well on, and nature almost exhausted from fasting and from work. On the other hand it has advantages in that its subjects are of the highest dignity and importance; that its audiences hunger for the preacher's words; that the speaker preaches a heaven-given religion; and that he has no doubt in, and no hesitancy as to, the truth of the defined doctrines of his Church.

I am not sure that the American pulpit is declining. Its efficacy is not marred by the too studied coldness of the English pulpit; its intelligence is not befogged by the excessive warmth of the Irish pulpit; its sincerity is not made questionable by the too stately sentences of the court and courtly preachers of France.

As the Frenchman Taine has written the best history of English literature, so the Englishman Bryce has given us the best book on the social institutions of the United States. Professor Bryce thinks that though our forensic oratory is neither higher nor lower than that of England; though congress affords a less favorable opportunity for oratory than similar assemblies in Europe; though a common American defect is a turgid and inflated eloquence, — still pulpit oratory is higher here than in England. We of to-day miss the generous scholarship of Bishop England, the fiery and fearless tone of Archbishop

Hughes, the fascinating word-pictures of Henry Ward Beecher, and the manly notes of Phillips Brooks. But there are yet with us the chaste eloquence of Archbishop Hennessy, the emotional oratory of Archbishop Ryan, the cyclonic thought of Archbishop Ireland, the classic style of Bishop Spalding, the pulpit grace of Dr. Stafford, of Baltimore, the timely attractiveness of Father Cleary, of Minneapolis, and the finished pulpit oratory of Dr. O'Gorman, of the Catholic University.

THE GREAT MODEL.

Do we want to study a theological classic we look to the learned pages of Thomas Aquinas; do we desire to devote an hour to a spiritual classic, we think of Thomas à Kempis; do we wish to revel in an unquestioned English classic we pick up a volume of Shakespere. The sermons of Christ are the classics of the pulpit. He is the great pastoral Preacher, the pulpit Orator of the universe, the expressional side of the Divine Essence. It is thought that the people of His day applied the very title of orator to Him, and the Greek word logos, which then meant thought or expression or both, would seem to bear this out. At all events he is the highest soul-force the world has ever witnessed, and perfect oratory is a phrase synonymous with the most abundant soul-force. Why did His preaching call forth the compliment, "Never man spake like this man"? Why did mobs of poor peasants from Palestine follow Him from city to city? They did not know that He was God. Look at the snatches of His sermons as reported by the Evangelists; note their chief characteristic, and you will find an answer to the questions I have proposed.

The chief feature of the style of Christ's sermons is popularity. He makes much use of parables. He uses them for the purpose of illustrating some sacred truth, and consequently introduces the clearest and simplest kind. The facts mentioned in the parables were of frequent occurrence among the people to whom these narratives were addressed. The story of the net and the fishes could be well appreciated by His audience of fishermen; agriculturists would easily prize the anecdotes of the sower, of the cockle, and of the mustard seed; sheep farmers could not miss the point of the parable of the good shepherd; housewives would be quick to give its full value to the narrative of the leaven; and laborers would lend their ears to the tale of the wages paid the workers in the vineyard. The whole tone and trend of Christ's sermons goes to show that the oratory of the pulpit must be popular; that sermons must be suited to the capacity of the audience; that religion must be translated into language which the people can readily understand. But we must not attach a wrong meaning to the word "popular." The sermons of Bossuet and of Bourdaloue were preached for a royal audience. Doubtless the stately grace of these discourses did not make them unpopular for the audience to whom they were addressed.

When writing one's sermon the writer should people his study with his own congregation; he should write his discourse in the presence of his flock. There is a distinction between low and lowly; and popularity does not mean vulgarity. Hear Cardinal Manning on this point. His Eminence writes: "No mistake is greater than to think that to speak of God and of divine things in low lan-

guage brings truth nearer to the minds of the poor or of the uneducated. No words are more elevated and none more intelligible to the multitude than the language of the four Gospels. Low words generate low thoughts; words without reverence destroy the veneration of the human mind. When man ceases to venerate he ceases to worship. Extravagances, exaggeration, and coarseness are dangers incident to all popular preachers, and these things easily pass into a strain which shocks the moral sense and deadens the instincts of piety."

St. Francis de Sales and St. Liguori unite in condemning select language and sounding periods. Sound without sense should be banished from the pulpit as well as from the platform. But there is no necessity for emphasizing the condemnation of a too fastidious form of speech in a country where very few seminaries give a systematic course of vernacular literature to its Levites. It must never be forgotten that not only grammatical accuracy, but the qualities of style and the graces of rhetoric should always find a home in the pulpit.

SUBJECTS.

There is not a great question in the whole course of dogmatic theology which cannot be popularized. I do not leave out of this statement even the dark and difficult doctrine of the Trinity, except the precise point wherein the mystery consists. If sermons on these subjects fail to be popular, it is not because of the subjects, but because of faulty treatment.

While the great questions of Christian dogma and Christian morality clamor for discussion, each country has its own peculiar needs. In Spain and Ireland Catholics have little contact with other denominations, and the result is that they care little for dogmatic sermons, while their souls yearn for the warm glow of perfervid pulpit oratory. In this country the Catholic meets all manner of religions; here, "why" and "wherefore" are constantly on men's lips. Hence, the necessity for presenting the intellectual side of Christianity; hence, the desirability that our pulpits should be chairs of popular theology. Catholics may as well make up their minds that the only form of Christianity capable of prospering at present amid the jarring elements and the complex interests of the day, and in spite of the reckless raillery of arrant agnosticism, is that which puts forward the most intellectual side. Christianity is not strengthened by a falsehood, and needs no propping up by a lie. Tell the whole truth. If you show its divine side, you need make no apology for its human side. The preacher has no right to pass off counsels for precepts, nor to proclaim the duties of the few as the duties of the many, nor to publish as an article of Catholic faith that which is certainly not so, or at least is only doubtfully so. Do you think those preachers and pressmen who tried to persuade their people that the Encyclicals on the condition of labor and on the Scriptures are infallible pronouncements, have benefited Christianity by their utterances? Their interested or mistaken zeal is no tribute of loyalty to the Holy Father, and is an unsightly excrescence upon the intelligent body corporate of Christians. Dogmatic discourses should show the people that the articles of their faith rest upon irrefragable proofs, and should give, and keep alive, and foster, at least a working certi-

tude for their belief. I am not advocating an appeal to the intellect alone; I am merely laying stress upon the faculty which modern modes of thought most call into action. For however highly the intellect may be developed it must not be forgotten that men have imaginations to be awakened and passions to be persuaded.

Newman, in his "Essays on University Subjects," says that a great author is one who has something to say and knows how to say it. The same may be said of a great preacher. But the "something to say" and the "how to say it" sum up everything — the thought, the form, the delivery.

Every nation has its besetting sin. The national sin of the United States is injustice. Thoughtful Americans have noticed this with pain, and observant foreigners have commented upon it. The Rev. Richard Clarke, an English Jesuit, called attention to this vice some years ago; Henry Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, notices it in his lecture on "Money and Morals"; even the rough old poet, Walt Whitman, though deserving of scant consideration on ethical questions, could not help raising his voice against this far-reaching sin. Every one who is not a Rip Van Winkle sees appallingly numerous examples of injustice arise around him; he sees the shocking spectacle of men joining churches in order to have increased opportunities of robbing their neighbors; he hears men boast that because the law of the land cannot reach them, therefore they are not bound to pay their just debts. Yet I have never heard or read in the United States, a sermon setting forth the glorious theology of Justice and Right; and the American pulpit ignores the command, "Thou shalt not steal," as completely as if it did not belong to the Decalogue. The confessional reaches some cases of restitution; but the pulpit should press the multitude to be shrived.

Nor should the sphere of the pulpit be restricted to spiritualities alone. Preachers should take an interest in man's human welfare. There is applied Christianity just as there is applied geometry, applied mathematics, applied physics. Any obstacle standing in the way of this application should be removed, and such a hindrance is a suitable subject for the pulpit. It is idle to offer Christian truths to minds distracted by a ceaseless struggle to eke out a bare existence. To the average wage-earner, it is a strong motive of the credibility of Christianity to see his pastor striving to advance the workman's human interests. We must not be blind to the necessity of preparing nature as a groundwork for grace to work upon. Tell me not that despairing poverty and excessive wealth are not sin-producers. The thoughtful editor of The Cosmopolitan asks the following pertinent question: "What pastor in any great city can put his hand on the causes of the sins that are taken to the confessional or kept out of it, and not say that fully one half of these sins come from frightful poverty, or an over-abundance of wealth, or from efforts to escape the one or acquire the other?" But "Good sense, the fountain of the muse's art," we must not preach on mere politics; the decorum of the pulpit must not be destroyed; and we must not make room for intellectual foppery, because it is just as censurable as social foppery. However I need not dwell upon this

aspect of the subject, for the whole tendency of the Catholic pulpit is to err in the opposite direction, and I can well afford to leave to obscurantists and to obstructionists, to the jealous rather than to the zealous, to the cowardly prudent rather than to the manly wise, the odious because needless and injurious work of warning us against preaching mere naturalism, of putting the temporal before the eternal, of building a supernatural religion upon a natural basis. These men go on harping on how independent the Church of God is of human aid; but they are seemingly oblivious of the obvious distinction that whilst the divine part of the Church of God is independent of human aid, the enormous human part enjoys no such independence. Let us leave those men of darkness to their fate. The "safe man" pounds the pulpit in forceful exposition of the qualities of glorified bodies; the "prudent man" waxes eloquent over the sexlessness of the beatified; the eloquence of both classes wanes when there is question of removing those human obstacles which prevent the poor from seeing the fatherhood of God.

SOURCES.

Sometimes clergymen preach because they must. They preach, not because they have something to say, but because they must say something. Now what are the chief sources of sermonic information? I have no hesitation in saying that a priest's professional knowledge holds the first place. The clergyman who knows his theology well, and is able to popularize it, is seldom hard up for a sermon. For questions of penology, public ethics, philanthropy, and such like, he will have to look to his general reading, and to the popular treatises published on such subjects. Next to theology comes a kindred source — the Sacred Scriptures. Men whose mission is to preach the word of God should read and study the word of God. Pope Leo writes: "Those whose duty it is to handle Catholic doctrine before the learned or the unlearned will nowhere find more ample matter or more abundant exhortation, whether on the subject of God, the Supreme Good and the All-perfect Being, or of the works which display His glory and His love. . . . Those preachers are foolish and improvident, who, in speaking of religion, and proclaiming the things of God, use no words but those of human science and human prudence, trusting to their own reasonings rather than to those of God. . . . All those who have a right to speak are agreed that there is in the Holy Scripture an eloquence that is wonderfully varied, and worthy of great themes. . . . This is confirmed by the best preachers of all ages, who have gratefully acknowledged that they owed their repute chiefly to the assiduous use of the Bible."

Scriptural studies in relation to the pulpit are not attractive to men who during their seminary life pay little attention to the study of the sacred volume. I am not finding fault with the hard-working, noble-hearted priests of the United States; my plaint is against those who refuse to see to it that priests during their student days receive such a training in scriptural studies as will develop a real desire for more knowledge of the Word of God. Young men who receive a good training in Scripture during their student life, leave the seminary with a fund of the richest lore for the sphere of sacred oratory Colonel Ingersoll has been travelling

all over the country this many a year delivering his lecture on the "Mistakes of Moses." Few Christian pulpits have attempted to answer him. The pompous way of treating him with silent contempt will not do, for he is the best known and most dangerous agnostic in the whole world. He is not a great biblical scholar. Conclusive answers, general and specific, can be given to all his objections. The cause of the silence of the Christian pulpit must be sought for in some source other than that of his being beneath the preacher's notice.

Nor should the reading of the Bible be set aside on the flimsy plea that our vernacular version is not good English. The English of the Douai and Rheims versions is not as idiomatic as that of the King James' Bible; but the thought is more accurately adhered to. I know that a better translation than our present English version is desirable, for the latter one has some obscurities, some ungrammatical sentences, some violations of style, and some sentences which convey no meaning whatever. Yet with all these blemishes, such are its transcendent beauties that the Douai version is an invaluable book even from the standpoint of English literature. For my part I have no hesitation in extending to it the words which Carlyle wrote of King James's version, namely, that "in all the world there is no such book beside, for the cottage window or the statesman's closet, the poet's instance or the orator's pattern, or the help of man, or the inspiration of a race." While theology and Sacred Scripture are the two great sources of subject-matter for sermons, all branches of learning and literature may in a greater or less degree be pressed into the sacred service of the pulpit. Why should not the selected and suitable gems of our great poets be made use of? Yet I have hardly ever heard Shakespere quoted in the pulpit. St. Thomas Christianized pagan philosophy and used it to help out Christianity; the fitting thought and glowing words of great writers might be baptized and used for the adornment of the Christian pulpit. The study of Shakespere, with his vocabulary of 14,000 words, and of Milton, with his vocabulary of 8,000 words, and of Newman, with his matchless style, and of Tennyson, with his finished phrasing, would so enrich a preacher's style as to make him feel that the English language is the most glorious ever uttered, and the most powerful ever penned.

LABOR.

When you see a priest going to a book of sermons for subject-matter, you may take it for granted that he does not make much preparation. The great classics of the pulpit should be read, not so much for the matter they contain, as for the thought they suggest, the form they enrich, the enthusiasm they evoke, and the passion they promote.

The preacher who does not prepare his sermons is a hireling. A sermon is generally worth the labor it costs a man to get it ready. The best sermon preached by any given pulpit orator is that to which he has given most preparation. The priest who boasts that he preaches without previous thought insults the intelligence of his hearers. The professor, be he ever so learned, who, without proximate preparation undertakes to teach an important class, is a negligent preceptor. The priest who prides himself upon being able to

fill out half an hour in the pulpit without previous study may have a glib tongue but he spreads no light. There is a world of difference between extempore preaching and preaching without preparation. A man may preach well extempore; he is sure to preach ill if he gets into the pulpit without preparation. As rhetoricians understand the terms, the only difference between an extempore sermon and a fully prepared discourse is that in the former there is no preliminary arrangement of phrases. The same previous study of the subject is necessary, the same preparation of the plan of the discourse, the same rough sketch or outline; everything is the same up to the point of writing out in full and committing the very words to memory. Passing over for the present the few rare geniuses who appear upon the horizon of the pulpit once perhaps in a century, the best prepared sermon is that which is written out in full and well committed to memory. Unfortunately most of us think we are the exceptional geniuses and act accordingly. The preacher who does not memorize his sermon fails to exercise the amount of labor upon his work which the dignity and efficiency of the pulpit demand. I have heard Bishop Spalding — the ablest thinker and the most accomplished writer of the American episcopate — spoil an otherwise admirable sermon by reading it. He read it well. The reading of sermons is an English custom and a bad one. It chills the audience, and kills that warmth which is a chief characteristic of pulpit eloquence. Perhaps it promotes grammatical accuracy; certainly it ruins those passionately powerful periods having for their object the persuasion of the multitude. The pulpit of France has been the best in Christendom, but the great French preachers would have scorned the indolence or the misapprehension from either of which springs the sloth of not memorizing. A discourse that is read does not come hot and hissing from the heart, and occasional warmth leaves ample room for even the strongest shafts shot from the keenest intellect.

"It reads well" is not the standard to apply to a sermon unless you understand by the phrase that it reads well from a sermonic standpoint. The style of a sermon is not the same as the style of a book. The former may be often generously copious; the latter is best when it is as concise as clearness permits. One may as well find fault with a woman for not having the brain of a man, or with a race-horse for not being a dray-horse, as to criticise a sermon because it does not conform to all the canons of a composition intended merely to be read.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The question of wit and humor in relation to the pulpit is brought up from time to time. Both are species of beauty, it is true, but ornaments must be worn in their proper place. Wit and humor in the pulpit seem to me to be a violation of that quality of style, known as appropriateness. Men who want to be amused will repair to a hall to hear the raillery of an Ingersoll, or to those low-class theatres which give performances on Sunday evenings. The pulpit cannot successfully compete with the theatre or the platform for the laurels of wit and humor. I do not say that a brilliant sally may never be effective; but I am not considering exceptions, and, at all events, wit, to have even a

semblance of toleration in the pulpit, must be tempered like a Damascus blade. Monsabre fell in the estimation of his admirers when he made his audience titter in the middle of a Good Friday sermon. Men like Henry Ward Beecher and Dean Swift took liberties in the pulpit which would have been ruinous to the average preacher. "My dear hearers," said the gloomy Dean, "there are four kinds of pride — pride of birth, pride of fortune, pride of beauty, and pride of intellect. I will speak to you of the first three; as to the fourth, I shall say nothing of that, there being no one among you who can possibly be accused of this reprehensible fault." Perhaps Dr. South went as far as he dared, when, preaching before the court circle of Charles II., and addressing Lord Lauderdale he said: "My Lord, I am very sorry to interrupt your repose; but I beg of you not to snore quite so loud, lest you awaken his Majesty." I do not see what spiritual benefit the following specimen of pulpit humor could have conferred: "A dance is a circular motion. The motion of the devil is circular, therefore, a dance is the motion of the devil." The pulpit should outlaw wit and humor, pun and extravaganza, burlesque and caricature.

LENGTH OF A SERMON.

Those writers on sacred rhetoric, who tell us that a sermon must not be too long and must not be too short, can hardly be congratulated on conveying very satisfactory information; and yet their warning is almost as useful as that of St. Alphonsus who descends to particulars. This great moralist says that Lenten sermons should not exceed an hour, that Sunday discourses should not occupy more than three quarters, and that parochial instructions should not be longer than half an hour. No fixed rule can be laid down: it is better to be too short than too long; better to err by defect than by excess. The preacher must rely upon his good sense to keep him from extremes. As far as regulating the length of a sermon by the clock is concerned, one may as well try to regulate the height of a man by rule. Some men are handsome and well-proportioned at six feet two, some at a much smaller size. Some sermons are too long be they ever so short. As a rule when a sermon is too long, it is for some other reason than the length of time taken in delivering it.

PUBLISHING SERMONS.

The secular press of the United States publishes more sermons than the secular press of any other country. In fact, it is the only press in the whole world which makes a regular feature of Sunday sermons for Monday's papers. This is one of the many evidences of Christianity in our public life, and, by all means, should be promoted. It is trite to say that a preacher, be his voice ever so stentorian, and his opportunities ever so favorable, cannot reach through the pulpit anything like the enormous audience he may reach through the press. By the publication of sermons the two greatest forces of the age — the pulpit and the press — are made concomitant. Protestant clergymen avail themselves of the courtesy of the free press of America to put their sermons before the public; why should not the Catholic clergy do likewise? The American press does not discriminate against this or that denomination; it goes on

the principle that extracts from sermons are news, and it treats them as such. I do not advocate the publication of whole sermons, because this is not feasible either for an accommodating press or for the coveted readers. Whole sermons are read only by the preacher himself and by a few sickly devotees. Well-made extracts are welcomed in the newspaper offices, and are sure to be read by a large and varied constituency. I do not speak disparagingly of truth societies, but I do think, that the generous secular press of the United States might be made a perennial truth society. I know well that the priests who start this movement must stand such criticisms as "it is an excellent idea if the right kind of sermons were published"; or that this, that, and the other priest "are not the men to represent us in the Monday morning papers." These and similarly vague, dull, universal objections are almost always raised against an intelligent movement, and sometimes they are the offspring of a pretended prudence or of an unworthy jealousy. This, however, may be true that the man who is not sterling enough to pursue his course, regardless of annoying criticisms, has not ability enough to write a sermon suitable for publication.

There is no danger that the press, be it ever so honest and able and honorable, will encroach upon the province of the pulpit. The sphere of each is different. The generous secular press of this country will always aid the pulpit in spreading light. No matter what hearty co-operation the pulpit may receive, no matter how perfect the press may become, nothing can ever supply the subtle charm of the human voice in its ardent promulgation of sacred truth.

A GALAXY OF CATHOLIC SCIENTISTS.

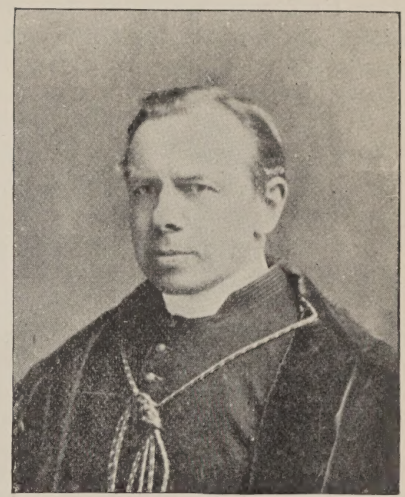
REV. J. A. ZAHM, C. S. C.

IN the November number of this magazine, I gave a short outline of the history of the International Catholic Scientific Congress, and indicated briefly the object of the organization. I recounted some of the successes which have thus far attended its undertakings, and referred casually to its future plans and prospects.

In the present paper I purpose dwelling more at length on the actual work accomplished by the Brussels Congress, and giving a few photographic views of its active promoters and more prominent representatives. As will be seen, all of them are men who have long since achieved distinction in the world of science. Many, indeed, are to-day in the fore-front of the respective branches which they have cultivated with such éclat, but, strange as it may appear, few, outside of their immediate friends and acquaintances know that they are Catholics. So far, little or nothing has been written about them or their achievements, as "it is not the custom in Europe to write about great men until after their death."

For the present I must content myself with making a selection from the many distinguished men who assembled at Brussels, and of whom all have deserved well of science and the Church.

But here I am confronted with another difficulty — the difficulty of making a proper choice among so many — of selecting those in whom my readers will be most interested. I can speak of only a few, and must



MGR. ABBELOOS,
Honorary President of the Congress.

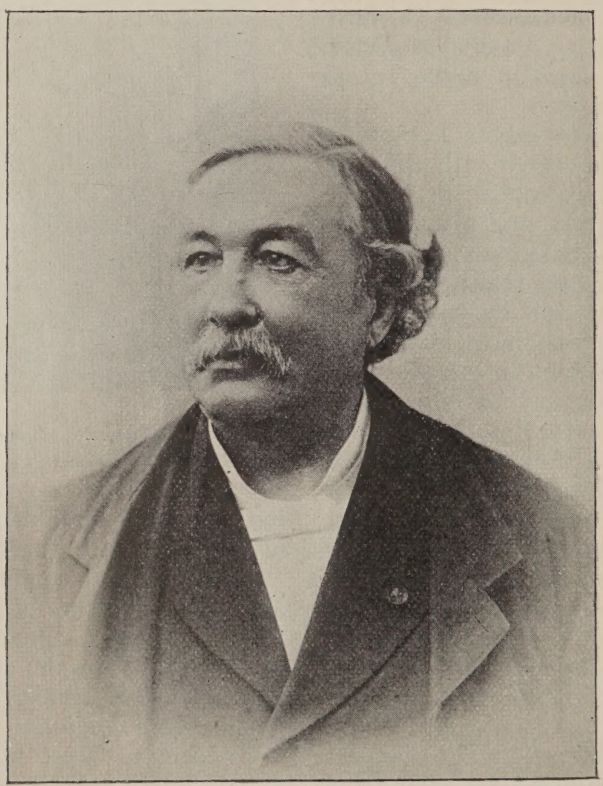
limit my appreciations of the work done by each to but a few words.

Preparatory to commencing their labors the members of the congress assisted at mass, celebrated at 8.30 A. M., Sept. 4, in the chapel of the College of St. Louis, by his Eminence, Mgr. Goosens, the Cardinal Archbishop of Mechlin, and the primate of Belgium. Immediately after mass the active work of the congress was begun in the various sections which held their sessions in the large and commodious class-rooms of the college. These had been specially prepared for the reception of the visiting scientists, and were tastefully decorated with flowers

and the flags of all the civilized nations of the world. The formal opening of the congress, however, did not take place until 11 o'clock. At this hour all the members assembled in the spacious and magnificent hall of the Palais des Académies, to listen to an allocution by Cardinal Goosens and to hear an address by Mgr. d'Hulst.

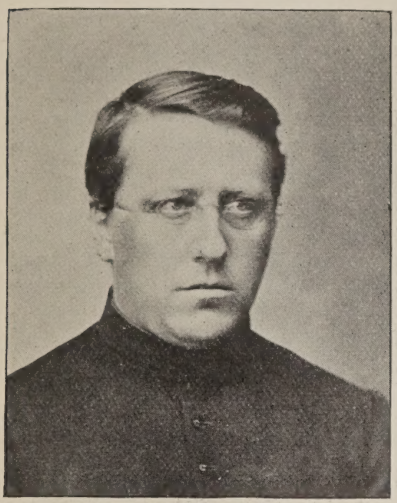
His Eminence spoke on the advantages accruing to the Church by the pursuit of science on the part of her children, and exhorted the Congressistes present to go forward in their great work without fear and without hesitation.

"To-day, the very name of science," declared the eminent prelate, "exercises a fascinating influence on the mind. For the men of our age, every demonstration which comes from science brings with it persuasion and conviction. The testimony of science is the providential proof furnished by God to convince the intelligences of our contemporaries of the truths of the faith. It is, therefore, important that in matters of science, as in all others, Catholics should be able to repeat the words which Job proudly addressed to his friends: "I am not your inferior."



DR. LEFEBVRE, President of the Congress.

The next thing on the programme, after the address of Mgr. Goosens, was a discourse by Mgr. d'Hulst.



FATHER VAN DEN GHEYN, S. J.
Secretary of the Congress.

To the deep regret of all, the distinguished churchman was unable to be present. He was detained in England at the bedside of his dying friend, the Comte de Paris. There was a gleam of hope that he might possibly be able to attend the following day; but we were doomed to disappointment. The eminent conférencier was unable to assist at any of the sessions, and his discourse, which had been written out, was accordingly read the next day (Wednesday) by his friend, the Abbé Pisani, — one of the professors in the Catholic University of Paris.

After showing that the Church throughout the ages has ever been the friend and protector of science; that there is no conflict, either actual or possible, between the teachings of science and revelation, the learned orator proceeded to develop the reasons why it had been deemed expedient to convoke a congress of Catholic scientists.

"It is, indeed, good, it is desirable and necessary, that Christian savants should mingle with the other friends of knowledge and contend with them for the laurels of discovery. But the time has arrived when those who belong to us should declare themselves, and hold before the world a review of the intellectual forces of the army Catholic. There is no question of a permanent separation which will diminish our influence, but rather of the selection of an occasion which will permit the Church of Christ to recognize her own. Lost among their rivals they work for their own glorification; working together in congress assembled, they contribute to the glorification of God. Those who see them at work, amid the multitude of their impious associates, may not know even that they are

PROFESSOR E. PASQUIER,
Treasurer of the Congress.

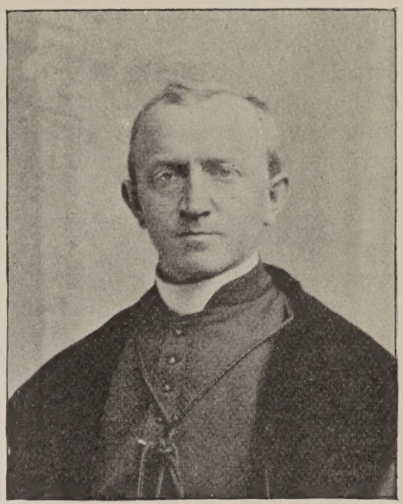
Christians. Those, however, who see them inaugurating with prayer

MGR. D'HULST, ORGANIZER OF THE CONGRESS, IN HIS STUDY.

the labors of the intellect cannot fail to perceive in them the followers of the Gospel; and if their work is of such a character as to command the respect of men of science, it will be necessary to accept the evidence presented, and admit that between the mind of men and the verities of the natural order, divine revelation neither makes an impassable chasm, nor erects an insurmountable barrier.

"It is foolish to pretend, as our adversaries often do, 'that every firm belief restricts the liberty of science.' As well might one say that all acquired certitude prevents liberty of thought. If such were the case, one, after accepting as undeniable the theorems of the first book of geometry, would be ill qualified for solving the problems of the second. I believe in God. Behold a profession of faith! But if, after having intoned the Credo, I undertake to treat philosophically the problem of the origin of things, I engage in a work proper to science, provided I have recourse only to processes of inductive reasoning. I believe in Jesus Christ. This belief is the life of my soul. I shall not affect it in the least in discussing with the incredulous the historical value of the Gospels; and my discussion will be scientific if I have a care not to introduce elements which are foreign to the methods of sound criticism. In a word, in order that a Catholic may be a scientist in the true sense of the term, it is not necessary that he should renounce his faith. It suffices that he does not suppose it in his ratiocinations, and that he conducts his researches with the same freedom as those who have no faith."

The discourse of Mgr. d'Hulst expressed in language eloquent and true the convictions of every one present; and no one is better qualified to be the spokesman of the



CANON FORGET.

congress than the illustrious prelate whose words I have just quoted. For he it is who is in reality the father of the organization. It was he who drew up its constitutions and by-laws; who has always outlined its policy, and, who, during its short but eventful career, has been its chief protector and most active promoter.

He is distinguished for many things; for his noble birth; for his broad and varied learning; for his intimate acquaintance with the contemporary representatives of Church and state; for his works on philosophy, dogma, education, and cognate subjects; for his remarkable conferences in the Cathedral of Notre Dame; for his brilliant administration of the Catholic University of Paris, where he has gathered around himself one of the most competent corps of professors in Europe; for the part he has taken in politics, for he is the successor of

Mgr. Freppel in the Chamber of Deputies. But all these things pale before the noble work he has achieved in connection with the organization and extension of the now celebrated Congrès Scientifique International des Catholiques. Only a man of indomitable will, inexhaustible energy, and unwavering

PROF. A. DE LAPPARENT,
University of Paris.

perseverance, — and Mgr. d'Hulst possesses all these qualities in an eminent degree, — only one who was keenly alive to the wants of the Church in our day, and had the knowledge and prestige requisite to get others interested in the movement which he had so much at heart — and no ecclesiastic in France or even in Europe has more influence than the accomplished deputy of Finistère — could have tided the congress over the countless difficulties which it had to encounter, and enabled it to record the glorious triumphs to which all its members now point with such joy and pride.

The lecture given by Professor de Lapparent, before the general assembly on the first day of the congress, was a splendid example of the thoroughly scientific character of the work which distinguished all the proceedings of the association.

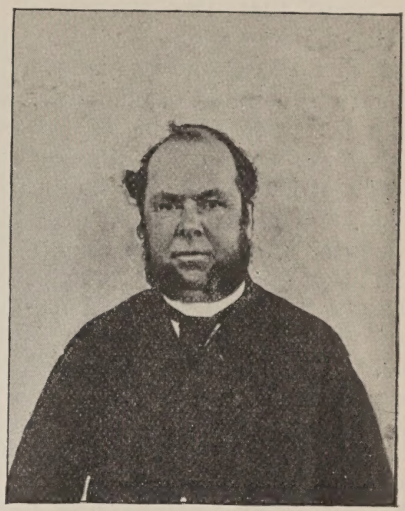
Albert Auguste de Lapparent is not only one of the most illustrious members of the congress, but one of the most renowned of contemporary scientists. As a geologist and mineralogist he has few equals and no superiors. Graduating at an early age, and with the highest honors at the Ecole Polytechnique and the School of Mines, his advancement has been rapid and continued. He has been a collaborator with the world-renowned geologists, Elie de Beaumont and d'Omalius d'Halloy, and has occupied the highest positions in the gift of the various learned societies to which he belongs. For nearly 20 years he has filled the chair of geology and paleontology in the Catholic University of Paris, and has contributed not a little towards giving that institution the enviable reputation it now enjoys. He is a prolific writer, and is the author of many works of acknowledged merit. His magnificent "Traite de Géologie,"— probably the best and most complete work of the kind in existence — obtained for him a special prize from the French Academy. His "Cours de Minéralogie" is likewise a standard work, and of itself sufficient to secure for its author a recognized position in the world of science.

But it is as a lecturer, as a graceful writer on popular scientific topics, and as an ardent champion of the faith, that he is best known to the general public. As a lecturer, he may have equals, but I think it will be quite safe to assert that he has no superiors. He has a command of

language, a precision of expression, and an artistic feeling, that are possessed by few, if any, others in such a remarkable degree. As for myself I have heard many lecturers, but I have never yet met one who approaches so nearly my ideal of what a lecturer on science ought to be. A thorough mastery of his subject in all its details, a picturesque style, a keen sense of proportions, the ability to put himself at once en rapport with his audience, no matter how technical or abstruse may be his subject, the personification of courtesy and bonhomie, these are a few of the many characteristics that have rendered M. de Lapparent not only one of the most valued and cherished members of the Catholic Congress, but also one of the most popular and influential exponents of science in the whole of Europe.

In keeping with M. de Lapparent's discourse was that of M. Paul Allard of Rouen, on the "Legal and Material Condition of Paganism at the Middle of the Fourth Century." A painstaking historian, and an archæologist of world-wide renown, and the author of a masterly work in three volumes, entitled "History of the Persecutions during the First Three Centuries of the Church," no one is more competent adequately to treat such an interesting subject than the distinguished jurist and littérateur of Normandie. This discourse alone would fully justify the reputation that M. Allard enjoys among his countrymen of being one of the most accurate and most profound historians of France.

Professor Godefroy Kurth, of the University of Liege, was to address the assembly on the "Truce of God during the Middle Ages," but was prevented from so doing by sickness. His place was taken by the eloquent Dr. Schaepmann, member of the States-General of Holland, who made



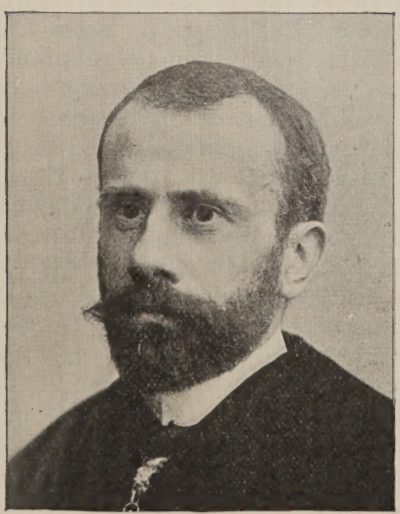
M. PAUL ALLARD,
Historian of the Persecutions.

a neat and interesting speech on "Enthusiasm in Science." Bishop Keane's address on the "Parliament of Religions in Chicago," and that of the writer, entitled "A Plea for the More Advanced Study of Science in our Ecclesiastical Seminaries" — printed in full in the September number of this magazine — concluded the list of discourses before the general assembly.

In reference to Bishop Keane's address, I may say that I have often heard the eloquent Rector of the Catholic University speak, but he truly surpassed himself on this occasion. He had at once the sympathy of his audience, for they were intensely interested in his subject — being something quite novel to the majority present — and for an hour he held them spellbound. His command of the French language surprised and pleased every one, and when he finished his

speech, there was not one in the vast audience, even among the most conservative, who was not willing to admit that the Parliament of Religions was a noble undertaking, and that the Catholic hierarchy of America exhibited consummate wisdom in taking part in its proceedings. As a result of the success which attended the Chicago parliament, and in consequence of Bishop Keane's splendid exposition of it, and the good results which have already followed, a movement is now on foot to have a similar Parliament of Religions meet at the great International Exposition which is to be held at Paris six years hence.

According to the printed programme, the concluding address of the last general seance was to be delivered by the president of the congress, Dr. Lefebvre, the distinguished physician and professor of the University of Louvain. But the modest savant preferred to yield the honors of the day to the representatives of America, and accordingly after the addresses of Bishop Keane and the writer, he very courteously announced that the magnificent discourse of the American prelate should not have its beauty marred by anything which might follow. "Le vieux monde," he said, "s'efface devant le nouveau," "the old world effaces itself before the new."



PROFESSOR DE CEPEDA.

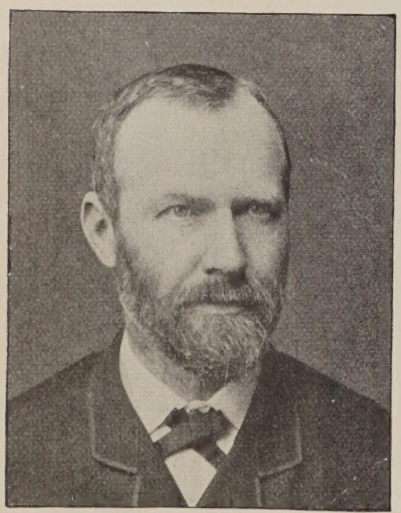
All regretted that Dr. Lefebvre did not speak, for he is no ordinary man. It is true his address has since been published, and will appear in the "Comptes Rendus" of the Congress, but this does not compensate those who wished to hear the Doctor himself. He has frequently and not without reason, been called the Dupuytren of Belgium. A skilful surgeon and physician, an eminent authority in pathology and therapeutics; the author of several valuable works on anatomy and medicine; a writer who can embellish the dry facts of science with the choicest flowers of poesy, thus reminding one of our own Dr. Holmes; one who, during the whole course of his life, has been active in all good works, and often at the head of them; one who has been the recipient of the highest honors in the gift of his sovereign as well as of the highest that the Pope confers on a layman; one who has given three sons to the Church, and who is as distinguished for his ardent faith, as for his eminence in science; one, in fine, who was the unanimous choice of his associates, as the most competent person to fulfil the duties of president of the third International Catholic Scientific Congress, — such is Dr. Lefebvre — the pride of Louvain, as well as one of the glories of Belgium. Never shall I forget his cordial greeting when

we first met, nor the kindly welcome which he extended to every one who attended the congress.

He made all feel at home at once, and, that the various gatherings possessed many of the features of a family reunion, was due in great measure to the unfailing attention and generous thoughtfulness of Louvain's distinguished professor.

After the reading of a paper, there was frequently a lively debate regarding the ideas defended or the position assumed. Probably the most interesting and animated discussions were those which took place in the sections of philosophy and anthropology. There the subjects seemed to invite debate more than those which came before the other sections. There were, however, some quite heated controversies started in the sections of law and history, as well as in those of natural and religious science. When it was known that some distinguished speaker was to have the floor, or that some question of more

than ordinary interest was to be treated, a large crowd always assembled to hear the speaker and take part in the discussion. Often during these controversies — especially those which took place in the section of philosophy — one was forcibly reminded of the disputations which occupied such a prominent place in the Universities of the Middle Ages. For here again, one saw monks in habit and cowl — Dominicans, Franciscans, and others fighting over their battles of long ago, and with as much earnestness and determination as did their con-



M. PAUL MANSION,
Royal Academy, Belgium.

frères in the days of Scotus and Albertus Magnus. The disputations were almost always carried on in French, which was the language of the congress, but occasionally recourse was had to the language of the Scholastics, viz, Latin. The scenes presented were often picturesque in the extreme, and one was always sorry when the controversy was at an end.

We shall now visit the different sections of the Congress in succession, and examine at our leisure the character of the work which is being done in each of them. At the same time we shall, en passant, make the acquaintance of the chief participants in these intellectual jousts, and meet old friends whom we have not seen since the opening of the congress. Our first visit will be to the section of mathematics. There we meet a number of mathematicians, notably, Rev. Father Poulain, S. J., of Angers, Duhem of Rennes, and Pasquier of Louvain. As we enter, the president of the section, Professor Lepaige, of the University of Liege, presents two memoirs in which we are interested more on account of their authors than on account of the subject-matter of the communications. One memoir is from M. Paul Mansion, of the Royal Academy of Belgium, and the other from M. Hermite, of the Institute of France. M. Mansion is favorably known, has quite a reputation as a mathematician, and his countrymen are justly proud of him.

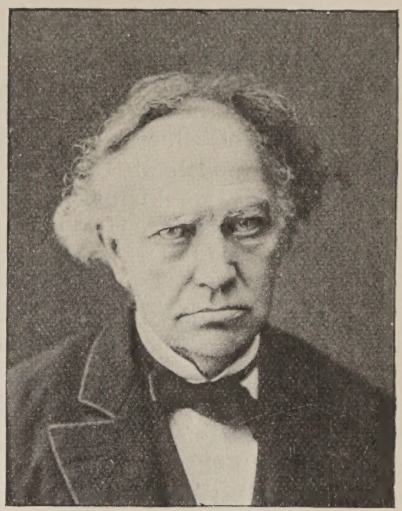
As to M. Hermite, he is facile princeps among the most eminent of living mathematicians. Walking in the footsteps of Jacobi, Abel, and the Bernouillis, he has carried forward the work, of which they laid the foundations, and has made many discoveries in the theory of numbers and in the higher mathematical analysis which will render his name immortal. A distinguished member of the French Institute, he is, along with the illustrious Pasteur, one of the chief glories of the land of his birth.

It is not, however, simply as a master of transcendental analysis that he is known and revered. Like his great countryman, Baron Cauchy, he is not only an eminent mathematician, but also a devoted son of Holy Church. Like Cauchy, Hermite sees nothing in the teachings of faith which is irreconcilable with the inductions of science; and like the famous German savant, Leibnitz, he declares that "since reason, as well as faith is a gift of God, a conflict between the two would be tantamount to a warfare of God against God."

To the great disappointment of all, the illustrious Frenchman was unable to attend the sessions of the congress; his advanced age,—he is now over three score and ten — made it unadvisable to undertake the long and tedious journey to Brussels. All, however, were happy to feel that he was with them in spirit, and that he is thoroughly interested in every movement, which has for its object the advancement of science or the promotion of the interests of the Church which he loves so well.

We now go to the section devoted to the discussion of legal, economical, and sociological questions.

The president of this section is Sr. Rafael Rodriguez de Cepeda, professor of law in the university of Valencia. Professor Cepeda is known as a jurist of marked ability, and as a pleasing and ready writer. He has ever taken an active interest in all organizations which are designed to elevate the condition of the laboring man, and his opinions on economic and sociological questions always receive a respectful attention. From its inception he has been an ardent supporter of the Catholic Scientific Congress, and has probably done more than any other one person to make it popular in Spain. He is to read a paper on "Revelation and the



M. HERMITE,
Of the Institute of France.

Science of the Law" which is most highly spoken of by those who have examined it.

Among those assisting the section of Sciences Juridiques et Economiques, as it is called, we observe among other noted persons, Mgr. I. Serilaes, President of the Belgian College, Rome, and author of a voluminous work, just published, on Leo XIII. Lagasse de Locht, Van den Smissen, M. J. P. Walzing, and the gentle and encyclopædiac Professor of the Catholic University of America, Dr. Boucquillon.

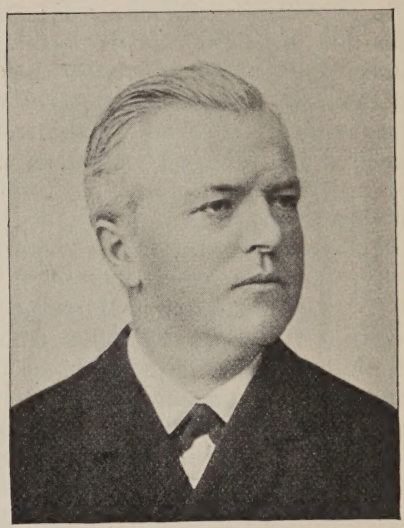
Our next visit is to the Historical section presided over by the eminent chief of the Bollandists, Father de Smedt, S. J. Father de Smedt is the author of several valuable works — some in Latin and others in French — on Church history, and is known among scholars as a man of vast erudition. His contributions to the Acta Sanctorum and the Analecta Bollandiana — a periodical founded

by him in 1882 — prove him to be an investigator of rare ability, and marvellous accuracy of judgment. In addition to his other labors, he finds time to write for a number of magazines, and all his articles are characterized by a felicitous style and a wealth of illustration which render them models of their kind. As an authority on historical criticism, he is admittedly unrivalled, and his "Principes de la Critique Historique" is a work of great merit.

Beside Father de Smedt sits another ecclesiastic who, in his own line of work, is as distinguished as his illustrious Belgian confrère. This is the famous ecclesiastical historian, Abbé Duchesne, professor in the Catholic University of Paris and member of the Institute of France.

Sitting near the famous Academician, is the Duchesne of Germany — Dr. von Funk, Professor of Early Ecclesiastical History in the University of Tübingen. Like the distinguished Frenchman, Dr. von Funk is also a voluminous writer, and has among scholars a reputation which is world wide. He is endowed with a rare faculty for research, and is noted for his painstaking work, and the uniform accuracy of his productions. His memoir, "Thirty Chapters of the Apostolic Constitutions," was a model of conscientious, critical research, and demonstrated at once that the author's reputation for unerring judgment and profound learning is fully merited.

In the section of Religious Sciences —Sciences Religieuses — we find the well-known Orientalist, Mgr. Lamy, in the chair. For many decades past he has been Professor of Sacred Scripture in the University of Louvain, and ranks among the first Syriac scholars of the age. He read a paper on the Council held A. D. 410 at Seleucia, — the capital of the Sassamides — by 40 Persian bishops. The paper was remarkable, among other things, for being based on a very ancient Syriac text which



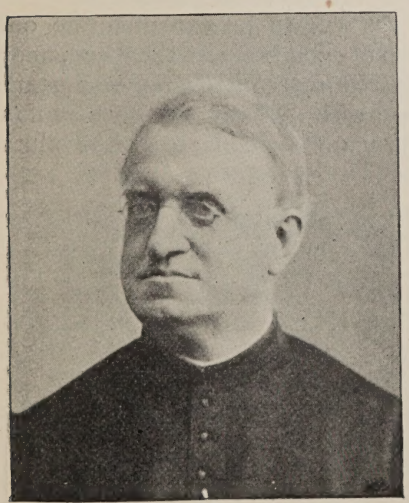
DR. VON FUNK,
University of Tübingen.

the author had brought to light, and which, together with a MS. existing in the Propaganda, enabled one to have a detailed knowledge of the Church in the great empire of Persia during the sixth century.

Near Mgr. Lamy, are seated Canon Forget, the theological historian, the Abbé Graffin, the well-known Syriac scholar of Paris, and Canon Allain, the erudite archivist of the diocese of Bordeaux, all of whom take an active part in the proceedings of the congress. Among some of the most important papers read before this section were one by the the well known apologist, Abbé de Broglie, another by the eminent Orientalist, Dean Casartelli, of Manchester, England, and another by Père Delattre, correspondent of the Institute of France.

We make but a hasty visit to the sections devoted to the discussion of philology, Christian art, the natural and physical sciences, although there is much to be learnt in all of them; and, notwithstanding the fact that we recognize therein many men who are prominent in the world of science, we hasten to the section reserved for philosophy, because the bulletin has announced a paper which all are anxious to hear, and which promises to provoke a warm discussion.

On entering the room, we find it crowded with scholastic philosophers and metaphysicians of the modern school, who evidently anticipate something approaching the historic contests of the old schoolmen. Mgr. Mercier, President of the Philosophi-



FATHER DE SMEDT, S. J.
Chief of the Bollandists.

cal Institute of Louvain, is to read a paper on the "Theory of the Three Primitive Truths and the Problem of Certitude," and even before he has stated his position, a number of objections are formulated against certain propositions, which it is presumed he will defend. His thesis is well sustained, and remarkable alike for its lucidity of treatment, and for the novelty of the views advanced.

Many other important papers are presented by such well-known philosophers as Comte Domet de Vorges of Paris, A. de Margerie of Lille, Barberis of Pisa, Bishop Maura, of Orihuela, Spain, Mgr. Kiss, the distinguished Thomistic scholar of Buda-Pesth, Padre Torregrossa, of Palermo, and Baron von Herteling of Munich.

Shortly before the anthropological session had commenced its proceedings, my good and genial old friend, the Marquis de Nadaillac, met me and said, "Ah, mon Père, I was just looking for you to invite you to our meeting. You must be sure to come. A number of papers are to be read, in which I am certain, you will be specially interested."

M. le Marquis de Nadaillac is in the chair. Indeed he has been the president of the anthropological session since the first organization of the congress. There could not have been a better choice. Not only is he one of the foremost of living anthropologists, but he is also a devout and valiant defender of the Church.

He belongs to one of the oldest and most illustrious families of Guerci, a family that has been represented in the Church by several eminent bishops and cardinals, and which has given to France many distinguished generals and statesmen. He is also a member of the Institute of France and of many other learned societies; an indefatigable and a successful investigator in archæology and anthropology; the author of

many valuable works on his chosen specialties ; and a clear and forceful critic and reviewer. His "Prehistoric America," which is well and favorably known on this side of the Atlantic, and his outspoken admiration of American institutions — he is one of the most ardent of French Américanistes — may be instanced as a few among many reasons why he should be specially known and loved in this land of ours.

Close by the Marquis de Nadaillac is seated the secretary of the congress, the amiable and erudite Bollandist, Father Van den Gheyn, S. J. To his tireless energy and remarkable capacity for organization, is due to a great extent the success which has attended all the sessions of the Brussels Congress. During the last three years he has multiplied himself, as it were, and has looked after even the smallest details in a way which has elicited the admiration of all.

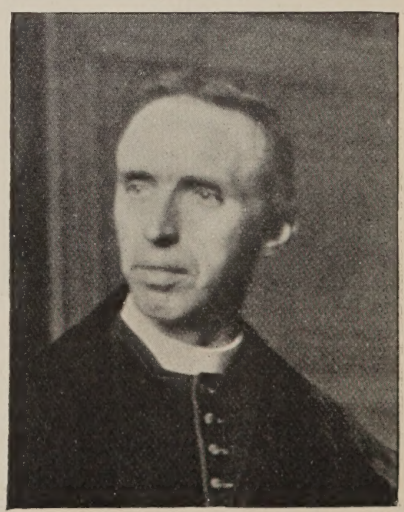
Although but a young man — he is now in his 40th year — he has already won an enviable place among the ablest of the world's Orientalists. He is specially distinguished for a number of valuable works on Greek and Oriental hagiography, comparative mythology, philology and ethnography, and promises, if he lives, to achieve still more signal triumphs. His paper on "Pygmies," as well as that of the Marquis of Nadaillac on "Lake Dwellers," were acknowledged by those who heard them to be distinct contributions towards the solution of these most interesting and much mooted questions.

Among other interesting papers read before the anthropological section, were one by M. Ch. de Kirwan on "Man and Animal," one by the Abbé Guillemet on "The Theory of Common Ancestors," a third by the Rev. John Gmeiner, of Minnesota, on "Primitive America," and a fourth by Canon Duilhé de St. Projet, entitled "Scientific and Metaphysical Certainty in Anthropology."

M. de Kirwan is recognized as one of the most vigorous scientific writers in France, and his numerous articles in the Revue des Questions Scientifiques are not the least interesting features of this celebrated quarterly.

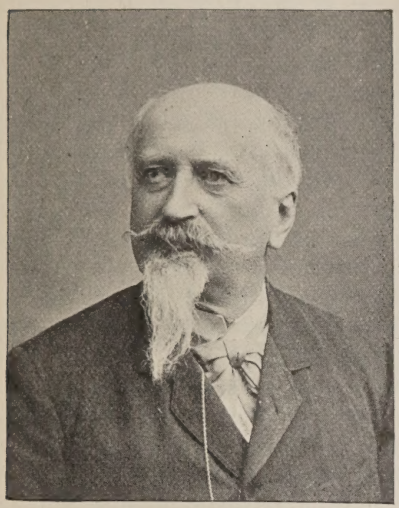
Canon Duilhé de St. Projet is an author of note as also a frequent contributor to some of the best French magazines. He it was, it will be remembered, who first suggested the idea of the International Catholic Scientific Congress, and he, together with M. de Kirwan, have all along been among its most prominent members and advocates.

As was to be expected the question of evolution was broached, and an interesting controversy was started forthwith. Many of the disputants were quite in favor of evolution



MGR. MERCIER,
President Louvain Institute.

as a theory, and wished to see it thoroughly discussed. All recognized in it an element of truth, and

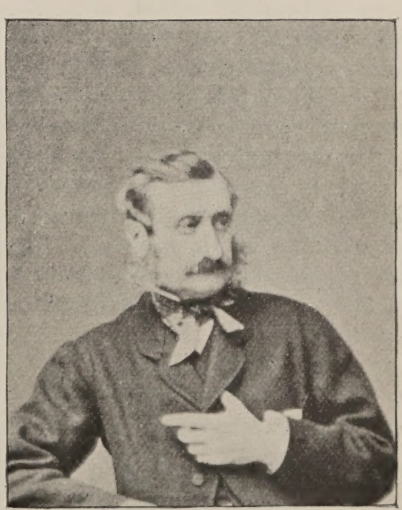


M. CHARLES DE KIRWAN.

regarded it as a theory that had a special fascination for the students of our time. In order, therefore, to quiet the consciences of Catholic youth, and to prevent sceptics from using evolution as an engine of war against the Church, it was unanimously resolved that :

" The section of Anthropology of the third International Congress of Catholics, assembled at Brussels, hereby approves and encourages the studies of those, who, under the supreme magisterium of the Church teaching, devote themselves to the study of the role which evolution may have played in concert with secondary causes, in bringing about the present condition of the physical world."

As to the theory of evolution, the Marquis de Nadaillac — and he is confessedly one of the most competent of living authorities on the subject — voiced the opinions of most of those present when he declared at the end of the discussion of the subject : " Quant à moi, je ne suis ni pour ni contre l'évolution." " As for myself, I am neither for nor against evolution." So far the verdict must be " Not proven." What the future will bring is yet to be seen. The question is one which is to be decided entirely on evidence. As yet botanists have been unable to find any satisfactory evidence in the vegetable world. And as to the proofs which embryology and rudimentary organs are supposed to afford, they are admittedly far from conclusive. The question, therefore, is one which must be decided by future research and discovery. It is, indeed, a beautiful theory, but is it true ? But whether true or not, the teachings of faith remain unaffected. There is nothing in theistic evolution that may not consistently be accepted by any Catholic, provided always he is satisfied with the evidence adduced in its support."



The MARQUIS DE NADAILLAC.

So far I have spoken of the hard

work done by the congress. I have not said anything of their many pleasant, social reunions — notably those held every evening in the

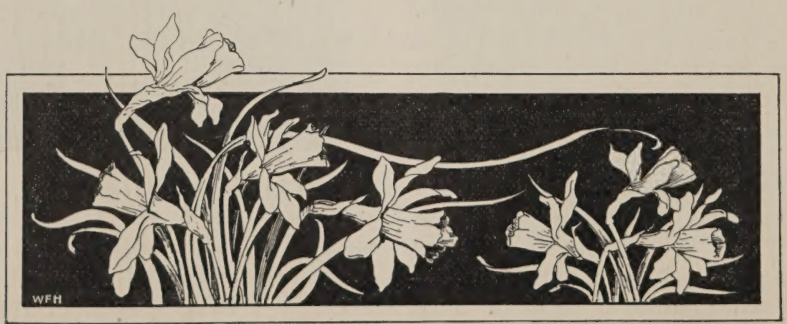
FATHER DAVID, O. S. F.,
Provincial of the English Franciscans.

large hall of the College of St. Louis. Here all met as friends and confrères, and talked either about the proceedings of the day or about persons and things of mutual interest.

Among the many pleasant faces which I now recall — in addition to the features of those whose names have already been mentioned in this article — are those of the accomplished, whole-souled Father George, S. J., editor of the Revue des Questions Scientifiques; of the learned and enterprising Father David, provincial of the English Franciscans; of Dr. Grannan, of the Catholic University of Washington; of the Marquis de Beaucourt, president of the Bibliographical Society of Paris; of Mgr. Kirsch, of Friburg; of the Abbe Cognon, of Metz; of the Abbé Flageolet, of Rigny; of Fathers Beurlier, Apotre, and Scoraille of Paris; of the Fathers Poncelet, Backer, Ortroy and Delhaye, Bollandists.

I would also fain speak of the magnificent banquet which was held the evening before the congress adjourned; of the toasts which were drunk; of the response then received from the Holy Father in reply to a letter sent him on the occasion of the first general meeting in the Palais des Académies; but I have already exceeded the limits allowed me, and I must, therefore, conclude.

The first and second congresses held in Paris have gone into history as having been most creditable, both to those who participated in them and to the Church of which the Congressistes were members. The third congress at Brussels was, in the estimation of those who had attended the others a marked improvement on its predecessors.



MARY'S ROMANCE.

BY JAMES D. ELLSWORTH.

HE was just a common, every-day sort of woman, a woman of the people, a product of poverty, and yet a heroine as noble as ever was immortalized by poet's pen. Her wasted form was scarcely hidden by the limp, angular folds of her scanty calico skirt, and the faded shawl about her shoulders. The brightness had gone from her eyes, the life and color from her face, and her hair was like nothing more than the shade of bleached hay. She was the victim of the December winds that swirled about the street corners and dark alleys of that portion of Boston which patricians shun. Her name was Mary, and as for her other name it does not matter. She had hardly dared to use it for 18 long years, and she thought of this as she drew near the big stores which were filled with happy Christmas shoppers, who were taking advantage of the last few precious hours before the holiday. She thought how often as a child she had pressed her face against those windows with the same hopeless hunger in her heart.

She could just faintly remember that first sad Christmas 30 years before, when her father, mother, and herself, were taken to the city pesthouse. She never saw them after that day, for when she left the hospital she went away alone. Mary was only six years old then, and her life seemed to have begun in her uncle's tenement where the health officer had left her. It was even then a life of poverty and hunger. Her uncle was a strange man, and before she came had lived all by himself in the most crowded part of the Cove district. After she grew older she sometimes doubted that he really was her uncle. How frightened she had been the first time he sent her with the pitcher to the saloon around the corner! She hung about the door until the bartender noticed her, and called her in. When she had taken the mixed ale back to her uncle, her terror increased as he gulped it down, swallow after swallow, glaring at her savagely and talking to himself. When she was a little older he sent her out upon the streets to beg, and then cursed her because she was so timid and got so little. She was begging one night by the Common, when she met her first friend, a very kind young man who took her hand and told her she musn't beg. He took her down into Pie alley and gave her supper there with the newsboys, and promised that she should become a newsgirl herself next day, which was better than begging. But the first night her uncle took all the money she had earned, and with nothing left to buy her papers, she had to beg again. When her good friend, who was a reporter, found her back at her old trade, he secured her uncle's per

"She drew near the Big Stores Filled with Happy Christmas Shoppers." p. 611.

mission, and started her in business a second time.

"Mary the newsgirl" they called her then, and she had lived in the streets from early morning till long after nightfall. The neighbors in the "Cove" knew her well, and used to send the truant officer after her, but she never stayed long in school. Her uncle would make an excuse to take her out again. She did not care, for she hated school. To be sure, it was warm there, but she would rather be in the street up to her thin ankles in snow or slush, for the newsboys did not turn their backs on her and call her "ragtail."

Her second friend was a new neighbor's girl, who moved into the same house where she lived. This neighbor's girl worked as a "cash" in a big store, and when Mary's uncle disappeared one night, and did not come back, the neighbor's girl loaned her a dress, found her also a place as cash girl, and persuaded her mother to take the orphan into the family. Then began the best part of Mary's life. Dora and her mother were honest, if poor, and they gave Mary as good a home as they could for her meagre wages. But the hours of work were long and weary, with no money for finery and no time for play. It was scarcely easier when Mary became

a clerk, with better pay, but with greater expenses for board and decent clothes. She was old already at 17, a pale, shy girl, when she came to know Tom Haley, who was a janitor in the store. It seemed very strange that Tom, who was several years older, should care for her and should want to take her to walk on Sunday afternoons; but when they knew each other better, and after Tom had asked her to marry him, he said that the reason he liked her was because she was so good. That did not clear the mystery for Mary, but she simply worshipped Tom, without any reason at all, and in spite of the fact that he hinted at how "mighty wild" he had been.

She promised to marry him, and yet she held with timid obstinacy that there was a great deal to be done before then. Homeless as she had always been, a waif of the street, she knew that Tom was scarcely better off than herself, yet she could not bear to think of marrying without "a home." A home was her great ambition, and it could not be realized without money; a great deal of money, as it seemed to her; at least $500; and her lover, impatient as he was, came to share that ambition. They would talk it over together in their afternoon walks, and plan how in two or three years they could save the money if they did not spend any for such luxuries as excursions or fancy clothes.

Late one Saturday night, when Mary and Dora went home together to the tenement down in the Cove district, they saw a fierce looking man sitting on the doorstep. His rough hands stopped Mary as she tried to pass, and she felt the return of the old sickening fear as she recognized her uncle. He did not say why he had deserted her, or tell where he had been, but harshly ordered her to pack her "duds" and go with him. He said that he had a room at the North end, and looked at her with a horrid grimace that made her shudder and grow faint. The thought of Tom Haley was the first that came to her mind, and it gave her courage to say that she would not go. Then, as the tears started to her eyes, she jerked away her hand and ran up the stairs, breathless and sobbing. A little later the uncle followed and told Dora and her mother that he was Mary's guardian and was going to have his rights. Mary had locked herself in an inner room, and although her supposed uncle swore that he would have the law on them all, he finally left the house defeated.

Tom Haley came that Sunday afternoon as usual, and when he found what had happened, he was pale with anger. He and Mary talked the matter over with the hopeless calm of people who are accustomed to misfortune. It did not seem impossible that Mary's uncle might have the law on them as he threatened. They could not help sharing the fear that all the old neighbors felt for the man. It seemed to Tom that the only thing they could do was to be married at once. But Mary would not listen to this proposition. She thought that her marriage would surely be spoiled and broken by her uncle. Perhaps he might kill Tom, and besides they had only begun to save up the money for their much cherished "home."

It was 18 years since all this had happened, yet it did not take Mary a moment to remember it all. She had been wrong. She ought to have listened to Tom's pleadings, and once married, they might both have es-

caped the misery that followed. The faded woman drew her ragged shawl closer and shivered from something sharper than the December wind. She was living it all over again. She had not dared to leave the house on that Sunday long ago, not even to take her accustomed walk with Tom. Before he left, her lover had promised to protect her on her way home the next night, if she would wait outside until he had closed the store. That night she had waited and let Dora go home alone. When Tom appeared they walked together down to the Cove district, and, as they had feared, Mary's uncle was waiting in the doorway of the tenement. He scowled as they stopped before him.

"Who is that man?" he demanded of Mary.

"I am the man she is going to marry," said Tom, answering for her. Mary clung to her lover's arm. She felt a thrill of pride in Tom, followed by a nameless dread of what might happen to him. Her uncle's quick anger was aroused. He cursed Tom as a liar, and abused Mary in the vilest way. Suddenly he stopped, and slouching down the steps, said to Tom: "If you are going to marry her, I've got something to say to you first. Meet me at Jones' place and we will have it over."

He brushed them as he passed and disappeared around the corner of the court. Tom's hands were clenched, and he would have followed at once had not Mary hung so heavily upon him. She was more frightened than before, it was so strange, so unnatural. She drew Tom inside and ran up stairs as if her uncle's hands were clutching at her ankles. The room was dark and a neighbor told them that Dora had gone to meet her mother. She had seen Mary's uncle upon the doorstep and was afraid to stay in the room alone.

The Struggle in the Rookery. p. 615

Tom was eager to go to the saloon around the corner and find out what her uncle had to say. He had nothing to fear, he said, and would be right back. When he had gone Mary bolted the door, and sat waiting fearfully in the dark. She wondered why Dora and her mother did not come. Then the minutes dragged more heavily, because she thought it was time for Tom's return, and she breathed more freely when she heard a man's step upon the stairs, and a bold knock upon the door.

"Is that you, Tom?" she said. She hardly noticed that his voice sounded strangely when he answered. She drew the bolt, but it was her uncle who put his foot against the door and forced his way into the room. Seizing the almost paralyzed girl by the arm, he held up a bottle which she could just see in the dim light.

"It's vitriol," he hissed. "It will burn like a flame and eat like a tiger. Now, come along, and don't make any fuss."

She dared not resist, but went along with him, wondering, with sickening dread, what terrible thing he had done to the man she loved. When they got into the court, by the flicker of a street lamp, they saw Tom coming towards them.

"Tell him you are going with me, and won't have anything more to do with him, or I'll give him the acid," muttered her uncle. Mary, half stupefied with fear, and wishing to save Tom from her uncle's fiendish threat, obeyed. She coldly passed Tom by and told him "not to bother her" then, as she had important business with her uncle.

"Mary, Mary, are you mad?" Tom cried, but she walked on leaving him standing as if he had been stung. Her uncle chose the quietest streets, and they walked rapidly across the city towards the North end. She thought many times of calling for help, but the bottle of liquid fire was still in his hand, and she knew only too well that he would use it. The real terror of the situation seized her when they came to an old wooden rookery that had once been a mansion, but was now dark and empty. Her uncle opened the street door and almost dragged her up the three flights of old-fashioned stairs. "I'll have you safe enough in a minute," he said, as he fumbled with the key. It was too much for Mary's weakened nerves. She lost all sense of fear or control and crying, "Tom! Help!" slipped from her uncle's grasp to the floor. As the old man bent over her, he heard quick steps coming up the stairs, and a voice he recognized saying, "Yes, Mary, I'm coming." Tom had followed them unseen to learn just what the mystery of Mary's coolness meant, and was on hand to rescue her. But the thought of the dreadful bottle in her uncle's possession aroused Mary, and seizing her uncle's hand she screamed: "I'm all right, Tom, go away!"

"What does this mean?" asked the panting Tom, as he burst into the room and glared at Mary's uncle. The old man was cursing under his breath, and clearing himself from Mary's grasp, sprang savagely towards him.

"The vitriol, the vitriol," was all that Mary could say. It was all over in a moment. The men grappled. Tom bent the old man over the banisters, only half realizing the danger, while Mary wrenched the bottle from his grasp and threw it away. Suddenly the old banister

broke, and with a gasp of horror, Tom and Mary saw the old man

'She was Battling with the Winds on the Bridge now."

topple headlong heavily to the floor below.

When Tom reached him there was no sign of life. The man's neck had been broken, and Tom had just made sure of this fact, when a policeman put his head in the door, and asked in a gruff voice what was the matter. Why Tom Haley attempted to escape he could never tell. Terrified and dazed, he made a blind rush for the back door, but found himself in a yard surrounded by a high fence with the policeman at his heels. The hand of the officer was on his collar, and his struggles to free himself were soon quieted with stinging blows on his head.

There were long months in jail, until the indictment was brought against Tom, and more delay before the case finally came to trial. Mary had been held for complicity, but was released when the evidence was laid before the grand jury.

Oh, Justice had been blind! The revolver Tom had in his pocket, he had borrowed "for an old man," as the lender testified. Jones said that he had been to his place "looking for an old man." A neighbor had seen Mary's cold greeting, as she started away with her uncle, and had heard Tom's threat of vengeance afterwards. The policeman had seen Tom entering the house, and had found him bending over the dead man. There were the black marks of his hands on the old man's neck. Everything seemed against the prisoner. Even his wild youth was recalled to help blacken his character. The story of self-defence which he and Mary told in court, seemed too wild to be true, and the bottle of vitriol upon which it rested could not be found. The medical examiner did find a bottle in the lower hall, but the test showed that it had contained nothing more dangerous than ink.

All hopes had left Mary's heart when she heard Tom sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment. Even the assurance that it would not be over 18 years with good conduct on Tom's part, failed to brighten her despair, for that term seemed almost a lifetime. At first she had taken up the daily drudgery with indifference, but gradually her buoyant heart reasserted itself, and she found new life and hope in working for the home to which she could, and would, welcome her Tom "some day." The thought of the jail haunted her everywhere, and instead of trying to get back into the store where she had worked with Dora, she found a

place as waitress in a restaurant down by the market; but she was recognized even there, and when she found that men came to see her as a curiosity she would not stay. The proprietor was kind, and when she said she must go, he found her work on the other side of the city, but again her story hunted her down. She no longer dared to be a waitress, and for years lived as dishwasher in restaurants and cheap hotels. The pay was scarcely enough to keep her alive, yet she saved a few cents, week by week, never failing in her hope and her trust of Tom. When his time was nearly up, she was more feverishly eager to save, for after all her hardships she had but little, scarcely $200, in all these weary years. She heard of a chance to make more pay by scrubbing out the cars for the railroad company, and it was that work which gave her her long sickness of typhoid fever, that in three months swept all her precious savings away.

. . . . . .

This was her first day out after her convalescence. She was still very weak, and without a dollar. But what did it all matter? This was Tom's day of delivery. She knew the hour when he was to be set free, and her steps had turned in the direction of Charlestown, while her mind went over the incidents of the bitter past.

She wanted Tom, and the long-deferred hope of a happy home seemed a slight thing compared to her great longing. She was battling with the wind on the bridge now. The great prison, which she knew so well, was almost in sight. At last she reached the shelter of the high wall and looked up the passageway that led to the entrance. She felt a sudden consciousness of her ragged clothes, of the limp calico skirt, and of the holes in her shoes. She would not disgrace Tom by going inside, but would wait in the street where no one could see her.

What was she bringing her lover after all these years? She had neither youth, nor health, nor money, nor home. She almost dreaded to see him in the new clothes that she knew the state would give him. He was coming. She heard his footsteps on the walk, but she could not bear to put him to the test yet, and tremblingly crouched by the great wall.

"She tremblingly Crouched by the Great Wall."

He came to the street and looked about him. How old and gray he seemed, but how handsome still! Dejectedly he walked away from where she was hiding, failing at first

to recognize her. Her weakness and her longing overcame her, and huskily crying: "Tom, Tom!" she staggered out before him.

"Mary!" he gasped, and ran to her, as she was sinking to the pavement.

"I worked for you, Tom, but was sick and lost it all. I have no money for our home," she said.

She was fainting on his shoulder, and the big tears rolled from his eyes, and his voice choked him as he replied:

"God bless you, Mary; you're too good for one like me."

And from the churches of the city came the peal of the bells ringing the chimes of Christmas Eve.

THE STRUGGLE.

THEODORE SYDNEY VAUGHN.

I saw a noble struggle on the hill;
Two kingly powers met in deadly fight,
And one was red with rage and one was white.
Each claimed the right to rule o'er field and hill,
And one's red garments told the robber's will:
I saw their falchions leap from scabbards bright,
And all the heavens saw the sickening sight
When pools of purple blood bespoke the ill.
I heard the ringing clash of sabre steel,
I heard a cry of pain, — a dismal note;
I saw one tremble, stagger, backward reel,
Then log-like fall, his spirit freed, afloat, —
And there stood Winter with his icy heel
Across the fallen Autumn's voiceless throat!

A CLOSER LINK BETWEEN THE HIGH SCHOOL AND THE COLLEGE.

BY RAY GREENE HULING, SC. D.

FOR more than a decade many teachers in New England have been pleading for a closer articulation between the secondary schools and the higher institutions of learning. To promote it, organizations of professors and teachers have been formed in New England, in the Middle States, and in the West. To lovers of order and system the picture of an unbroken ladder open to the climbing of every capable youth, and leading from the kindergarten to the university has been a most attractive one. The gaps between primary and grammar schools were long since closed up; that between the grammar and the high school is fast disappearing. At the other extreme the connection between college and university is so close that in some institutions it is hard to find the line of separation. The lack of smooth joining is most conspicuous where the secondary school joins the college. Even here there is some degree of articulation. The private and endowed preparatory schools have few grievances nowadays, and those few are yielding to the enlightened interest that teachers and professors take in each others' difficulties. The break in connection is chiefly between the higher institutions and the high schools.

The reason for failure of adjustment at this point is obvious. The requirements of the colleges have always been met in the main by private instructors or else by schools especially organized to prepare boys for college, — at first the "ancient grammar schools," then the academies, and, more recently, the Latin schools and private preparatory schools. The high school, however, represents quite another idea. It is the systematic expansion through a four-years' secondary course of the modern studies mapped out for the elementary schools. It represents the best thought of the American people, through elected representatives, concerning the preparation of youth for life. Within little more than a generation it has had a marvellous growth, until now it conducts the education of more than half the youth of our country who are receiving secondary education at all. It is clear that it could not be conformed to the older type of preparatory school, if the colleges were disposed to make the effort.

But the college is not so disposed. It, also, has passed through important changes, which have left it with broader and more diversified courses of study. It is now for the first time feasible for the college and the high school to be co-ordinated, because it is now possible for the high school to appeal to every variety of aptitude and talent and yet find its capable pupil prepared at graduation to pursue with profit some important courses in some higher institution. Hence the "Report of the Committee of Ten" * may properly allude to "the theory that all the subjects are

* At the National Educational Association in Saratoga, July, 1892, a committee of 10 was appointed to arrange for a conference of school and college teachers of each principal subject which enters into the programmes of secondary schools in the United States, and into the requirements for admission to college. President Charles W. Eliot was chosen Chairman. Under the auspices of this committee nine such conferences, each having 10 members, were held in various parts of the land on Dec. 28, 29, and 30, 1892. Each conference made a separate report, and these, with report of the committee of 10, were published by the U. S. Bureau of Education about the 1st of January, 1894, under the title, "Report of the Committee on Secondary School Studies." The Commissioner of Education, in his letter to the Secretary of the Interior, calls the pamphlet "the most important educational document ever published in this country."

to be considered equivalent in educational rank for the purposes of admission to college." Not that all subjects have equivalent educational values; that, as President Eliot of Harvard College has pointed out, cannot be asserted or denied so as to produce conviction until some one has established a standard of educational value. But as all the principal subjects of secondary education, when vigorously pursued for three or four years, do open the way for the successful pursuit of substantial courses of higher education, why are not all such subjects of equivalent rank for the purposes of admission to college? Every capable entering student carries from his secondary study positive aspects of efficiency and also serious limitations; the differences between them may safely be neglected for purposes of admission.

Closer articulation is, then, desirable at the meeting point of the college and the high school, and, very happily, the recent changes in the colleges make such articulation possible; but there are some who fear it. A Western teacher at the last meeting of the National Educational Association raised a cry against co-ordination if it involved the changing of the high school to the type of the ordinary preparatory school; he pleaded for the continuance of free development in the high school. A similar distrust of co-ordination exists among some in the East who believe that secondary education is an entity, and not merely a preparation for higher study. They regard college requirements as a throttle upon freedom of development in the high school. Uniformity is alien to the interests of secondary education, they declare. "In the long run the American public is sure to have its way; and as this public wants a great many things, its way is sure to be the way of infinite diversity and variety."

These considerations have weight. From them we conclude that the articulation which is desirable should involve the presence of a broader and more diversified range of preparatory study. We should have the Latin schools, but we should also have the schools with less narrow range, such as the high schools; and from them all students should be received at the higher institutions.

The "Report of the Committee of Ten" distinctly recommends the admission of students to college who have satisfactorily completed either of four certain programmes which appear in Table IV.* The Report shows a disposition to go further when it says: "A college might say, We will accept for admission any groups of studies taken from the secondary school programme, provided that the sum of the studies in each of the four years amounts to sixteen, or eighteen, or twenty periods a week, as may be thought best — and provided, further, that in each year at least four of the subjects presented shall have been pursued three periods a week, and that at least three of the subjects shall have been pursued three years or more." In still another place the Report says, "In order that any successful graduate of a good secondary school course should be free to present himself at the gates of the college or the scientific school of his choice, it is necessary that the colleges and scientific schools of the country should accept for admission to appropriate courses of their instruction the attainments of any youth who has passed creditably through a good secondary course, no matter to what group of subjects he may have mainly devoted himself in the secondary schools." This is a suggestion, not a recommendation, it will be observed, and was set aside in favor of the programmes of Table IV. I find myself, however, preferring it even to those excellent programmes as a basis for the proposed adjustment. What I wish to present as an ideal of close articulation is, that the satisfactory completion of any good four-years' course of study in a secondary school should admit to corresponding courses

* See Table on opposite page.

in colleges, scientific schools, and other higher institutions. Such articulation, I believe, "would be advantageous alike for the schools, the colleges, and the country."

How may this closer articulation be secured? Evidently something must be done by both classes of institutions whose interests are involved. For one thing, the secondary schools must have more substantial courses of study than some of them now have. No state has better courses than Massachusetts in her high schools; but these are far from satisfactory in many instances. The Secretary of the Board of Education, in an address made last summer, gave some interesting information about these schools. From this it appears that of the 247 high schools in the commonwealth, 198 offer courses for four years, and some of them also

TABLE IV.

YEAR.	Classical. 3 Foreign Languages (1 Modern.)	Latin Scientific. 2 Foreign Languages (1 Modern.)	Modern Languages. 2 Foreign Languages (both modern.)	English. 1 Foreign Language (Ancient or Modern.)
I.	Periods. Latin ..... 5 English ..... 4 Algebra ..... 4 History ..... 4 Physical Geography. 3 Total 20	Periods. Latin ..... 5 English ..... 4 Algebra ..... 4 History ..... 4 Physical Geography .. 3 Total 20	Periods. French (or German), begun ..... 5 English ..... 4 Algebra ..... 4 History ..... 4 Physical Geography .. 3 Total 20	Periods. Latin or German or French ..... 5 English ..... 4 Algebra ..... 4 History ..... 4 Physical Geography.. 3 Total 20
II.	Periods. Latin ..... 5 English ..... 2 *German (or French).. 4 Geometry ..... 3 Physics ..... 3 History ..... 3 Total 20	Periods. Latin ..... 5 English ..... 2 German (or French) begun ..... 4 Geometry ..... 3 Physics ..... 3 Botany or Zoology .... 3 Total 20	Periods. French (or German)... 4 English ..... 2 German (or French), begun ..... 5 Geometry ..... 3 Physics ..... 3 Botany or Zoology.... 3 Total 20	Periods. Latin or German or French ..... 5 or 4 English ..... 3 or 4 Geometry ..... 3 Physics ..... 3 History ..... 3 Botany or Zoology .... 3 Total 20
III.	Periods. Latin ..... 4 Greek ..... 5 English ..... 3 German (or French)... 4 Mathematics, Algebra ..... 2 Geometry ..... 2 } 4 Total 20	Periods. Latin ..... 4 English ..... 3 German (or French),.. 4 Mathematics, Algebra ..... 2 Geometry ..... 2 } 4 Astronomy ½ yr. and Meteorology, ½ yr.... } 3 History ..... 2 Total 20	Periods. French (or German)... 4 English ..... 3 German (or French)... 4 Mathematics, Algebra ..... 2 Geometry ..... 2 } 4 Astronomy ½ yr. and Meteorology ½ yr.... } 3 History ..... 2 Total 20	Periods. Latin or Ger. or Fr.... 4 English, as in others..... 3 Additional ..... 2 } Mathematics, Algebra ..... 2 Geometry ..... 2 } 4 Astronomy ½ yr. and Meteorology, ½ yr. } History, As in Latin Sci.. 2 Additional..... 2 } 4 Total 20
IV.	Periods. Latin ..... 4 Greek ..... 5 English ..... 2 German (or French)... 3 Chemistry ..... 3 Trigonometry or Higher Algebra or History ..... } 3 Total 20	Periods. Latin ..... 4 English, as in Classical ..... 2 Additional ..... 2 } 4 German (or French)... 3 Chemistry ..... 3 Trigonometry or Higher Algebra or History ..... } 3 Geol. or Physiography, ½ yr. and... } Anat., Physiology and Hygiene, ½ yr..... } 3 Total 20	Periods. French (or German). . 3 English, as in Classical ..... 2 Additional ..... 2 } 4 German (or French)... 4 Chemistry ..... 3 Trigonometry or Higher Algebra or History ..... } 3 Geol. and Physiography, ½ yr..... } Anat., Physiology & Hygiene ½ yr.... } 3 Total 20	Periods. Latin or Ger. or Fr.... 4 English, as in Classical..... 2 Additional..... 2 } 4 Chemistry ..... 3 Trigonometry and Higher Alg..... } History ..... 3 Geol. or Physiography, ½ yr..... } Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene, ½ year ..... } 3 Total 20

* Greek may be preferred under some conditions.

parallel courses for three and five years; 29 offer courses for three years only and 20 have courses for two years or less; 146 offer college-preparatory courses which include Greek. As to variety of courses, 103 offer at least three parallel courses of study, and some of them four or five, or, by a system of electives, many more; 88 offer but two courses, 45 but one, while 11 deal with high school subjects in so scanty and disconnected a way that they cannot be said to offer courses at all. With respect to intensity of work, 224 are on a basis of about 15 exercises a week. In 23 schools only is the number placed at 20, and this number generally includes from two to five exercises a week in music, drawing, drill, and the like. The secretary has not found a single school squarely on the Committee's basis of 20 exercises, exclusive of the usual miscellaneous studies, although two or three schools are struggling to place themselves there. In this respect the Report calls for one-third more work than the schools now provide for. With regard to continuity in the study of the same subject, our courses are generally faulty, particularly in the treatment of the newer subjects.

This is enough, perhaps, to support the opinion that the courses of study in many high schools (and presumably in as many private schools and academies) need revision and strengthening before we can reasonably ask the colleges to accept high school graduates generally. Is it best for the high schools that the programmes of Table IV. in the "Committee's Report" should be at once adopted as courses of study? I think we should look forward to the adoption of these courses and of others of equal severity, — one, for instance, providing manual training, — but I am of the opinion that we shall gain most by gradual changes in the directions which they point out, and by modification of them according to local needs. In this way we can more safely manage the transition within the school, and carry with us the support of the community without. These programmes are ideals toward which we may strive, not idols which we should worship.

Other points of desirable improvement may be more briefly referred to. We need in many schools more teachers, in order that classes may be smaller, and more attention be paid to the individual. In every school we need better teachers, those who know their subjects well and also know the art of teaching; broad-minded teachers capable of correlating their teaching with that of their colleagues; teachers whose work bristles with suggestions drawn from higher ranges of their subjects; teachers, too, whose hearts are still in touch with the joys and troubles, the ambitions and the temptations, of secondary students. We also need, — those of us who have responsibilities as heads of schools, — a deeper insight into the theory of education, and a willingness to study present problems. But no such study or insight will excuse us from careful management of the schools as they are.

Our schools, with few exceptions, need also a better material equipment. Laboratories for physics and chemistry are common, but often poorly equipped for accurate work. The facilities for biological study are still too meagre. Libraries need to be formed or strengthened for thorough work in history and literature. Yet all of us can remember when matters were far worse, and hence we confidently hope to see them even better. In brief, the American high school has only to make itself a thoroughly good school, and articulation with higher institutions will follow as the golden branch yielded to the grasp of the dutiful Æneas. The present furnishes a splendid opportunity; I have no fear that it will be lost.

What, now, have the higher institutions to do?

First, they will need to modify their admission requirements so far as is necessary in order to enable the high schools to treat all pupils alike, no matter what the probable destination of the pupil may be, or at what point

his education is to cease. This would lead to the placing of emphasis somewhat differently in certain requirements. In English the stress would not be laid on composition alone; the history of literature and something of literary criticism should be encouraged also, as is common in high schools now. In physics, many teachers hesitate to say that the 40 experiments now required supply a course so good for help to ordinary life as a more diversified scheme would give, — such a scheme as prevails in the general courses of excellent high schools. In the revision of requirements, of which already the air is full, no doubt wisdom will prevail concerning such modifications.

A second point of interest relates to the method of admission to college, whether the best way is by examination, by diploma of graduation, or by certificate of the principal. Despite the opposing opinions of abler teachers and wiser administrators, I favor the use of certificates of the principal of the secondary school. The certificate supplies the deliberate judgment of the person who has the best opportunity, personally, and through his assistants, of knowing the fitness of the student for higher study. It is more reliable than any test applied by strangers under unfamiliar conditions. It is better than the diploma, as an indication of power to do higher work, because the conditions of graduation are imposed by the school board, while the signature to a certificate of fitness is a personal and professional act not subject to the control of school committees. The college should reject certificates when a teacher is known to have bestowed his signature unworthily whether through incompetency, or through a desire to curry favor with parents or employers. The principals can trust the colleges to be just, and the colleges, I believe, can trust the principals to be honest.

It will always be desirable that pupils shall be graduated from high schools who give no promise of ability to deal with higher subjects. They will receive diplomas, of course, but should receive no certificate of fitness for college. Every principal knows how to make the distinction. I know a school in which the standard for promotion from class to class, and for graduation, is as low as 60 per cent in each subject. But no student receives a recommendation for the preliminaries unless the principal is assured that the scholar merits 75 per cent in each subject.

But on the assumption that examinations will continue, they ought to be improved in certain respects. Is it too much to ask that the examiners shall be competent for the purpose? Undergraduates hired temporarily cannot take the place of men skilled in passing judgment on written work in definite subjects. Answers should not be mislaid or lost after students have handed them in. Reconsideration should be freely granted on reasonable application. Uniform dates should be established, as the Committee suggests, on which all admission examinations of colleges and scientific schools in the United States should be held. Moreover the cost of the present examination method is altogether too large. It might be reduced by the union of the New England colleges in the support of an Admission Examinations Board, whose certificate should admit to all colleges and schools contributing to its support.

Among the higher institutions none would benefit more from close articulation than the scientific schools. They are new institutions, bearing the impress of a few strong men who have worked out their problems independently, and so with considerable diversity. Their requirements are usually lower than the colleges. These requirements should be substantially equal in quality and quantity in the subjects in which these institutions and the colleges agree.

Concerning the professional schools which are deemed of university grade, a word will be enough. Their minimum requirement should not be lower

than that suggested for the colleges, and it is earnestly to be hoped that they will ultimately require the bachelor's degree for entrance.

In brief, the secondary schools should strengthen themselves in courses, in teachers, and in equipment; the colleges should accept capable graduates of any four-years' course in a good secondary school, modifying their requirements and methods of admission sufficiently to secure the treating alike of all students in the high schools, whatever their destination. This basis of adjustment is broader than that recommended by the Committee of Ten, but is justified by the spirit and trend of American education. Its general adoption will close the only gap in the educational ladder that leads from the cradle to the university, and thence out into intelligent, refined service to humanity, and will be one more contribution to the noble end of making the highest education possible for every capable American child.

FRA GIROLAMO.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

BY COLA.

STRETCHED upon his lowly pallet,
Lies the humble monk and painter;
And a heav'nly smile is playing
O'er those wan and wasted features,
'Till it seems unto the gazer
That the artist's soul has risen
To those heights where sounds celestial
Break from trumpets, harps, and cymbals,
And re-echo through the mansions
Of the blest angelic spirits.

Laid aside are brush and pigments,
And unfinished on the easel
Stands a picture of the Saviour's
Birth within that lowly stable,
In that distant land, Judea.
Wrapped in swaddling clothes the Infant
Pinched with cold lies in the manger,
And the dumb beasts breathe upon him.
At the side kneels saintly Joseph,
O'er his breast his hands crossed humbly,
Feast his eyes upon the God-Child.

Hov'ring in the air are angels,
Such as he alone could paint them,
Who on bended knees, in prayer,
Laid the colors on the canvas.
Canst thou hear their thrilling chorus,
That "Venite Adoremus,"
As it fills the wretched hovel,
Waking echoes of the midnight?
Saintly artist, whose the figure
Kneeling there before the manger,
Clothed in mantle dyed with purple?
Rose of Sharon, David's daughter,
Maiden wife and virgin mother,
Hope of sinful, groping mortals.

Strange! the features are unfinished —
For it seems that in a moment
Of despair the pious artist,
Failing o'er and o'er to picture
Mary's gaze of adoration,
Cast away his brush and colors,
Saying: none but saint from heav'n
E'er could limn ecstatic features.

Lo! a light of dazzling brightness
Fills the friar's narrow chamber,
And a man of holy aspect,
Clad in flowing snow-white garments,
Seizes pencil and palette.
See the sudden transformation!
Mary's form is straight transfigured,
Mary's soul now seems in heaven,
As she gazes on the Infant,
And she recks not of the stable,
Of the cruel, piercing north wind,
As it circles round the hovel, —
Ruined home of sheep and oxen.

Finished hath the wondrous artist;
Now he nears the slumb'ring friar,
And he whispers softly, "Surge,"
Then is gone. The friar rises,
And his eyes fall on the canvas.
"Ah! Saint Luke," he cries, amazed,
"Thou hast come to paint our Lady!
Would that I had known thy presence,
That my hand might learn some cunning
From the brush that limned the features
Of our ever blessed Lady!"

Then his head was bent in prayer;
And old Father Prior coming
At the dawn to see the painting,
Found the friar-artist prostrate;
Tried to wake him, but he moved not,
For his soul had left the body
To adore, above, the Infant,
On that happy, Christmas morning.

THE CHRISTMAS MASS.

A TALE OF PENAL DAYS IN IRELAND.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

"CAED mille failthe," said the vanithee,* to Father O'Toole, as the priest entered the cabin of Murtagh Cavanagh, on a bleak and sombre night of December, 1745.

"Thank you, Mrs. Cavanagh," replied the clergyman, who was dressed in a peasant's attire, to conceal his identity.

Two stalwart young men, sons of Murtagh, also greeted him. Their father was an outlaw on the hills.

"I have come with the object of inviting you," the priest said in Gaelic, "to the Christmas midnight mass, which I purpose celebrating in the cave of Dromore, four miles east of Arklow."

"We will all go, of course," said Mrs. Cavanagh; "but what if Barney Blake hears of your intention, Father? He will reveal the secret to the captain of the Red Coat company quartered in Arklow, and you may be killed while celebrating mass."

"That will not prevent me from doing my duty to my flock," was the priest's reply. "Irish priests, in these days of persecution, must be prepared to suffer martyrdom in defence of the Catholic faith of their people."

The two brothers offered to proceed to all the adjoining townlands to convey the message to the inhabitants; and on Christmas eve the men, women, and children of the district cautiously descended the snow-clad hills, in the direction of the cavern. Several of the peasants acted as look-outs, to see if they had been followed by spies. In their midst was Murtagh Cavanagh, the patriot outlaw.

At midnight Father O'Toole celebrated the mass, while a wild storm swept the coast, and the sound of the breakers rushing headlong on the sloping beach, fell like the boom of thunder on the ears of the priest and congregation. It was typical of the tempest that was raging around the Irish Catholic Church in those penal days, when Catholics were compelled to attend Protestant churches under a fine of £60 per month; when any Catholic priest found in Ireland would be hanged, and when the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was considered treason to the British government.

Yet, despite this tyranny, there were thousands of priests who risked, not only their liberty, but their lives, to keep the lamp of faith burning in Ireland.

While the Christmas mass was being celebrated before a stone altar, in the inward recesses of some cave, a band of Irish peasants watched at the entrance, and scouts were posted miles away on the hillsides, straining their eyes to see if the red-coats were approaching.

When Father O'Toole had concluded the divine Sacrifice on the present occasion, and tendered the Blessed Sacrament to the members of his congregation, the scouts came rushing into the cave, exclaiming: —

"Father! Father! the Sassenachs are coming!"

A minute afterward the red-coats burst into the cave, armed with muskets, and, with shouts and imprecations, shot dead several members of the congregation, and fatally wounded others. The captain's sword would have slain Father O'Toole were it not for a stalwart peasant, who parried the blow with a bayonet. At the entrance of

* Housewife.

the cave the fight between the peasants and the soldiers was fiercest, and the captain and his bodyguard left the priest to join in the fray. The peasant already referred to, who knew all the secret passages out of the cave, escorted the priest to one of them which led under the mountain overhead into a valley a mile away. Other members of the congregation took advantage of these routes to escape from slaughter.

"I am indebted to you, stranger, for saving my life," said the priest to the gallant peasant.

"You don't seem to recognize me, Father," said the young man. "Do you remember the boy who served your masses in the valley of Glenmalure, some ten years ago?"

The priest's eyes gleamed with astonishment and surprise. His stalwart rescuer was none other than Finn O'Byrne, lieutenant in the Irish Brigade, in the service of France; and as the young lieutenant declared his identity, he opened the buttons of his frieze *cothamore** and displayed the tunic and pants of a French officer.

"Do you know that there is a price on your head, my dear Finn?" said the priest.

"I know there is, but I wanted to see my dear mother. Come with me to her home."

The O'Byrne farmstead was situated close by. A bed-ridden old woman and a domestic were its only tenants. Mrs. O'Byrne, who was the invalid, greeted her son with the affection of an Irish parent, and Finn kissed the faded lips of his mother tenderly.

"Oh, if I could only die now in your embraces, my dear child, how happy death would be! But tell me, Finn, all your adventures since you left with the other wild geese for France."

"It would be too long a story for an invalid to hear, mother dear; but I will tell you of a more interesting event. I am going to be married to the only daughter of Brigadier General Lally, next spring."

Finn stayed with his mother several days. The O'Byrne farmstead was situated on the summit of a hill. One day he espied, far away in the valleys below, a company of red-coats marching in the direction of his mother's residence. He did not wait to be told that the soldiers were coming to arrest him. After an affectionate embrace of his mother, he left the house and ran towards a forest on the other side of the hill. His pursuers were a mile away. Arklow was only two miles distant, and there Finn had an uncle, Shamus O'Byrne, in whose fishing smack he escaped to France.

In the month of April, 1746, Finn O'Byrne and Kathleen Lally de Tollendal became one, with the nuptial benediction of the Abbé Bénoit, chaplain of the chateau Lally, on the coast of Brittany. King Louis sent the bridegroom, as a wedding present, the epaulettes of colonel of the Dillon regiment in the Irish Brigade.

At the wedding feast Col. O'Byrne told his French friends who surrounded the festive board, the sad tale of Ireland's persecution by the English government.

* Overcoat.

A LEAF FROM MY ROMAN DIARY.

A CHRISTMAS SKETCH.

BY REV. W. H. O'CONNELL.

AWAY down at the very bottom of my strong-box, buried beneath curious souvenirs of the past, lay this queer little book, neglected, forgotten for years. The sight of its old morocco covering, crumpled, ragged, and awry, as if weary of bearing the burden of a whole antique collection of curios for ten long years without even an airing, gave me a little touch of pity, not to say remorse. For was it not heartless, the manner in which this once daily companion of my life, this confidant to whom I had committed the dearest secrets of my soul, had been thrust from me, and forced into companionship with a lot of Roman coins with which it had nothing in common?

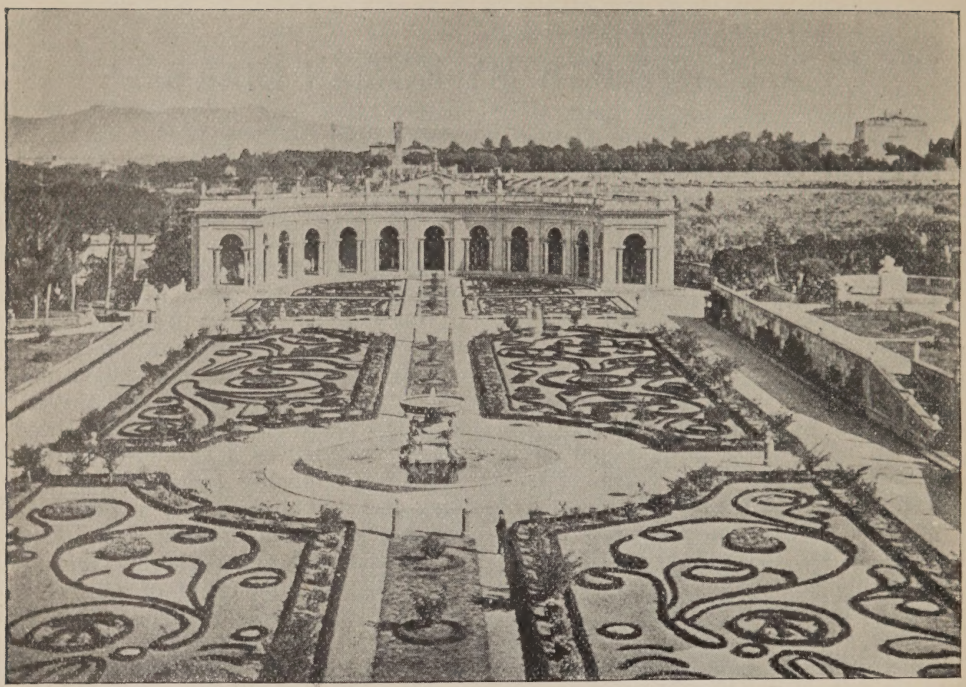
Brushing aside its neighbors, I took the little book from its exile, and the touch of its cover seemed like the clasp of the hand of an old friend returned from long absence in foreign lands. No wonder the coins looked haughtily down upon it! They were centuries in advance of this poor plebeian thing. And had they not been struck at the command of a Cæsar? Had not Pompey and Marc Antony, Cicero and Horace, touched and cherished them? They must have often smiled in derision as they read upon its withered face the very modern date, 1883. Only a decade, while they had figured in history that was ancient centuries before it began to be used; and then, what was it after all, but the stray jottings of an unknown seminarian, while they marked eras and epochs of the greatest men that have lived? Nevertheless to me the diary was more precious than the oldest and rarest among them; and then and there I secretly resolved that in the future it should have more congenial environment.

But as I still held it in my hand, before removing it to its new quarters, I somehow began to wonder what I had put down between those covers. With a smile I opened the book. The dried leaves crackled as I turned them one by one. Probably that was the way they had of expressing their gratitude for being remembered at last. Remembered! What was there to remember? The common life of an ecclesiastical student, who spends his day between chapel and lecture hall; who meets no one from year's end to year's end but his class-mates, professors, and confessor; whose greatest sensation is a call in the saggio, and whose most thrilling excitement is a game of ball in the Borghese, with a pinch of the best Leccese between the innings? Were these things to chronicle?

The rising of the sun over the Albans, and its setting behind Monte Mario, were not more invariable than the seminarian's daily routine, and as I thumbed leaf after leaf, I read but the even flow of a happy, uneventful period of retirement and study.

I was growing impatient, and turned over several leaves together, when I encountered in characters that from their unusual size attracted immediately my whole attention, the inscription — "Christmas." The word ended with a flourish that told a whole story of a particular happy frame of mind. It was instantly patent to me, that that page had something to reveal. I leaned back in my chair, and settled myself for the revelation. Here it is: —

"Day glorious. Church filled with American colony. Music excellent, es-



Garden of the Villa Albani.

pecially the "Venite Adoremus." How that hymn carries one home! Afternoon — Vespers at St. Mary Major's, Archbishop of Baltimore celebrant. Great concourse of people. — Saw Werber at the crib. Has come back at last to the Madonna."

I read and reread the words. I closed the book, and laid it down among my breviaries, and then fell to musing over the memories of that day, only a few years past, but seemingly ages ago. How vividly it all came back to me! Line after line came gradually into vision, and at last the whole story of that Christmas of 1884 stood clearly and distinctly before my mind. I recalled in fancy the perfect glory of the morning. I could see the deep blue of the sky and the brilliant radiance of the sun, as it streamed down upon the orange trees just outside my window. I recalled even the tone of the college bell, that rang out so shrilly sweet upon the crisp, cold air; and I heard again the noise of moving feet upon the brick flooring of the little cells, as door after door opened, and the familiar faces of the students came forth, with an especially bright and happy look upon them. I could hear the whispered "Buona Festa," pass from lip to lip, — a quiet breach of the rule of silence that no prefect, however rigid, could ever find it in his heart to check.

It was all so plain to my fancy that it seemed but yesterday. Again I was in procession with the rest, entering with slow and solemn step the beautiful little church, with its gorgeous choir screen and walls of lustrous marble that reflected upon all angles the myriads of lighted candles upon the high altar. Again from above the central arch, that Madonna with the wondrously sweet face and the gentlest of eyes, gazed down upon me kneeling at my place.

Out under the lofty ceiling, with its exquisite though now faded frescoes, rolled the soft swell of the old French

organ, and we knew that Pippo was in his best mood, from the more than ordinarily brilliant modulations and cadenzas that answered his deft touch. I remember being very conscious that a host of Americans were seated in the small space in the rear under the organ loft; and I smile now as I recall the look, half of curiosity, half of amusement, that spread over the countenance of a then budding musician, as we took up dear old Firentine's queer, joggy pastoral, to which the "Jesu Redemptor" was adapted. They had all gathered that morning in our little church, willingly sacrificing the pleasure of grander celebrations where cardinals and bishops and canons assisted in all the splendor of their office. And why? Only to hear that melody that carried them back over the seas, to home and friends, that little hymn sung nowhere else in Rome outside of our church, the old, sweet touching hymn of Christmas, "Adeste Fideles." Ah, yes, let St. Peter's boast of its Capponi, and its Sistine choir. We stuck loyally to that old tune, through thick and thin, and not all the maestros of Rome could have induced us to supplant its homely melody by the grandest works of their pen. That was the one bit of home in all the day, and we clung to it with all the tenacity of exiled patriots.

And so my recollections revived in fancy all the early part of the day; the pleasant interchange of good wishes, the savory Italian dinner, with the zuppa Inglese, fearfully and wonderfully made, the black coffee, and the rosoglio, afterwards, and then the jolly chat in the garden, where we strolled for an hour among the orange and date trees, or fed the little gold-fish that frisked about in the antique stone basin of the old and battered fountain. Not that in itself it was such a marvel of beauty or very spacious, this college Eden of ours; but in the heart of a great and crowded city, it surely was matter for grateful pride we possessed this cosy plot, with its gravel walks, and blooming roses, and creeping vines, and the unspeakable privileges of the open sky that went with it all. And to know besides that there so many of our archbishops and bishops had, as boys, strolled about as we had after dinner, awaiting the sound of the bell that invited us to cool, sometimes cold rooms, for the refreshing siesta. There leaning against that stuccoed wall, with his back to the graceful cortile beyond, I had seen the great English churchman, the zealous and learned Manning, his face lit up with almost boyish fun, as, surrounded by a lively group, he narrated some pranks of his college days, or anon return to that severe ascetic recollected expression, as he spoke in more serious mood of the sad aspect of modern Italy.

What of the end of the chronicle? What mystery is shrouded in that curious line, "Werber has returned to his Madonna"? Oh, I remember now. I had known Werber ever so long. I remember spending part of a summer many years ago at his lodge in the Adirondacks. He was not exactly rich, but he had been left a comfortable income, and besides was the conscious heir to much more to come on the death of a very old maiden aunt who doted upon him.

Werber was unmistakably artistic. He pulled a good oar, and handled a rifle with any of us; but somehow he had a way of stealing off occasionally for hours at a time, invariably returning with a clever sketch of some pretty landscape that had fixed his eye a day or two before. After that summer I never heard of him except to see it stated occasionally in a New York paper that "Mr. Werber had taken a prize in the exhibition at the M—— Art Club."

One day my camerata was spending the afternoon of a spring holiday in the charming grounds of the Villa Albani. We had roved through the galleries of the magnificent casino, and, fatigued by the effort, we looked about for a secluded spot in the park to rest awhile. As we turned an angle in the path, we came upon a pleasant outlook, in a perfect bower of ilex trees. Some one had

anticipated us, however. An artist, with the outspreading landscape half reproduced upon the canvas before him, sat firmly planted upon his camp-stool, and was dashing the color over the cloth with an eagerness that displayed intense admiration of the scene, and a facility and sureness of touch which proved him master of his art. He was disturbed by our invasion of his privacy, as was patent from the look of half annoyance, half supplication, upon his fine face as he turned toward me. It was Werber. It took me less than a second to recognize him, though his full beard almost covered his face, and his slouching tam-o'-shanter made him look so strange. It was evident too that my cloak and shovel-hat were a slight barrier to his keen-sightedness.

An artist sat firmly planted on his camp-stool.

"Curious place to meet," said I, as he gave me his hand.

"Artistic," he answered.

We knew each other too well to waste time in effusions and compliments. "There, stretch off on the grass," said he. "We can chat while I work away." With a touch here and a dash there, he hurried over the canvas, each movement of the brush bringing into life new beauties, until finally the whole landscape lay upon the easel, as if a reflection in some magic mirror of the natural scene before us. Meanwhile, he chatted of the period that had passed since I had last seen him. He had followed up his natural bent, and was now a painter of some repute. His forte was landscape, he said; but since his arrival in Rome, the desire had seized him to paint something ideal, something religious.

"I would give all the prizes I ever won and all the paintings I ever owned," he said with deep earnestness. "if I could paint one ideal that haunts me!"

"What is your ideal?" I asked, roused to curiosity at the singular sentiment of ambition and enthusiasm which had seized his generally phlegmatic and cool character. He turned towards me, and said in a quiet, half bashful way, as if he were making some confession: —

"I want to paint a Madonna. Not one of your modern, meaningless pictures, that always have seemed to me a profanation to call by that name; but a painting that would inspire him who looked upon it with devotion and tell him something of the purity and heroism of the Holy Virgin; something of the expression of the Mater Admirabilis, over there in the Trinita dei monte. I would give anything I possess to do something as sure to last and do some good as that picture by an obscure nun. That is my ideal."

"And a noble one," I responded. "I trust it may some day be realized, my boy; and even though it should never be, keep your heart loyal to the sentiment. While that is in you, you cannot but feel that your art is more than a trade. 'Something to last and do good.' Make that phrase your

motto, Werber. It is the only one worthy of an artist."

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Days passed, then weeks, and still I had failed to pay Werber my promised visit. One morning I got a note from him: "I have begun work on the painting," it ran. "I want you to see it at its birth." That afternoon I called at his studio. Werber came forward hastily to welcome me, but it struck me that something in the nervous manner in which he received me, so entirely unusual to him, displayed a slight embarrassment. "You have come at last," he said, taking my hat, and

WERBER'S IDEAL.

"I would give all the prizes I ever won to paint one ideal that haunts me."

pushing forward a comfortable chair towards me. "That is quite a climb up here from the street. Sit down and catch your breath. Let me present my friend, Signor Monte."

The signor and I saluted each other, but I noticed that his bow was very slight, in fact scarcely an inclination at all, and there was an expression on his face of cold indifference that showed plainly that Werber might have omitted the form of introduction without any offence to Monte. I was annoyed by his behavior, and wondered how to explain it. He was undeniably distinguished looking, and had the general bearing of a man of good breeding. His clothes were of English make, according to the fad of the newly rich Italians. He had good taste in that he wore no jewelry save one very valuable charm which hung from his watch guard. I noticed the design set in jewels, and recognized it at once as the badge of the most rabid, infidel society in Italy. The mystery was solved in one glance. I felt easier now. Monte tried to appear at ease, but I could see that he was restless and uncomfortable.

"I am glad you have come, Padre," said Werber. "I have sketched my idea sufficiently to show the conception, and the rest is only detail. Monte has helped me immensely with his frank criticism, and I know you will not spare me if you see anything to suggest. Here it is near the window. Let me uncover it."

"It's getting late, Werber," said Monte, drawing himself together, "and I must leave you. I've had all the art I can stand for one day. I don't mind something lively, a steeple-chase or boar hunt, for example; but your dreamy, unreal, fancy pictures bore me. Idealism is dead, and realism is king. Vive le roi. The day of Madonnas is past. Good-day, Werber. Don't forget your engagement to-night." And with a slight nod to the top of my chair, he left the studio.

I could see that Werber felt a little relieved at his disappearance. "Here is the sketch," he said, as he turned up the heavy drapery that covered the canvas. "You had better stand over here so as to get an oblique view. I'll just slip in the other room and fill a pipe while you glance at it alone." He disappeared into a little chamber that adjoined the studio.

I was alone with the picture and looked at it long and from every side. It was a well-defined sketch, incomplete of course, but the pose, expression, general tone, and atmosphere of the completed work were plainly and strongly indicated; but I went back from it to my chair with a feeling of utter disappointment in the picture, and pity for the artist. I almost wished I had not seen it, and I was turning over in my mind what I should say of it, when Werber reappeared, with a look of anxiety upon his face. Evidently he read my opinion in my eyes, before he spoke. He sent a few rings of smoke whirling in the air, and, with an effort, came finally to the point. "Well?"

"Werber," said I, "I am no critic; why should you care for my opinion? But if I must give one, frankly"— I paused.

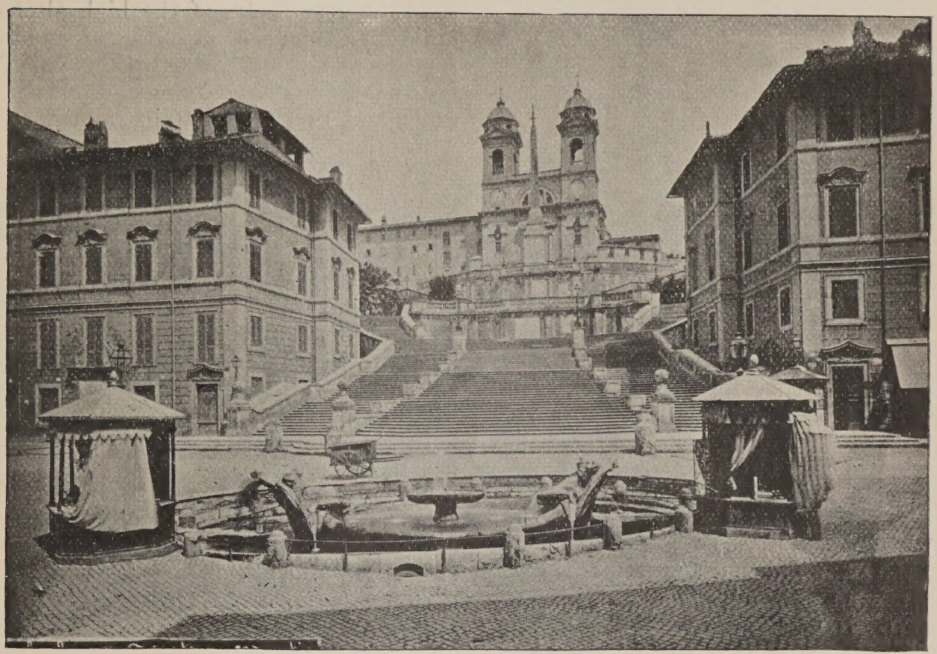
"If you are my friend, you will," he said.

"That is not your ideal, that is not your Madonna. The work is yours. I don't accuse you of plagiarism in the execution, but I am certain you never conceived that sketch. Your figure might represent the Goddess of Reason, but never the Queen of Heaven. A few moments ago you intimated that you had been helped immensely by the suggestions of your friend, Monte, did you call him? Excuse me, my boy, but I hardly think that either Signor Monte himself, or the associations into which he has evidently led you, will be conducive to either the conception or execution of very high ideals."

I saw that he was pained; but I knew him well enough to understand that the only hope of rescue from the baneful influence with which he was beginning to surround himself, was open speech.

"My dear fellow," I continued, with the feeling of the surgeon applying the lancet, "give it up. Go back to your landscapes. You may become a Corot or a Millet; but the work that am more worthy, and then, I will go back to my Madonna. When will you call again?"

I took his offered hand, and said with a look which I knew he under-



Convent of the Sacred Heart, Trinità dei Monte.

was to 'last and do good' will have to wait." I saw that he was moved. I had, as I judged, probed in the right spot.

"What," said he, as he laid his hand upon the picture, "give up my ideal? Not for the world."

I took my hat, preparing to go. "But one thing or the other must be surrendered," said I, "for they are utterly incompatible — either your ideal or your present associations — Monte and the others you have engaged to meet to-night. You must choose."

With a remorseful look, he slowly, as if in thought, turned down the drapery over his canvas, and then said, "Padre, you are right. Thanks for your frankness. I shall not go on with this picture. My ideal has become a bit confused of late. I will wait till I stood, "When you recommence your picture. Au revoir." I descended the worn staircase, and felt an indescribable sense of relief as I gained the street. I looked at my watch and saw I had just time to reach the college before the Ave Maria.

. . . . . .

All Rome goes to St. Mary Major's Christmas afternoon, drawn thither by the desire, either curious or religious, or both, to look upon the greatest treasure the great Church holds in its possession — the crib in which the little God-Child lay on that first Christmas night. What Christian heart but would yearn to enjoy the privilege of venerating that holy relic of Christ's nativity! There we American students, too, decided to go. It was

always a pleasure to enter its huge portals, to kneel before its canopied

St. Mary Major's.

altar, to admire its rich mosaics, and wander through its gorgeous side chapels, the votive offerings of popes and princes; but that day there was a special pleasure awaiting us.

We were conscious, proudly so, of the fact that in the glorious gilding of the ceiling of this great basilica, the first gold found upon the American continent had been consecrated. The first fruits of the New World were given thus to Mary's honor; but to-day with the American gold was to be blended the American purple. On Christmas Day, in the good old times, the Pope alone pontificated at St. Mary Major's. Since that became impossible, only a cardinal, designated by him as mark of special honor, officiated. On this day, by a most singular expression of good-will to the American people, as well as to the distinguished prelate himself, the celebrant of the solemn vesper service was to be no other than His Grace, the Archbishop of Baltimore, the American Primate, now a prince of the Church. The great temple was thronged with people of all nations. The great altar was ablaze with lights. The huge apse was filled with the canons in their ermine hoods, the bishops and monsignori in vestments of exquisite fabrics, and seated in the midst of them, in cope and mitre, in the place once occupied by the Holy Father himself, was our Primate. To those who knew the signs, no greater proof was needed that in the near future, "His Grace" would be "His Eminence."

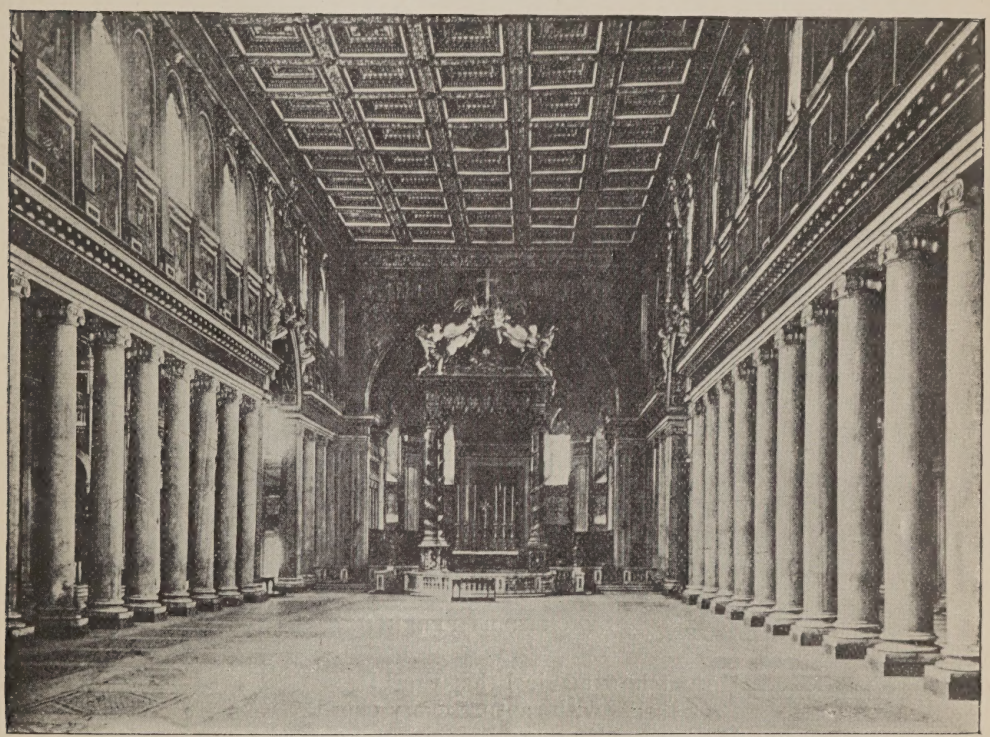
In the very centre of the high altar, enthroned upon a pedestal of gold, reposed the crystal urn, within which lay visible the sacred relic of the holy crib; and as the attending ministers, with the Archbishop, ascended the steps of the tribune, the solemn canticle of the Magnificat rang through the vast temple, and clouds of fragrant incense almost hid from view this venerable treasure, which Rome so sacredly guards and cherishes. A few moments later and that vast concourse knelt in silence upon the marble floor of the basilica, the sacred host was lifted high above their bowed heads in holy benediction, and then the crowd began to leave the sacred edifice. I lingered after the others in one of the side chapels to get another view of the curious old Byzantine Madonna, said to be painted by St. Luke. When I came out into the main church again, nearly all the host of worshippers had gone. The crystal urn, with its precious treasure, still remained in its lofty shrine, and I approached to venerate it. As I did so, I saw before me something that made that day a completely happy Christmas. Kneeling very close to the altar, his face upturned to the crib, with a look of confident, simple faith in his eyes, and wrapt in an outpouring of devotion that made him utterly forgetful of everything around him, I saw my friend Werber; and I knew that he then and there had made his choice. His "Ideal" had conquered.

I left the church, and determined to wait in the piazza till he came out. After a while he appeared at the door, where he stood for a moment to view the gay scene before him, of the peasants and people in gay holiday attire, chatting in merry groups under the shadow of the great church. It was a sight an artist would be sure to appreciate. Soon his eye rested upon me, and

with a sprightly step and happy face, he came toward me. "Is it too late to say Merry Christmas?" he asked with a very firm and hearty hand-clasp. "Thanks," said I. "Has yours been a happy one?" "Very," he answered simply, but with a shy look, as if he wondered if I had detected his secret.

Just then a magnificent bay steed, superbly groomed, came cantering up the piazza towards us, under a rider who carried himself with all the ease and dignity of his race. It was Monte. He reined up his horse suddenly as he discovered Werber, and guessing the truth, with a jeering smile, said, "I see you've been to vespers, Werber. Been kneeling, too. I can see the dust on your trousers. Bad form, my boy. Much better fun riding. I say, will you come out with me to Albano to-morrow. You need a little outing. We haven't set eyes on you for weeks, and you look all out of trim."

"Thanks, Monte; perhaps I do need a change," said Werber, scarcely concealing the disgust he now felt at the speech and manner of his quondam friend; "but I shall be very busy for some time to come, and shall want to be something of a hermit. Padre," he continued, turning to me with a significant look in his clear eyes, "I am going back to my Madonna."



Interior of St. Mary Major's.

I shall not soon forget the baffled expression that came over the face of Monte. With a dig of his spurs into his horse's sides, and without another word to either of us, he sped across the piazza and over the street beyond

to the imminent danger of a poor old contadino who could scarcely limp out of his reckless way.

"Sudden disappearance of Mephistopheles," said Werber, with a smile.

I went home to my little room, and as there was still an hour before supper, I lit my quaint little oil lamp, and drawing forth my little diary, jotted down the record, over the memories of which I have been lingering.

I look across my room now, and there, just above my book-case, gazing out at me from its gilt frame, is the sweet, pure, virgin face of Werber's Madonna.

HOME.

BY CHARLES FFRENCH.

HOME! how magical that word!
How thrills with rapture every chord
Within the heart, and yields a tone
Of sweetness, at its sound alone!
When sorrow's cloud looms in our sky,
When youth and love and friendship fly,
The memory brings us thoughts of home,
And light and gladness with them come.
When changing fortune frights the soul,
When round her ruins thunders roll,
When Heaven is dark, and earth is drear,
She seeks her home and nestles there.
Whatever flowers may strew life's path,
We rarely look on one that hath
As bright a bloom, as sweet a breath
As those that once did round our happy homestead wreath.

A ROMAN CHARIOT RACE.

"Tis the night
When well-told tales both old and young delight."

MARJORY'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY FLORENCE MAY ALT.

Outside the sill the world was frosted white,
Inside, the firelight flickered warm and bright
Upon the polished hearth and floor, and all
The dim old portraits smiling on the wall.
A quaint old room — high-panelled in dull red
With carven ceiling curving overhead.
But bright young faces clustered in the glow
Where the great yule-log blazed in fireplace low;
And Marjory cried (a pretty madcap she
And merriest of all the company) —
"Good people, why so silent? 'Tis the night
When well-told tales both old and young delight.
Let us tell Christmas stories! And for him
Who in this witching hour of twilight dim
Shall find no tale to tell us — Christmas Day
Shall bring no gifts to make his feasting gay."

"Agreed!" they cried; and each a story told.
The sailor spun a yarn of buried gold
And treasure-isles; the soldier-lad a tale
Of war, that made the children's cheeks grow pale;
And fair-haired Carl untwisted strand by strand
The tangled legends of his fatherland;
While grandma, from her corner by the blaze,
Rehearsed a tale that pleased in olden days.
Then Marjory: "I tell mine last," she said,
"A drama of a Christmas long since dead;
A true, sad story, that I found to-day
Laid in the rose-leaves of the past away.

"This morning, grandmamma, in that old chest
That holds her treasures, found among the rest
This party-bag — some belle of long ago
Had made with her own dainty hands, I know.
When I unwrapped it from its linen fold
Straight grandma fell to musing: 'Ah, the old,
Old days,' she said, 'and stately Prudence Vaughn!
How light she danced in dim years that are gone!

This party-bag of ivory-white brocade,
Thick-sewn with silver thread, is one she made
And carried when she danced the minuet
With her first love — his name I quite forget,

"When she danced the minuet."

'Twas — Roger — Something — on that Christmas night
Long, long ago. . . . Your grandma's gown was white
Too, Marjory. And generous Prudence said:
"Sweetheart, I need it not. You wear, instead
Of my beruffled self, the silver zone
And broidered trifle! Nay, the dance is done
For me; but you will romp till dawn.
Keep it, sweetheart!" She kissed me and was gone.
So I have kept it, Marjory, 'tis true
I always meant to hand it down to you,
But I forget so many things.' And then
The dear old lady fell adream again.

"But I betook my treasure to my room
And scanned it carefully. A faint perfume
Of faded roses lingered as I stirred
The silken lining. Then I thought I heard
A something rustle as I turned it round;
And slipped between the silken sides I found —
A letter! Ah, good people, now indeed
You deign to listen! But I cannot read
In this dim light."
"O Marjory, you tease!
You know it well!"

Said Marjory: "As you please.
I will repeat it then; to-morrow you
May see the pretty bag and letter too."

Then madcap Marjory, in tender voice
Began: "'*My heart's dear Prudence, I rejoice*
To screen thee thus from chiding words unkind.
For well I know no hand but thine shall find
This tender missive. Give me but thy heart,—
No kith nor kin shall keep us two apart!
If this offend thee, answer not. And then
Thy Roger will not trouble thee again.'
So runs the letter; and I found it sealed.
Perchance the secret never was revealed!
Perchance this Prudence died — and never knew
That Roger loved her! Friends, *my* tale is true."

And only grandma smiled; as if she could
Complete the tender story if she would.
Along the silent room the portraits old
Leaned downwards from their frames of tarnished gold
To hear this sad love-story of their youth!
At least it seemed so.
"Was he not in truth
A sorry lover," cried a winsome maid,
"To trust to writing what he should have *said*?
A timid knight must often woo in vain.
This Roger must have been a bashful swain
To risk his fate in such a fashion slow!
And why does grandmamma sit smiling so?
I doubt the story! Grandmamma, now tell
If such a tragic fate your friend befell.
Your stately Prudence Vaughn of long ago —
Come tell us truly — did she wed, or no?"

A silence fell across the darkening room,
And a faint fragrance as when roses bloom,
As grandmamma laughed softly: "Oh, my dear,
Your sympathy is wasted quite, I fear.
For Roger, if his letter went astray
As Marjory says, — still found another way
To win his Prudence. I forget so — yet —
She married Roger — Something — I forget!"

EMINENT CATHOLIC PRELATES.

III. — THE PAPAL DELEGATE.

BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

THE appointment of a delegate to the Church in the United States was the first notice Catholic Americans received that their organization had outgrown Propaganda. The care of missionary countries belongs to the famous congregation, whose record is one of the most brilliant and wonderful; and the test of its fidelity to its principles is that more than one nation placed under its jurisdiction has progressed sufficiently to merit an absolute release from tutelage in this century. Propaganda dealt with each diocese and its bishop separately, as the countries in its jurisdiction were not strong enough to maintain a general policy. Consequently, there was work enough to do, and often too much of it; but the work was done well, and not without regret have the officials of the great missionary society seen the young nations slip from their care and begin life for themselves. America has long been the pride of Propaganda, for nowhere in the world of new nations has the faith made such strides as in the United States. The necessity of releasing us from the restraints suited to youth was felt these many

years in Rome, and release might have come sooner had the American hierarchy so pleased. Forty years ago, or more, Pius IX. suggested the change of administration, and Archbishop Bedini came to our country in a tentative way, only to return home a failure ; for the Know-nothings and the Italian Reds conspired to make his stay a source of trouble to the nation. Later, a distinguished prelate, who died Cardinal Sepiacci, was consecrated archbishop for the American Delegation, but the American bishops discouraged his coming and he remained in Italy. Still, the Roman officials persisted in spite of the steady refusal of the bishops of the United States to advise the establishment of a delegation. More than one noted prelate of the Curia has dreamed of securing the distinction of Delegate to America.

The necessity of the office became more and more imperative with time. The character of the questions brought before Propaganda showed plainly that the method of dealing with independent bishops was out of date. Each bishop had a veto power on questions of general policy so absolute that nothing could be done for the general welfare without his coöperation and consent. Although a number of bishops might agree upon a measure and adopt it for their dioceses, a dissenting bishop could nullify their work by legislating the measure away from his territories. He could provide Propaganda with an army of strong reasons why his action was proper, and the Roman congregation had no means of learning the contrary. When the strong-headed Leo was finally convinced of this condition, he took counsel of himself, consulted the American hierarchy politely, received the assurances of some that a delegation was not to be thought of, and of others that it was needed, and then founded the new office without delay. Archbishop Francis Satolli was named Delegate. He was the Pope's personal friend, a man of learning, without any diplomatic training or experience ; but he could be trusted to carry out the Pope's ideas to the letter, and in pressing moments to know just what the Pope would desire to have done, when time for consultation would be wanting. Since 1892, the year of the Delegate's arrival in America, the Delegation has gone through the usual stages of development, until at this moment it is as permanent as any institution can ever hope to be in this unstable world.

The Delegate was not a stranger in the country when he came to represent the Pope at the World's Fair, and then to establish the Delegation. He had previously visited us in 1889, to bring us the felicitations of His Holiness on the happy completion of a century of organization, and to preside at the opening of the University. He was received everywhere with distinction. His friends were numerous among the younger clergy, who had studied under him in Rome, and his brilliant powers as a scholar and lecturer were appreciated. The Roman students gave him a reception in New York, and gathered from all parts of the country to do him honor. The speeches of welcome were made in Latin by the accomplished Archbishop of New York and the polished Dr. Brann, and the Papal representative won distinction for himself by gripping a syphon of mineral water so tightly, that it spread itself in a fountain of mist over the guest table, before he could be rescued.

It was then known that a brilliant future awaited Dr. Satolli as the friend of the Pope, but that his future would have any connection with this country was not imagined. His talent as a theologian was always admired, but as an executive officer he had not achieved any distinction.

That the Pope finally selected him from a group of brilliant and willing diplomatists made clear the difficulties and hindrances Leo XIII. looked for in the American mission. Dr. Satolli lacked in some points and had much to contend with in others. He does not speak English, and his personal appearance is almost commonplace. His figure is spare but graceful, his face is sallow, his mouth too wide; but these defects are compensated by vivacious expression, strength of will in the chin, and a head whose lines of beauty and power would distinguish him among a thousand leaders. He is a scholar of the highest reputation, and an author known to the experts in questions of philosophy and theology, and the history of modern thought. In fact, his tastes are entirely those of the student and the professor. He has passed his whole life in the professor's chair, and the chances are that he would exchange any position of trust and power for the library and the lecture hall. In spite of himself, Pope Leo took him from his books and his classes to aid in the development of a Church policy which has not too many friends, and a fine crowd of enemies in Europe and America.

The books which he has written prove his intimate acquaintance with the thought of the time, and his capacity for understanding the problems that present themselves in the administration of the Church in America. At the time of his appearance in New York as Delegate, there was much apprehension and uneasiness as to his mission and its consequences. Many of the bishops were irritated that the Pope should have disregarded their objections to a delegation; they transferred their irritation to the Delegate. For a long time he was practically ostracised. The half score of bishops that were consecrated in the last two years did not invite him to act as consecrator, although it is considered an honor to receive consecration at such hands, and the precedents were numerous in the career of Archbishop Bedini in this country. In fact, their opposition hastened the development of the Delegation, for the Pope found it necessary to clothe the Delegate with the entire jurisdiction formerly held by the Propaganda that the object of his mission might be accomplished.

The result of this change of administration will be that the bishops will have to deal entirely with Dr. Satolli, and the appeal from his decisions must be to the Pope. The centre of administration will be hereafter in Washington, a very great convenience as far as distance is concerned, though it may work hardship in particular cases. The significance of the change can be better understood by a brief review of the work accomplished by the delegation in the last two years. It is not an easy matter to give such a review, for the passions and interests of men have been pretty well stirred in that time, and what one will write another can controvert with heat and indignation. There has been no formal announcement of policy from the Delegate; but his first interferences with the course of history indicate the nature of his instructions from the Pope. Arriv-

ing in the country a few months before the annual meeting of the American archbishops, he appeared at that meeting with certain propositions on the school question. Later he restored Dr. McGlynn to his sacerdotal functions; he began at once to receive appeals in matters touching the relations of the priests with their bishops, and the people with their priests; then came indications that his policy touched the interests of Catholic Americans, who do not use the English language except accidentally, for certain of their journals published bitter demands for his recall; finally he approved a feature of temperance policy in the diocese of Bishop Watterson. Remembering that we are in the main a public-spirited nation, used to staid acceptance and mild discussion of public measures, the noise we made over these five events and the feeling we displayed are quite incomprehensible. We astounded Europe, and shocked our American sympathizers, by the spectacle of a decorous people, almost stupid from decorum and order, turned at one stroke into noisy, gossipy, abusive partisans, crying like civic warriors for battles and blood.

Three of the questions dealt with by Dr. Satolli are closely related: the race, education, and temperance questions; the remaining two stand by themselves. It may be admitted by the most ardent friend of the Delegate that it was a mistake to have initiated his work in this country by taking up the case of Dr. McGlynn, and a positive blunder to have settled it as he did. Speaking without reference to the personality of Dr. McGlynn, or to the merits of his case, regarding solely the Delegate's interests, public sentiment required that the McGlynn case should be treated late, with great circumspection and delicacy, with due regard to all parties, as well as to justice, and with particular reference to the condition of public feeling. The McGlynn case was settled off-hand, and without the slightest regard for the circumstances. Public sentiment was shocked where it was not delighted with the blunder made by the papal representative. No true friend of the work which the Delegate came here to do but regretted the haste and carelessness that marked every step towards the rehabilitation of Dr. McGlynn. It lost him friends whom he can never regain, made him enemies in every quarter, and gave his supporters a heavy task to explain and apologize for his action, for they could not justify or defend it. The Delegate did not know, and did not inform himself that Dr. McGlynn had offended Catholics of every class by his intemperate speeches in Cooper Union, that he had roused a bitter feeling against himself by his abuse and ridicule of authority, and had practically destroyed his own right to justice by a long series of offences against the Catholic body. Perhaps the Delegate felt his mistake quickly, since he has not blundered twice in that fashion.

He was happier in treating the question of the relations of hierarchy, clergy, and people. An immense number of appellants have carried their grievances to his court in the last two years, and the results have been satisfactory, in this sense, that he has taught the entire Catholic body, leaders and led, the existence of principles which govern their relationships though there may be no canon law here after the European fashion. He has by his mere presence slain the old-fashioned ab-

solutism. Authority now seeks for its limitations before acting, and power pauses to study consequences before exerting itself. This statement applies to bishops, priests, and people, for in the theoretically lawless state which has prevailed among us, very few passed without sinning against common sense and justice. However, this matter will stand ventilation and discussion much better a decade hence: let it be left for that period.

I have said that the education, race, and temperance questions enjoy a close relationship. Very few in the east perceive or admit the connection; but the archbishops of the country have so often felt the edge of these questions that they must know of it. The Catholic bodies in this country, speaking other languages than the vernacular, have provided us with a race question in their determination to continue European conditions and languages as long as they may. The nation saw one form of that determination in the Cahensly movement. These Catholic bodies are great school builders, and they have evolved a new theory of school and state. Seeing that a state-aided church school would have better chances than without state aid; seeing also that the tax-payers would take state aid even at the cost of banishing the European tongue from the church school; knowing, too, that the state would never give aid unless English alone were taught in the church school; feeling certain that if English-speaking Catholics adopted the state-aided school, no power could keep out that school, their writers taught and continue to teach that the state is a usurper in the field of education, and that a Catholic school cannot accept state aid. In the face of the facts gathered from every country in Europe, they maintain these theories, because at any cost the leaders are bound to keep the European language alive, which cannot be done without that language being supreme in the church school. At this point the race and education questions meet. As to the temperance question, we know that the Germans, Italians, and French do not admit its existence, and cannot understand our temperance movements with their pledges, their statistics, their enmity to saloons and distilleries. Consequently, their leaders oppose all church legislation on temperance. At this point the race and temperance questions meet.

This connection of three very important matters has worked trouble in certain parts of the country, and lamentable confusion in others. One set of Catholics has denounced the beer-drinking habits of the Germans, and in turn the Germans have ridiculed the Catholics who cannot drink without making beasts of themselves Insensate denunciation of the public schools has rung from our pulpits, along with bitter criticism of Catholics attending them, the important fact being hid that we have never had schools enough to take all our children from the public schools. In fact, these questions have all run into one another, and have been studied oftener from the race standpoint, than by rules of sense or according to facts. It is easy to understand, therefore, the bitterness and loudness with which every order or recommendation of Mgr. Satolli in these matters has been greeted. Nevertheless he has gone on his way comfortably, and we can see results without the aid of glasses. The reunions of our people on racial

lines have grown fewer, and those that did take place, kept one eye on the Delegate and the other on the racial tempers. A blind observer can see that Mgr. Satolli has already instructed the bishops. Denunciations of the public schools have ceased. The existence of a temperance question has been officially recognized, and the state-aided school, the state's share in education as in charity, and the necessity of one language for this country, are matters one can talk about without losing religious standing. The best work of the Delegate has been done quietly, as all real work should be done. Had he gone about the McGlynn affair as about these more important matters, no doubt but that ugly question would not now be hanging fire. In all parts of the country his work and gracious influence have begun to be felt, and men are looking to him hopefully for a change in conditions that have been unnecessarily hard.

It is surprising, therefore, to read Bishop Spalding's curious remarks upon him in a recent number of the North American Review. The eminent Bishop of Peoria sees only misfortune to the Church from the presence of a papal delegate in America. It provides an excuse for the Know-Nothings; it irritates certain sections of the Church; it turns order into chaos. All this may be granted; but is there no compensation? What a relief to the Know-Nothings that they have an excuse for their brief existence. Certain sections of the Church need more irritation than a delegate will ever give them: they are dead. The Pope seems to have preferred chaos of a certain kind to order of a certain similar kind. In fact, the establishment of a delegation in America is the legitimate result of his policy. He has thrown over the old order, based on hereditary rulers, and taken up the new, which gives the people larger share in government. He gets little sympathy from Europe outside of France: to what other country than ours can he turn? If he wishes to bind us so closely to the Church administration that our political principles and forms will be sure to influence Europe to imitation, what American can object?

What the American branch of the Church needs, is a strong dose of the liberalism which has marked the reign of Leo XIII. We are infinitely small compared with our European brethren, whom we think of and refer to as "the effete." We have none of their independence of thought and character, nor their inventiveness. We like the leading strings, evidently. It is our environment that is broad, not we stump-speakers. Gambetta wrote of the Pope in the month Leo XIII. was elected: "He will not break openly with the traditions and declarations of his predecessor; but his conduct, his acts, his relations, will be worth more than speeches, and if he does not die too soon, we may hope for a mariage de raison with the Church." He did not die too soon, and he has sought the mariage de raison with every nation under heaven. The Delegation is the latest evidence of it. If it simply drives the Catholic body out of its picayune exclusiveness, loosens its grip on dead traditions, unites the individual bishops in one useful policy, and kills off the two score policies which have distinguished the past, it will have done enough to satisfy the most exacting. To accomplish such results the Pope has sent Mgr. Satolli, and the results are coming with reasonable speed.

BETWEEN THE LINES.

BY FRANCIS HURD.

ALL through the stifling day there had been an incessant booming of cannon and rattle of musketry. The combatants had surged forward and backward, sometimes almost in each other's arms, then scarcely within musket range. The valley was narrow and deep, and the air without motion. As the hours went by the smoke grew thick and black, and at last the contending armies fought in a cloud as impenetrable as a dense sea-fog.

Suddenly, as though by mutual consent, there was a momentary lull. It was as though the combatants had reached the limit of endurance, and had paused to get breath. As the smoke fog lifted a little the men could see their neighbors, and then their neighbors beyond. A captain of infantry stood a little apart from his men. His figure was tall and commanding, but his face was black with powder and smoke. He saw a dim outline near him and at first thought it was one of his men.

"Hello, there!" he called, cheerily. "How do you stand it? Will you be good for another hour?"

"For half a dozen," was the quick reply; and the clear, youthful voice made him recoil, as though it had been a bomb from the enemy.

"Who are you?" he called, sharply, as he stepped forward. But at that instant the cloud lifted still more, and he saw that the figure was clad in gray. And from out the rising fog came other gray figures, one by one, and he knew that he was in the midst of the enemy. As he turned to retreat he saw the figure spring toward him.

"Bob! Oh, Bob! Is it you?"

"Charlie!"

In a moment they were in each other's arms. Then the captain stood back and looked at the fair, boyish face.

"Why are you here, Charlie?" he asked, reproachfully. "You are only a boy!"

"Eighteen, Bob — almost. That is plenty old for the army. But I thought you were out West?" Then, with consternation in his voice, "You — you are in blue!"

The captain's face became grave.

"Yes, Charlie; you must remember that I was educated North, and that I have spent more than 10 years fighting Indians out West. I remained with my flag."

"But you are a Virginian!"

"I chose my country before my state, Charlie. But we must not talk about this. How are the folks at home?"

"Mother and the girls are well. Father is with me here, and Tom and Jack are below Richmond."

"And Howard?"

"Dead! Killed in his first battle, like a hero."

A sudden rattle of musketry was heard down the line; then the roar of an impatient cannon. They clasped hands and bent forward until their lips touched. Then they stepped back, and the smoke of an opening battery closed in between them. A crash as of a 100 thunderbolts rolled down the valley. The battle had recommenced.

HAS BUSINESS REALLY REVIVED?

BY JOHN H. RICE.

IT IS generally conceded that in the long period of business depression through which this country has been passing, hundreds of mercantile and manufacturing enterprises have been wrecked; that millions of invested capital have vanished; that thousands of workingmen and workingwomen have been without employment and without food, and this too, in spite of their willingness to work, and of abundant harvests and warehouses filled with grain. It is conceded also that even the very wealthy classes have for the past 12 months or more felt the need of practising economy.

While these facts are admitted by all, there are divided opinions as to the actual present condition of business and many conflicting forecasts of the immediate future. On the one hand, the democratic press before the election teemed with reports of a revival of business in nearly all the manufacturing industries. According to these reports mills everywhere that had long been idle were starting up on full time to fill orders that were coming in as a result of the tariff settlement by the democratic congress. On the other hand, the republican press has had little to say about a business boom, and the trade and financial papers, especially Bradstreet's, report few signs of returning activity.

More significant even than these facts from such trustworthy sources is a symposium in a recent magazine by the presidents of the chambers of commerce in four large cities, all agreeing that the era of general business prosperity is still in abeyance. With wheat and cotton selling at the lowest prices ever known in this country; with the supply of labor far in excess of the demand; with unremunerative freight rates, and an overburdened market in nearly all lines of staple products, any great degree of prosperity could indeed hardly be expected. That this is the situation at the present time, and that the improvement in the country as a whole is very slight, seems to be admitted by all except campaign orators.

Every economic doctor, quack and regular, has his own diagnosis of the case, and no two ascribe exactly the same cause for the continued depression. According to a man's surroundings or interests, he locates the trouble in the currency, in the tariff, in the lack of a merchant marine, in the labor organizations, in the demoralization of freight rates, in reckless speculation, in stock gambling, or in the abuse of the credit system, — mistaking effects for causes and symptoms for the disease itself.

Now it is pretty evident that, whatever the cause, there is some inherent evil in our economic system — some evil that brings "hard times" and a scarcity of money and of work with a strange regularity; and the common people are beginning to ask why it is, when labor produces a net increase of the national wealth every year, that every 15 or 20 years factories should close, the channels of trade should be choked, money should suddenly disappear, and ruin stare thousands in the face?

Can it be that labor produces its countless forms of wealth merely for the purpose of throwing it away or of concealing it in safes and vaults? Why is it that the annual net increase

of wealth is not available all the time for the comfort and the happiness of those who have produced it? When the voters of this country ask themselves these questions, — and not till then, — there will be a cessation of hard times and of panics. Ruskin has said: "The crown of production is consumption, and the wealth of a nation is to be measured, not by what it produces, but by what it consumes." That would seem to be self-evident, and the corollary follows that whatever obstructs or diminishes consumption is an evil. What is it that obstructs consumption of the wealth that has been produced? What is it that absorbs, without consuming, the product of labor? The 3,755 national banks in the United States, according to the report of the comptroller of the currency, have earned in round numbers during the year ending Sept. 30, 1894, the sum of $150,000,000 net. For this increase in the wealth of the banks, they have given nothing that may fairly be called productive labor. The net earnings of the railroads — that is, their profits after deducting the cost of labor involved in operating the roads — were $350,000,000 in 1892, and $275,000,000 in 1893. The last census showed that the annual interest paid on mortgaged property in the United States amounted to about $500,000,000. Then there are the enormous profits of the telegraph and telephone monopolies, of the coal, iron, lead, sugar, oil, and the thousand and one other trusts — net profits which go not into the pockets of the masses, but into the coffers of the organizations, and which cannot be fairly estimated at less than a billion dollars a year. Now who pays this total annual tax of about two billion dollars? Surely there is but one answer — the productive labor of the country, not the gamblers and speculators and money lenders, but the manual toilers, the manufacturers, the farmers, and all those engaged in legitimate business. But if you take from a man one fourth or one half of what he has earned, he cannot consume what he has produced, and wealth is measured by consumption.

If he attempts to tide over the hard times by borrowing — and that is his only resource except begging or stealing — he is only postponing the evil day and adding to its evils. The day of reckoning is called a "panic," and the months immediately preceding and following are called "hard times.'

What boots it that, as Bradstreet's reports, the bank clearings of the country for October, 1894, show a gain of 6 per cent over October, 1893; that there is an increased demand for the cheaper grades of shoes; that the bessemer ore in the Lake Superior district is larger this year than last; that the dry goods trade is slightly more active, and that a score of sporadic signs point to isolated cases of increased activity? The same authority complains of the "depressed condition of the cotton trade," of the "heavy decrease in the iron output," of the "low prices of cannel steel rails," of the "dulness of the lumber trade," and of many other facts that indicate the tardy arrival of returning prosperity.

These scattered symptoms of activity or of depression have only a particular and not a general interest. They merely show that the old game of limiting the consuming power of the producer is going on with its varying fortunes, and that a genuine "revival of business" will be possible only when every man is able to consume as much as he produces. The swinging of the political pendulum back and forth between the two great parties, the swift reversals of popular verdicts at the polls, do not mean that the people want a low tariff to-day and a high tariff to-morrow. They mean that the great mass of voters, feeling the weight of their burdens, turn first to one party and then to the other for relief. With a big democratic majority in congress or an equally big republican majority there, the formation of trusts and combines, the controlling of the necessaries of life by a few individuals, the restric-

tion of the consuming power of the people, the increase in the number of millionaires and of paupers, have gone steadily on. A great republican victory or a great democratic victory has meant absolutely nothing during the last 20 years, so far as the number of business failures and the number of men and women out of work are concerned. A thousand millionaires and a million paupers, nine tenths of the wealth of the country in the hands of one tenth of the people, — what does a "business revival" under such conditions signify? Nothing, except to a few.

It is not the purpose of this brief article to advertise any economic nostrum for economic ills, but only to call attention to a few neglected facts of past and present experience, and also to protest against the blinding of the people's eyes in the interest of a few. In the symposium above referred to, the President of the Boston Chamber of Commerce says: "Very large crops in a succession of years are not to be ardently desired, unless foreign markets are in a condition to take the surplus. This country is wont to congratulate itself upon the gathering of great harvests, as if prosperity were thereby assured. This is not always the case. Peace and plenty do not always insure prosperity."

It would be difficult to imagine anything more calmly cynical than that utterance. "Peace and plenty do not insure prosperity," and why? Is there any other reason than that those who have produced the "plenty" cannot get it? Not how to produce it, but how to distribute it justly, is the problem that underlies all other economic problems; and until some steps are taken towards its solution, the spasmodic revival of this or that industry, the starting up of this or that mill, signifies absolutely nothing. Those steps will be taken when Caliban realizes that any device which enables a man to live without labor upon the labor of others, is an eternal wrong, and that no man has a right to make another man his slave. Meanwhile business may "revive" here and there, as the manipulators see a chance to increase their profits, but the power of the masses to consume what they produce will not be increased, and upon that alone depends all real prosperity.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

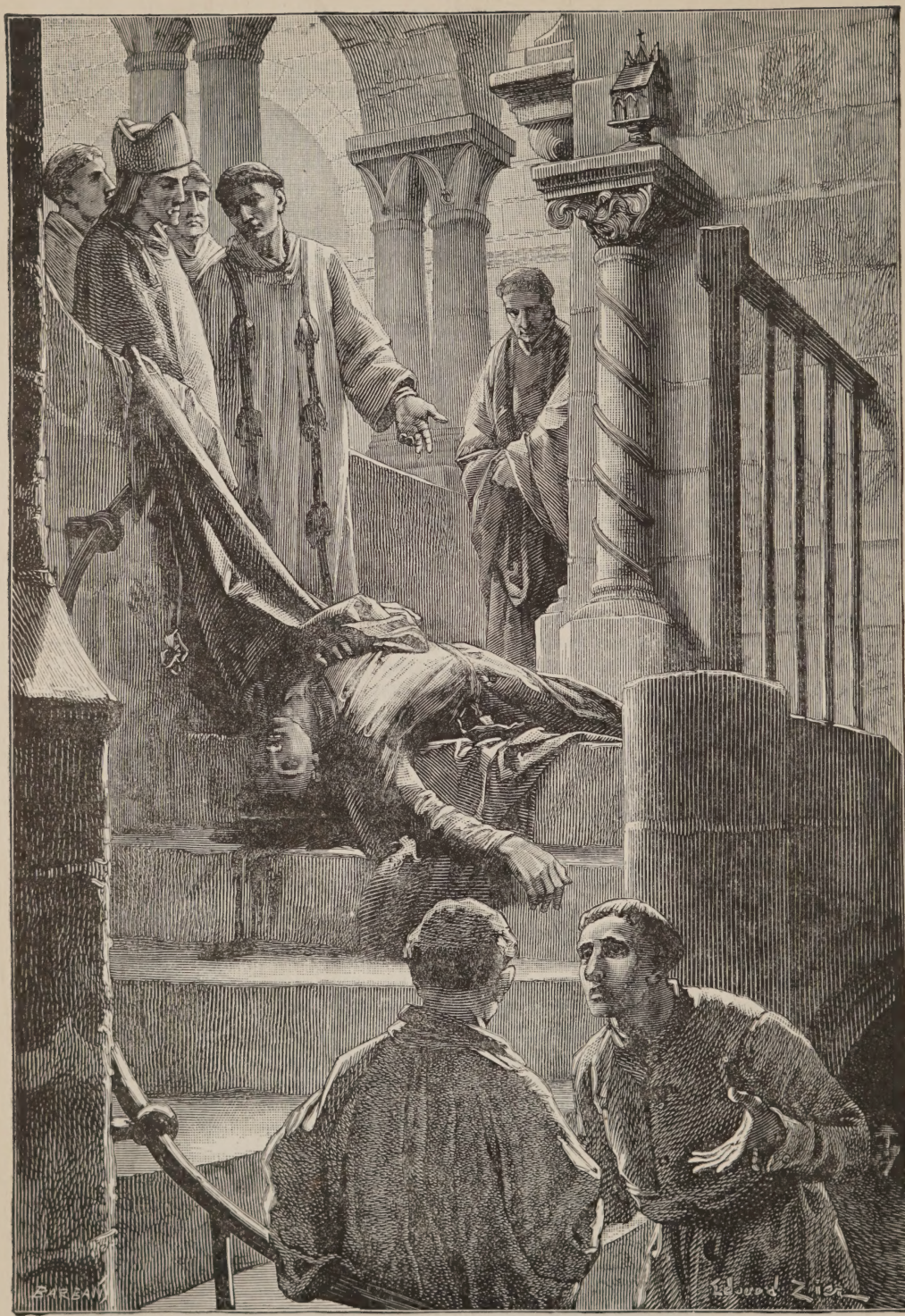
HAROLD W. LOVETT.

I.

The war-pennons flying —
The maiden is sighing;
She leans from the battlement yonder:
O'er hill and o'er meadow
Fades sunlight to shadow;
Her knight must to Palestine wander.

II.

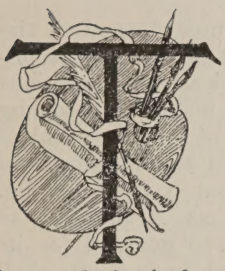
For grief unavailing
The dirges are wailing;
The bells in the turret are pealing:
The convent gate closing;
One last gleam exposing
The maid 'fore the crucifix kneeling.



MURDER OF THOMAS a BECKET.

THOMAS à BECKET.

BY REV. MORTIMER EDWARD TWOMEY.



TO the Catholic student of history, desirous of tracing through the record of the past the story of the Church's conflict with the state for the possession of her ecclesiastical prerogatives, there is no more strikingly suggestive figure than that of the martyred Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, whose memory is annually commemorated on the 29th of December, by a grateful Mother Church. Though the special rights for which Becket contended, and, in defence of which, he heroically endured contumely, persecution, and death, no longer agitate the world, the general principle of Church liberty is still as fresh and vital as in his day. Indeed, the temper of the times in our own country gives the subject more than current prominence, and justifies the repetition of the salient points in a life, which more than 800 years ago was an incarnate protest against the encroachment upon Church rights of human authority and individual usurpation.

The personality and career of Thomas à Becket have always had a great fascination for minds enticed by manifestations of human greatness. In our own day the laureate of England, Lord Tennyson, looking about for a fitting theme and figure to mould into elevated dramatic verse, has found a worthy subject in the sainted primate, and England's greatest actor, Henry Irving, has added new laurels to his already great fame, by his masterly presentation of Tennyson's drama.

Becket's career was in many ways a singular one. His steady rise to the highest dignities in state and Church, his brotherly alliance with the king, his estrangement from the monarch, his death at his sovereign's hand, his culture and learning, rare in his age, his unswerving love of justice, make him an immortal character.

Everything in his career prepared him for the great emergency of his life. Lew Wallace, in his description of Ben Hur's chariot-race, observes, that, "past doubt, every experience of life is useful to us." We can easily perceive the value to Becket of his training, his education, and his preferments before Henry II.

The romantic is at the threshold of his life; the ideal at the close. His mother was an Eastern woman, a convert to Christianity. In her father's captive train were some Christians, one of whom, Gilbert Becket, found occasion to tell to the Saracen princess the beauties of his faith, and his willingness to die in its defence. Like Desdemona who liked Othello for his deeds, the maiden admired the religion capable of inspiring such sentiments. When later on Gilbert Becket escaped and returned to London, his Syrian catechumen followed him, and in London was baptized and married to him.

From his mother, Thomas à Becket absorbed a deep love for religion, and a tender piety of devotion toward his Mother Church. From his father, he inherited the strong sense of justice, that stood him in good stead in the crises of his later life. Realizing that the finest natural qualities need the best training to develop in strength, Gilbert Becket placed his child in the foremost schools under the care of the monks. Here Thomas formed habits of diligence, and acquired that love for study and for labor which formed such prominent traits in his

character. Here he was grounded in the principles of temperance, obedience, and self-denial, that fitted him so well for his high station in life. In London, where he entered upon his great career, his virtues and abilities secured for him the opportunities for advancement in public affairs. Even from the beginning, he was recognized as a stanch adherent to truth. He who as a child would never lie even to excuse himself, preserved that trait to the end of his days.

He was favored in possessing the friendship of the foremost prelate in England, Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had been an intimate of his father, and, on the death of Gilbert Becket, Theobald continued his affection for the son. He made Thomas a member of his household, and after the young man's new training in canon law at Bologna and at Auxerre, raised him to the dignity of Archdeacon of Canterbury. Next to the abbeys and bishoprics, this was considered the first dignity in the kingdom. Young in years, but mature in wisdom, Becket was employed by his archbishop in many missions of trust, and in this capacity visited Rome on different occasions.

In 1153, Henry II. became king of England, and Theobald, a daily witness of the probity, the prudence, and the learning of his deacon, recommended Becket to the chancellorship. Here began that intimate relationship between Henry and Becket, which was more that of companions and of brothers than of prince and subject. As under Theobald, so now under Henry, Becket was deputed to carry on the most weighty affairs within and without the island. Among other important functions, he was made the ambassador to conclude a treaty with France, and to arrange a marriage between Henry's son and the daughter of King Louis.

In the year 1160 Theobald died, leaving the Archbishopric of Canterbury vacant. During the three years of his chancellorship preceding this event, Henry had learned to appreciate the virtues and abilities of Becket. Though bold, fiery, headstrong, given to many vices, and surrounded by flatterers, eager to follow, if not to lead, on the downward grade of sin, Henry admired his chancellor, ever virtuous, upright, calm, and gentle.

To him Henry now turned as the most fitting subject for the vacant primacy. He communicated his intentions to Thomas ; but he, instead of rejoicing at so much promise of grandeur and of dignity, remonstrated with his king, and told him plainly that it must not be. "I will be obliged as Archbishop to defend the Church, to contend for its inviolable rights, and, in so doing, shall lose your favor. There shall be some who will fashion my conduct in so doing to a crime, and enrage you against me." Such was the prophetic answer which the far-seeing man of God gave his sovereign; but the king was obdurate. He pursued his plans, indicated his will to the clergy and the chapter of Canterbury, and succeeded in having Thomas à Becket named to the vacant see.

In the discharge of his weighty responsibilities, Becket was assiduous and untiring. He devoted himself personally to all his duties, never shirking, never placing undue burdens upon others. The poor, the jewels of the Church, were the especial object of his solicitude. Preaching and instructing others, like St. Paul, he brought his body into subjection, that he might not himself become a castaway.

There were reforms to be instituted among his people, his clergy, and his suffragan bishops; there were abuses to be eliminated, virtues to be engrafted, works of holy zeal to be accomplished. The faithful child of Gilbert and Maud brought the same fidelity to the Church; the persevering scholar, the same industry to his episcopal labors; the stalwart soldier, the same energetic force to his new field of conquests; and the upright judge, the same sense of truth to the see of Canterbury.

But pitfalls and snares are set for

virtue's feet, and darkness will blacken even virtue's form. Zeal planned for good and envy plotted for evil. The men who in the Church had had too much unholy liberty did not love the new archbishop. Envy fanned into flame the first appearances of discord between the king and Becket. To please the king, Thomas had for a while retained the chancellorship, but, after a time, to devote himself entirely to his new charge, he resigned, against Henry's will, his civil office. This the king could overlook, and find full reason for justification in Becket's conduct. But there were other matters of more serious moment, and of farther reaching consequence.

The days in which Becket lived were no exception to other ages in the grasping ambition of kings, and in the subserviency of willing instruments. The man to whom supreme authority has come in a nation often imagines himself gifted to exercise all power, both human and divine. Kings have ever been found ready to claim a spiritual, as well as a temporal, prerogative. The bishops and the clergy of England professed allegiance to Rome. So did Henry; but Henry found it to his advantage, as it had been to the profit of his predecessors, to counsel and even under certain conditions to dictate to Rome. Certain "customs" were claimed by him as his prerogative, though it was only by unwilling toleration of the Holy See that rulers in England and on the continent were permitted to enjoy them. To prevent greater evils, and to live in harmony with warlike commanders, to find the chance of working for the people, Rome sadly permitted what she could not approve in some phases of her dealings with kings and emperors.

The chief of these customs was the privilege allowed the king to name a candidate for a vacant bishopric. This privilege Henry had exercised in recommending Becket to Canterbury. The dangers of this system were manifold. Kings found a source of large revenue in keeping a see vacant, and in appropriating during such vacancy the incomes of the see to their own use. The enjoyment of these pecuniary favors made them eager to continue in like action even after the bishop was appointed. To secure this, they were known on many occasions to name, for these spiritual offices, men of vile lives, men whose conduct, in every way reprehensible, fitted them to be the tools of their benefactors.

No one was better informed in these customs than Becket. He foresaw the king's intentions and forewarned him. Becket knew that he must under all provocation uphold his Church. He knew that friendship and even life must not be spared, when there was question of saving the spiritual prerogatives. Becket looked into the future: Henry saw only the present. Becket realized danger for himself and the Church: Henry foresaw only emolument and the satisfaction of his ambitions. Becket was the man of God in the day of trial: Henry, to whom the way seemed open for the achievement of his aims, won only to be defeated, and triumphed only by killing his friend. Even then he failed; for, vanquished by the prayers and the blood of Becket, he was compelled to submit to the laws and judgment of the Church which he had sought to defraud.

The phases of the long struggle, its origin, its progress, its interesting details, are beyond our limits. The student will find much to repay him in its perusal both in history and in Tennyson's drama. At present we must only note the fact that Becket found himself practically alone in his course. His suffragans took sides with Henry, and the flattering courtiers, mindful ever of the silent rebuke given to them by the upright life of the former chancellor, seized every opportunity to embitter the king against him. Bishops and courtiers united to swerve Becket from his steadfastness, and Tennyson chooses this combination to form one of his most dramatic situations. After long resistance, Becket was finally persuaded to waive his claims for the

Church, and to submit to Henry's will. The force of argument brought to bear upon him, prevailed over his own judgment, and the fear lest he was following not wisdom, but pride, won his consent.

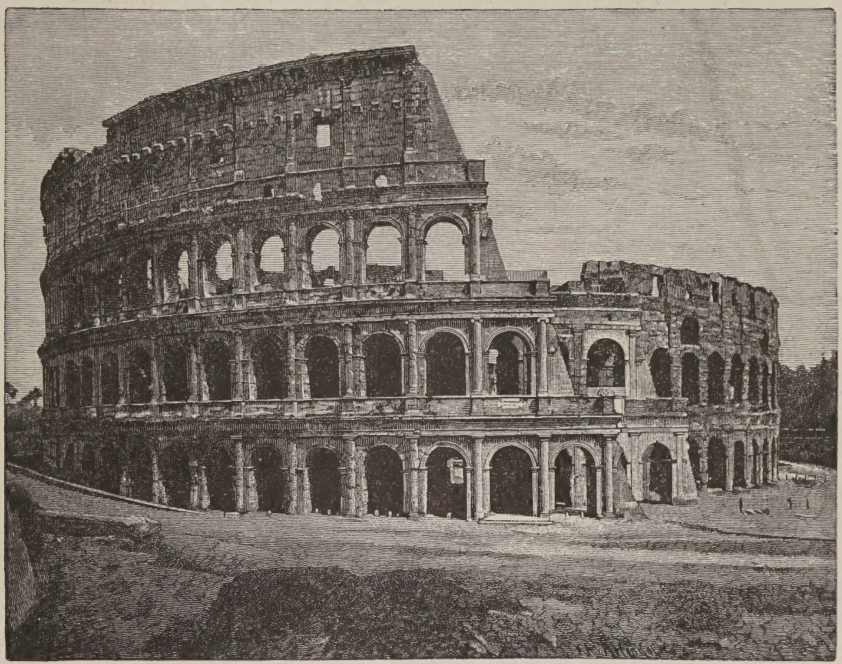
But his eyes were at once opened. Events soon showed him that he had been unwise and untrue to his allegiance. Seeing this he repented of his action and recalled it. Henry, despoiled of his booty in the moment of victory, entered at once upon a system of rigorous persecution of the archbishop. The good man was banished from England. He took refuge in France. Means were found to follow him here, and to raise up prejudices against him in the Court of Louis, and to have his presence made unwelcome in the monastery of his refuge. He was even misrepresented to the Holy Father. Through it all, however, Becket remained firm, pleading his cause, and winning sympathy and friends by the power of his holy life. A reconciliation was effected with the king, and for the moment the sun of friendship shone as brightly as in the early days.

But the reconciliation could not endure. Henry's objects remained the same: to secure control of the Church's possessions and lawful rights. Becket's will was unchanged: to defend the spouse of Christ against the spoiler. The feud was fanned into new life by Becket's enemies, until at last the passion of the king burst into his historic curse on all those whom he had honored with his friendship, and enriched by his bounty, and he taunted his fawning courtiers on their lack of courage to rid him of the one bishop who gave him more trouble than all the rest of his subjects.

Christmas Day, of the year 1170, came. The archbishop preached for the last time to his flock the season's lesson of "Peace on earth to men of good-will." He told the people that his death was at hand, and with them wept over his near departure. On the 29th of December, in the 53d year of his life, and the ninth of his episcopacy, he stood in his church at Canterbury, at vesper-time. The murderers, who had seized the suggestion of the king as a pretext for private vengeance, entered to do their bloody work. They told the great bishop that his hour was come, and they heard his noble answer: "I am ready to die for God, for justice, and for the liberty of His Church. But I forbid you in the name of Almighty God, to hurt in the least, any of my religious, clergy, or people. I have defended the Church as far as I was able during my life, when I saw it oppressed, and I shall be happy, if by my death at least, I can restore its peace and liberty."

They killed him at the altar, while he uttered prayers for their forgiveness, recommending his own soul and the cause of his Church, to God, to Mary, and to the patrons of Canterbury.

Thus died the great Becket, a martyr to the principle of liberty for his Church. Away in Normandy the impetuous and stubborn king heard the news of his death, and the intelligence horrified him, and opened his eyes to his own wickedness. He sent messages to the Pope assuring him that the murder was not by his design, and two ambassadors from Rome found him doing penance for his wrong. To them he swore that he abolished the pretended customs, and the abuses against which the Saint had striven, and that he restored all the Church lands and revenues which he had usurped.



TO THE COLOSSEUM.

BY REV. P. A. WRIGHT, S. M.

Colosseum! Proud relic of the past
Where Roman sages held the world in chains
From Lynden sands to Danube's frozen plains,
What shadows gnomon-like thy bulk hath cast
On Time's broad disc! Time's sentinel, thou hast
The cycles counted with their crimes and stains.
The past hath flown; thy majesty remains,
And time and tide and men are fleeting fast.

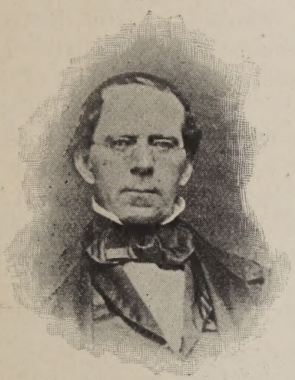
I thee behold, not stern unbending, I,
But filled with reverential awe and fear,
For thou shalt stay for many a thousand year,
When name and fame shall in oblivion lie.
Blest Fane! within thy broad arena stood
Thousands of saints who sank in martyrs' blood.

DEATH OF IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

A CHAPTER OF CONNECTICUT HISTORY.

BY D. A. REIDY.

THE romantic and interesting story of the Catholics in Connecticut dates back more than a century. It is closely interwoven from the start with the struggles of the early



REV. JAMES MCDERMOTT.

Irish settlers, to whom the present generation of Catholics are indebted for the eminence and respectability of their Church, which stands out as prominently and shines as luminously in Connecticut, as in any part of the civilized world. The various incidents as they have been told to the writer, and the beautiful and touching sidelights as they have been unveiled by the few Irish characters who remember those early days, are worthy of a much more extended treatment than is possible in this article.

To Catholics of the present generation who were born when their Church was not only an established fact but a fixed and powerful institution in the community, it seems difficult to realize that within a comparatively few years, and even within the lifetime of their parents, a Catholic in Connecticut was a rare personage, and a Catholic church entirely unknown. As late as 1831 the Connecticut Observer advised its readers in an editorial to "suppress popery," and informed them that "the Catholic Church is Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth;" and later in the same year the following card was placarded in the streets of Hartford: "Be it known unto you far and near that all Catholics and all persons in favor of the Catholic Church are a set of vile impostors, liars, villains, and cowardly cutthroats. Beware of false doctrines." Yet, it was in the face of such bigotry, and in the heart

TIMOTHY MCDERMOTT,
First Catholic teacher in New Haven, a brother of Rev. James McDermott.

of such opinions, that the little grain of seed was sown which has grown up so wonderfully well, and is now

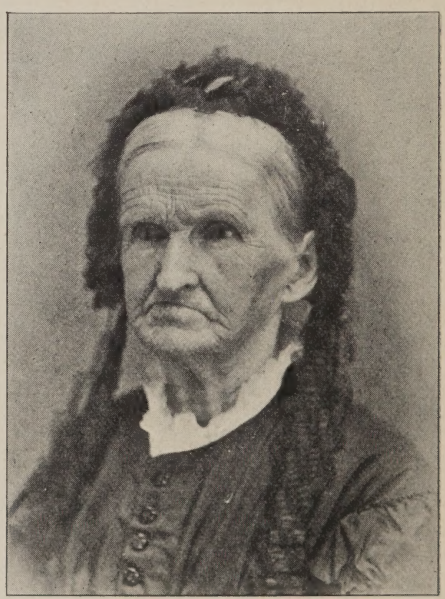
seen and recognized in the busy thoroughfares of towns and cities of the state, as well as in the quieter walks of the most remote hamlet.

Fortunately, the Irish of those days were a hardy race, and when

MRS. ROSANNA TOOLE, who succeeded Peter McDermott as teacher.

we think of the small handful of people going, in many instances, 15 or 20 miles to hear mass, and once, as it is recorded, kneeling for more than an hour in a driving snow storm and with bared heads; and, again, when we look back at the aged and kindly priest, sleeping in the damp and chilly basement of his little church, and travelling all night so as to reach a distant point to say a morning mass; or, mayhap, aroused, unceremoniously, from his sleep, and walking through the wind and storm to administer the comforts of the Sacrament to a dying Catholic miles away, we stand in admiring wonder at the loyalty of such a faith, and ask ourselves which of us would do it to-day.

Catholicity, as a religion, crept slowly, one would think almost tremulously, into Puritan Connecticut. Its first foot-prints are noticed in the year 1781, when we are told that the Abbé Robin, who was chaplain of a French regiment under Count de Rochambeau, celebrated mass near Hartford on or about June 22 of that year. Not again until 1813 are there any indications of Catholicity on the surface, but in that year Father Matignon, from the diocese of Boston, on his way to New York stopped at Hartford over Sunday and preached a Catholic sermon in English from the pulpit of the Rev. Dr. Strong, a Congregationalist minister. For this kindly privilege, the Rev. Doctor was sternly rebuked by the deacons of his church, who delivered him a severe lecture on the evils of giving "popery" even such a slight foothold in what they considered their country, but it was not many years before the hated "priestcraft" was right in their midst and winning many converts from amongst the



MRS. JANNETT PECKHAM DRISCOLL, one of the earliest converts in New Haven.

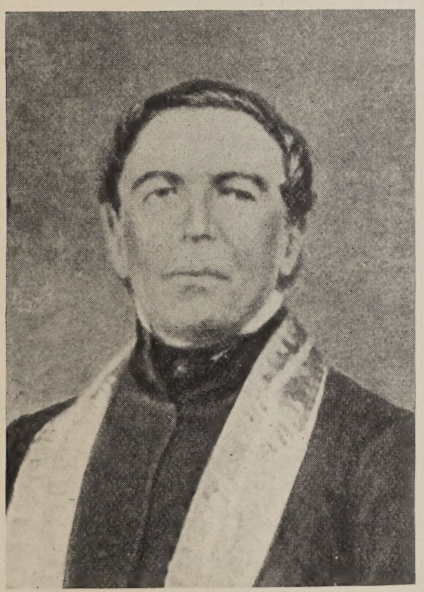
most intelligent of their congregations.

In the summer of 1823 the Right

Rev. Bishop Cheverus, first Bishop of Boston, stopped at Hartford and said mass in the hall of the House of Representatives, and at that time not more than a dozen Catholics were in the vicinity.

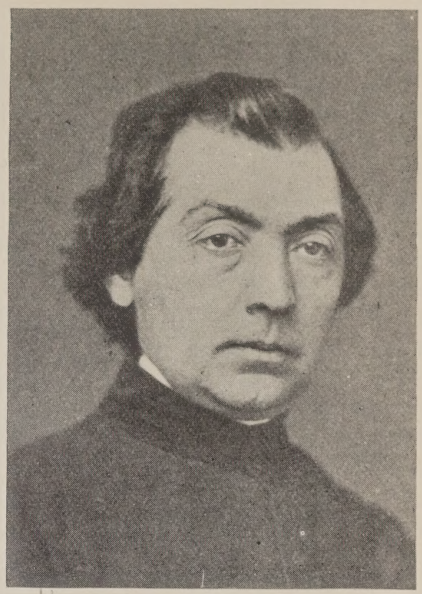
A few years after we again find traces of the Holy Faith, and this time no weak and puny sprouts, but healthful and lusty shoots showing signs of life and vigor at the roots and promise of longevity.

The beginning of work on the Farmington Canal, in the year 1827, attracted many Irish laborers to the state, and it is here that mystery makes way for history, and the birth of the Catholic Church in Connecticut really begins. In August of



REV. JAMES SMYTH.

that year one of the Irish laborers on the canal fell sick at Windsor, and was visited by the Very Rev. Father Power of New York. In October of the same year Father Power returned to Windsor and celebrated mass in an old wooden building, which stood near where the railroad bridge now crosses the river.



REV J. A. O'BRIEN.

Rumor also seems to point to the fact that he said masses in Hartford and New Haven on this occasion, but as those who would have been present are long since dead, it is impossible to vouch for its accuracy, although some authorities have accepted it as true.

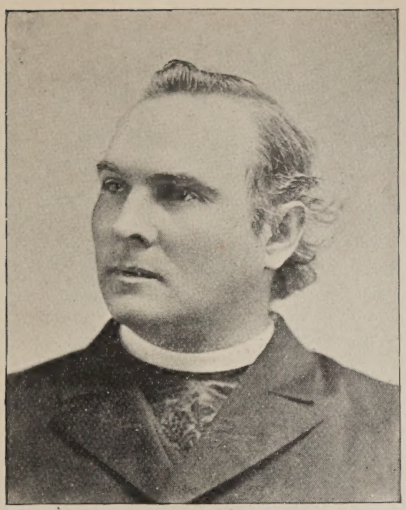
In November, 1828, the Right Rev. Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, learning that a number of the faithful were in Connecticut, sent his nephew, Father Woodley, who was just ordained, to look after their spiritual welfare, and for some time he ministered to their wants throughout the state, making his headquarters in Hartford, where he resided for a short time, and was succeeded in turns by Fathers Cavanagh, Welch, McCool, and McDermott.

It requires no effort of the magination to see those sturdy

RT. REV. MICHAEL TIERNEY, Bishop of Hartford.

sons of the Catholic faith, passing Sabbath after Sabbath without the comforts of their accustomed mass, and it is no wonder that the advent of a missionary or a priest was looked forward to with an interest which only those who have been through a like experience can portray. Their anxiety to have a place of worship which they could call their own was augmented by the obstacles which presented themselves, for in those days no Catholic owned property in the state, and such was the enmity of the Protestants that none would sell any land on which a Catholic church might be erected. The same prejudice operated to prevent the Catholics from having a cemetery of their own. "The birds of the air had nests" and "the foxes had holes," but the sons of Erin had not where to lay their dead.

History rides fast horses, and the march of Catholicity through the state was rapid from that year onward. In 1829 the Rev. B. O'Cavanagh was sent to replace Father Woodley, and the nucleus of a permanent congregation was estab-



REV. JOHN RUSSELL,
Permanent Rector St. Patrick's Church, New Haven.

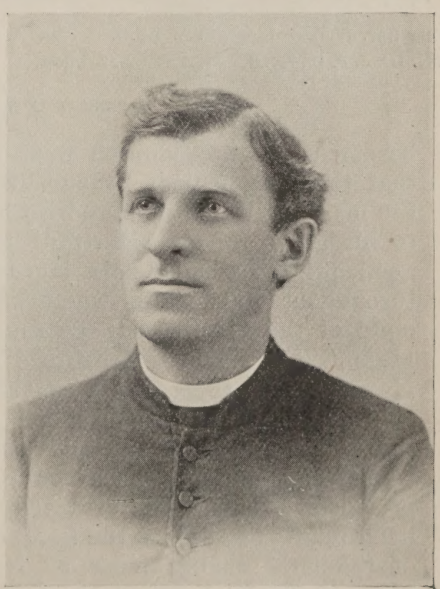
lished in Hartford in the upper room of the house No. 204 Main street. A family named Taylor became converts to the faith, and greatly facilitated the advancement of their new religion. From the same room was issued the Catholic Press, one of the earliest religious publications in New England, and all the Catholics in the vicinity, including a few French and Germans, assembled every Sunday for prayer and other devotions.

This little band of Catholics, numbering in all less than a hundred souls, petitioned Bishop Fenwick for the privilege of erecting a little church in their midst; and, in response, he visited Hartford personally, and celebrated mass in the above-mentioned room, July 12, 1829. Instead of erecting a new church, however, the Bishop managed to purchase a discarded edifice of the Episcopalians, and had it removed to a lot on Talcot street, already secured through the efforts of Mr. Taylor just alluded to, who mortgaged his personal property to secure the ground, and this building was dedicated on Thursday, June 17, 1830, under the title of "The Church of the Holy and Undivided Trinity."

This church served to accommodate all the Catholics of Hartford until December, 1851, when St. Patrick's, on the corner of Church and Ann streets, was dedicated, and the old church partially abandoned. It was entirely destroyed by fire in 1853.

It is noteworthy that within the next six years, this little church counted no less than 80 converts to Catholicity, and amongst them were a large number who were preachers and teachers of Protestantism, and men who were prominent in a social way.

Prior to the establishment of the "Church of the Holy Trinity," Father Fitton was placed in charge of the Catholics of the state, and to his sleeping in the damp and dark



REV. WALTER J. SHANLEY,
Rector of St. Joseph's Cathedral.

Very Rev. James Hughes, V. G., LL.D. Rev. A. F. Harty, New Britain. Rev. T. W. Broderick.

Rev. Dr. J. P. Donovan, Chancellor. Rev. Jno. Synnott, Baltic. Rev. J. A. Mulcahy, Waterbury. Very Rev. Leo da Saracena, O. S. F., Winsted.

DIOCESAN CONSULTORS AND CHANCELLOR.

basement of this Church was due that torturing malady, rheumatism, the marks of which he bore with him to his grave. From Hartford this good priest extended his journeys throughout the state, wherever a child of the faith was to be found. He made occasional visits to New Haven, where there was a considerable gathering of Catholics, and on these occasions usually said mass whenever a suitable place could be provided. The best evidence at hand points to 1827 as the first year of regularly saying mass at New Haven. In that year it is known that a mass was solemnized in an old barn, which was swept and fitted up in anticipation of the ceremony, and at intervals of three months afterwards, mass was offered regularly at such places as were most easily obtainable.

Various were the intrigues and stratagems to which the disciples of Catholicism were obliged in those times to resort, in order to secure a place of worship and to fit it up suitably. On one occasion a few benches being needed, it was impossible to obtain them for love or money, and subsequently when a Protestant joiner was deceived into making a few, he refused to deliver them when he learned the purpose they were intended for, and declared that $50

apiece would not induce him to furnish them.

About 1832 Father McDermott was stationed at Hartford as assistant to Father Fitton, and visited New Haven at intervals until 1833, when steps were taken to build a separate church for that parish. Here again the fact of Catholics not owning property operated to make the task no easy one, but this difficulty was overcome through the offices of one Cornelius Driscoll, a native of Cork, whose daughter, a Mrs. Twitchel, resides at present at 16 Arthur street, New Haven.

This Cornelius Driscoll, himself a devout Catholic and a good citizen, was by profession a landscape gardener. He married an American woman whose maiden name was Jannett Peckham, and who was at that time the widow of a man named Twitchel. She being of the Protestant faith was made the instrument through which a piece of land on the corner of York and Davenport streets (the present site of St. John's Church) was conveyed to Bishop Fenwick on the 11th of August, 1833, the consideration being $100 which was contributed by ten or a dozen Catholics, and on this spot was erected the first Catholic church in New Haven. The town records of New Haven, under date May 9, 1833, show a transfer of a piece of land on the corner of Whiting and Hill streets, from Adolphus Michael Baguelin to

Bishop Tyler.

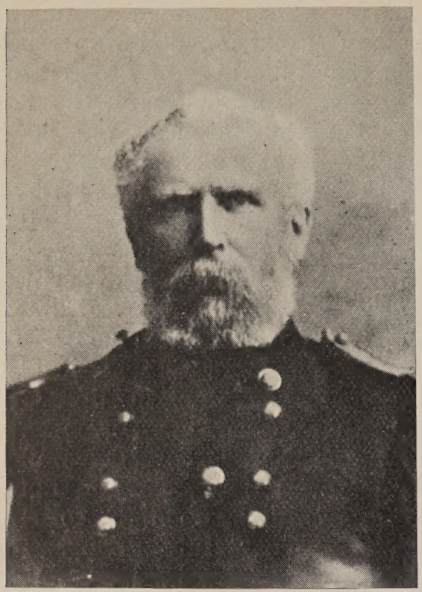
Bishop O'Reilly.

Bishop McFarland.

Bishop Gaiberry.

Bishop McMahon.

FORMER BISHOPS OF THE HARTFORD DIOCESE.



GEN. THOMAS MCMANUS.

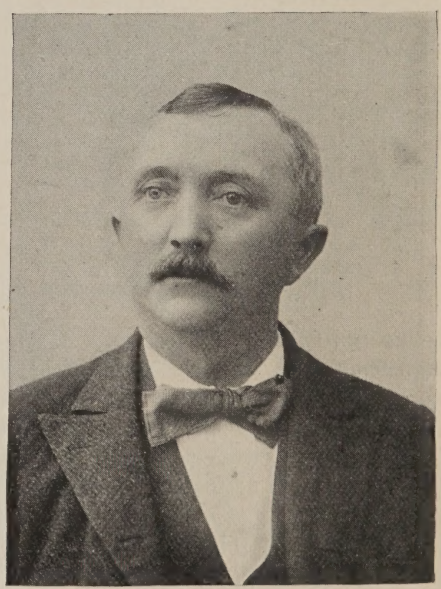
Born in New Haven, Jan. 20, 1834; his parents were from county Fermanagh; was adjutant of the 25th Connecticut Regiment, organized in 1862; promoted to major, Jan. 20, 1863; admitted to the bar Jan. 20, 1864; judge of the Hartford city court 1866-67; was chief of division in the pension bureau during Cleveland's first administration; is now a member of the Connecticut State Prison Board.

Bishop Fenwick, for a consideration of $450, and, under date Sept. 24. 1833, a deed of exchange for the same land to Timothy Alling for a lot on the corner of York street and Davenport avenue, "adjoining the land owned by Jannett Driscoll." Mrs. Driscoll afterwards became a member of the Catholic Church, and died in 1882, having, after the death of Mr. Driscoll, married one Timothy Barney.

A part of this original piece of ground was set aside for a Catholic cemetery, and for a long time was used as a burying place for Catholics as far distant as Waterbury. Driscoll died at Seymour, Conn., in 1834, and was one of the first, if not the very first, to be interred in the land which he was instrumental in securing.

Arrangements were immediately made for the erection of Christ Church; but, as the sequel will show, ill luck seemed to be in store for it. On the day appointed for its dedication,— Thursday, May 8, 1834, — an accident occurred which threw a pall of sorrow over the occasion and necessitated the postponement of the ceremony until a later day. The following extract is taken from the Boston Jesuit, of a week later which gave a long account of the accident: —

A most distressing accident occurred in the new Catholic Church at New Haven on Ascension Day. The Bishop was engaged in intoning the Litanies, when the gallery suddenly gave way, and with a loud crash was precipitated, with all its incumbents,

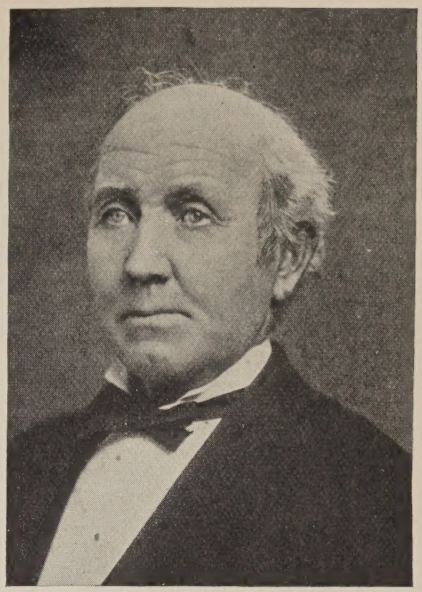


HON. JAMES P. PIGOTT.

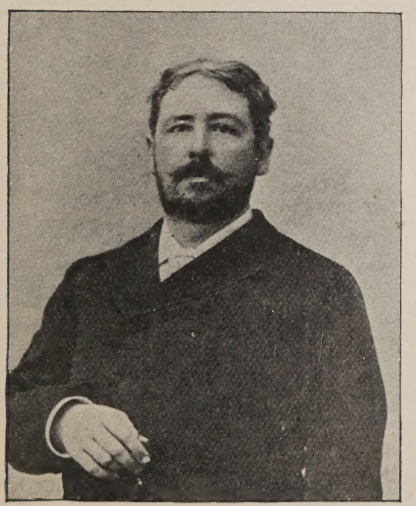
Born in New Haven; received his early education in the public schools; was graduated from Yale in '78 and the Law School in '80; elected city clerk by the democratic party in 1880 for two years, and re-elected in 1882; represented his district in the Connecticut legislature in '85 and '86. In 1888 was chosen chairman of the Connecticut delegation to the democratic national convention in St. Louis; elected United States Congressman in '92; renominated in '94; a member of the law firm of Pigott & Pardee.

upon the mass of people below. The scene that ensued was appalling in the extreme. In an instant the whole assembled crowd was thrown into a state of the most horrible confusion, when, above all, were heard the screams of the affrighted, and the groans of the wounded and dying. All self-possession was lost for some moments, as every one imagined that the entire edifice was tumbling down. A rush was made for the sacristy, which served only to increase the confusion, while numbers climbed out through the windows on the sides of the church. Two lives were lost, both recent converts, and fully a dozen persons were more or less seriously injured. . . . The cause of this dreadful calamity is to be ascribed solely to the carpenter who had constructed the gallery.

The gallery was immediately reconstructed, and the dedication was completed the following Sunday. Christ Church, as it was named, flourished and grew apace. Father McDermott was an able pastor, and did much to popularize his church and its congregation. One of the women whom I have interviewed has a distinct recollection of seeing him riding in an open carriage with Ralph Ingersoll, Andrew Jackson, and Rev. Mr. Crosswell — all Protestants — at a democratic parade in honor of Jackson. He soon afterward removed to Lowell, Mass., and was succeeded by Father William Wiley, whose delicate constitution was unequal to the severe duties of his office, and after a stay of two months, he in turn was replaced by Father James Smyth, who came in 1838, and for the next 10 years devoted his days, and most of his nights, to advancing the progress of the Church, and ministering to the demands of Catholics within a circuit of 25 miles. Of Father Smyth there seems to be but one opinion. He was an indefatigable worker, a pious and patient priest, an able theological scholar, and under a rugged brusqueness of manner hid a sweetness of character and a noble, charitable disposition which enabled him

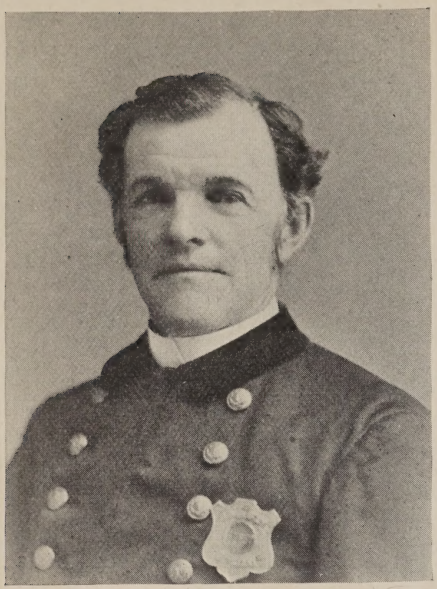


FRANCIS DONNELLY, NEW HAVEN.



GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

Born at Honolulu in Hawaii, Aug. 25, 1851; educated in New York and in Dresden, Germany, and at the law school of Columbia College; assistant editor of the Atlantic Monthly, 1875–77; editor of the Boston Courier, 1878–80; novelist, poet, and critic of international reputation; among his principal works are "A Study of Hawthorne," "Spanish Vistas," "Afterglow," and "Newport," a novel, which has been called his best; founded the American Copyright League; in 1871, married Rose, second daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne; resides in New London.

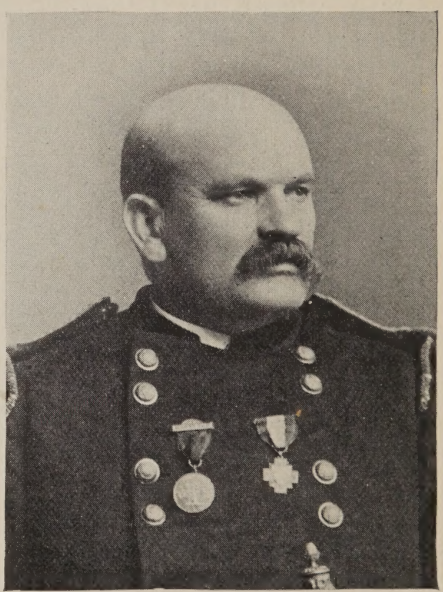


CAPT. JAMES WRINN.

Born in Ireland Nov. 27, 1836, and went to New Haven in 1848; became a member of the New Haven police force in 1867; signalized himself Nov. 30, 1869, by capturing two burglars on the roof of Judge Betz's mansion; detailed in July, 1873, as superintendent of licensed public vehicles; on All Saints' Day, 1881, made a sergeant, and detailed as military instructor of the force; in 1884 promoted to the police lieutenantcy, and, in 1891, was raised to the rank of captain, and appointed to the most responsible position of his rank in the city — to the command of police headquarters.

to endure the hardships of his life, which were many, and to impart its comforts, which were few, to everybody with whom he came in contact, even to the very humblest of his parishioners.

Quaint memories cluster around this little chapel, to be sure, memories which, in the light of our modern churches, with their towering spires of granite, windows of stained glass and perfect ecclesiastical appointments, seem worthy of a passing word in contrast with what we of the present generation are accustomed to. The modern church organ, if not quite unknown in those days, was quite beyond the ambitions of the congregation, and they were well content instead with the piercing strains of an Irish flute, which was operated by one Thomas Flood, and which on dignified occasions was augmented by a violin, then known and respected as a fiddle, and these instruments, — when they did not show a tendency to run off into Irish jigs or reels, which they were more accustomed to be used for, — rolled off the "Adeste Fideles" and "Venite Adoremus" with results which were equally as satisfactory, if not quite as impressive, as a pipe organ. Of the singing, in which the congrega-



SURGEON-GENERAL PATRICK CASSSIDY.

Born in Annalonghan, county Tyrone, Ireland, in the same homestead with the late Archbishop Hughes; came to America at the age of 13; studied at Holy Cross College, and in Montreal; was graduated with high honors in 1865; is one of the most skilful physicians in the state; appointed Surgeon-General in 1893; elected president of the New London County Medical Society in 1888, and vice-president of the Connecticut Medical Society; one of the staff of the W. W. Backus Hospital in Norwich; one of the founders of the Norwich Board of Trade; one of the five who built the Broadway theatre; originator and a director of the Industrial Building; member of the Board of Education for 23 years; has been called by the local press the Parnell of Connecticut.

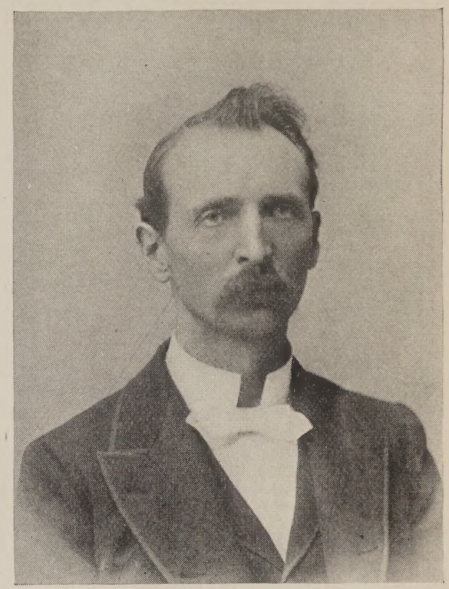
tion joined, the musical critics of that time make no mention; but it is safe to say that what it lacked in harmony and expression was more than made up in earnest piety and devotion. Church bells were also in those days a luxury; but the Catholics were not so numerous or so far apart that they could not be reached by a messenger who was deputed for the purpose of collecting them for early mass, and who, on these occasions, was accompanied by a tin horn on his rounds, the more thoroughly to arouse the faithful.

It is related that one night his clock having gone wrong for some reason, the horn was brought into play at two o'clock in the morning, with the result, that those of the congregation who had no clocks of their own hastened to church only to sit on the steps for three long hours before the regular time for service came round, but whether the messenger was praised for his zeal or reprimanded for his previousness is not related.

For seven years after its erection this little church, only 60 by 35 feet, was fully adequate for its purposes, but in 1841, the tide of emigration from Ireland swelled the Catholic population to such an extent that two wings were added to the main building, and here the members worshipped until June 11, 1848, when the whole structure was burned to the ground, and the Catholics of New Haven found themselves once more without a temple of worship.

Undismayed by the catastrophe, however, they erected a tent on the grounds where the church stood, and here they assembled regularly until driven out by the severity of the weather. For a short time afterwards mass was celebrated at the priest's house, and in the meantime they busied themselves looking around for a suitable temporary building.

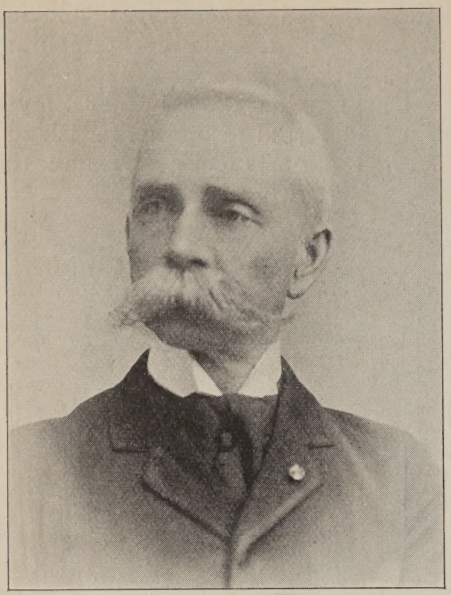
During this time Father Smyth was transferred to another parish and Rev. Philip O'Reilly became the



HON. JOHN J. PHELAN.

Born in Ireland, June 24, 1851; came to this country at the age of 18 and settled in Bridgeport in 1873; engaged in the stone and granite business; was graduated from the University of New York in May, 1878, and has been in the practice of law ever since; was town attorney of Bridgeport in '83, '84, and '85; represented the town in the Legislature in '85 and '86; city attorney in '89 and '90; has been a life-long Democrat; elected Secretary of State in 1890, and reëlected in '92; holds the highest office in the gift of the Knights of Columbus, that of Supreme Grand Knight; in 1890 married Miss Annie E. Fitzgerald of Stratford, Conn.; was appointed by Bishop McMahon chairman of the delegation to the Catholic Congress in Chicago in '93.

pastor. Father O'Reilly was young, vigorous, and full of religious enthusiasm for what his new flock had already accomplished. He immediately went to work to provide a new church to replace the one that had been burned, and in a very short time, and to the everlasting credit of his congregation be it said, had raised almost $13,000, with which was purchased Dec. 16, 1848, the building on



JOHN G. HEALY.

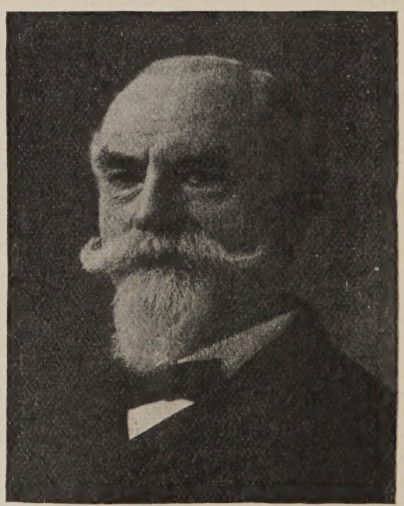
Assistant adjutant general of the state of Connecticut; both father and mother were among the early Irish settlers in Hartford; member of the board of aldermen in 1872-73; superintendent of gas and lamps for six years; superintendent of the folding department of the national house of representatives during the 49th and 50th congresses; has been president of the Knights of St. Patrick; grand knight of Columbia Council, Knights of Columbus; first vice-president of the 19th Army Corps Association; was president of the Irish-American Club, Washington.

Church street, then occupied by the Congregational society who kindly consented to vacate it before their lease had expired, in favor of the churchless Catholics.

On Sunday, Dec. 18, 1848, this church was dedicated under the name of St. Mary's, the Right Rev. Bishop Tyler officiating. Between five and six hundred Catholics were present, amongst them many of those who had helped to build the first church, and a few who are still living, loved, honored, and respected in the community.

By that time the success of Catholicity in Connecticut had been assured, and its progress from that date was marvellously great and comparatively easy. The great flood of emigration from Ireland was at its height, and every day saw newcomers to the city, and every Sunday added to the attendance at St. Mary's, until Father O'Reilly found himself no longer able to attend to the wants of the parish alone, and, in 1849, Father Teevan was sent as curate to assist him. The wonderful increase in the congregation, moreover, taxed the capacity of the church, and it was evident that another would have to be built to accommodate the growing congregation.

Bishop Reilly had now succeeded Bishop Tyler in charge of the diocese, and in visiting New Haven, in 1850, decided upon making some changes and establishing another parish in the eastern part of the city. Accordingly he sent Father Edward

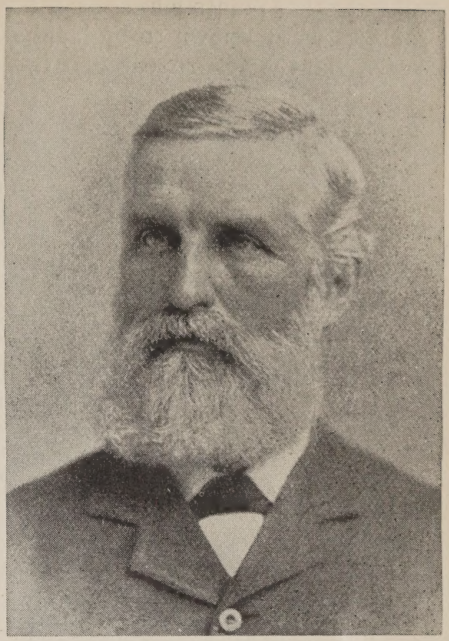


CORNELIUS O'NEIL.

Born in county Kerry, Ireland, in 1834; educated in the national schools and at a private Latin school; came to America in 1850 and settled in Hartford; was the first Catholic ever elected in the city to a salaried office, that of city auditor, in 1862; has been with the Ætna Life Insurance Company since 1865, being now chief book-keeper and special agent at the home office; was a member of the Hartford High School committee 1862-65; trustee of St. Patrick's Church for many years; treasurer of the Catholic Club of Hartford since its organization; has a successful emigration and foreign exchange business; has always been foremost in all religious and charitable movements; is married and is the father of 10 children.

O'Brien to replace Father O'Reilly, and also sent Father Matthew Hart as his assistant. Father O'Brien arrived in 1851, and in that year the corner-stone of St. Patrick's was laid, and this, the second church, was completed and dedicated in 1853.

Here we must leave New Haven for awhile and take up the story of advancement in other portions of the state. What may be called the "turning point" of Catholicity, of necessity took place in Hartford and New Haven, which, being the largest towns in the state, were, necessarily, the centres of population and the chief points of settlement for the early Catholics, and it was



W. C. ROBINSON.

Born at Norwich, Conn., July 26, 1834; among his ancestors were John Robinson, the Leyden pastor of the Puritans, James Rogers, the pioneer of that family in New London and said to be descendant of John Rogers, the so-called "Smithfield martyr;" graduated at Dartmouth College in 1854, and at the General Episcopal Seminary in New York, 1857; Episcopal rector of Pilliston, Penn., and Scranton, Penn., till 1863; entered the Catholic Church in 1863; studied law and admitted to bar in 1864; removed to New Haven in 1865; clerk of City Court, 1866-68; judge of City Court, 1869-71; judge of the Court of Common Pleas, 1874-76; instructor in Law Department of Yale, 1869-72; professor in Yale Law School, 1872 to date; author of legal and scientific works; member of the Connecticut House of Representatives in 1874.

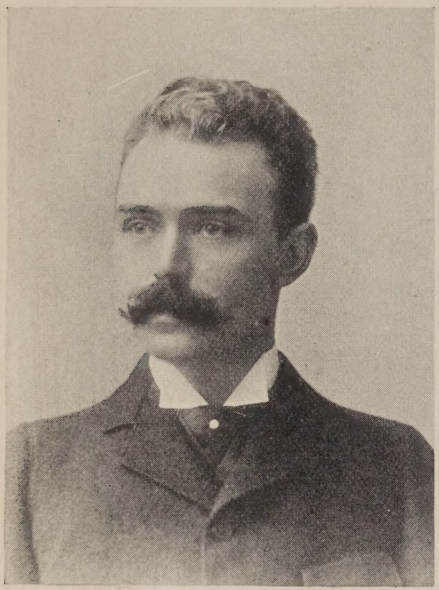
DR. M. . CREMIN.

Born in Ireland, July 15, 1851; educated in New York city, taking the degree of A. B., at St. Francis Xavier's College in 1871, and the degree of A. M. the following year; medical education received in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, from which he graduated in 1875; served one year in the St. Vincent Hospital, New York, and took the degree of L. M. at the Royal Rotunda hospital, Dublin, Ireland, in 1876; the same year he located in New Haven, where he has since lived; is a leading member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and of the Royal Arcanum.

in these cities that the chief difficulties were overcome and the primal victory achieved which made succeeding progress comparatively easy.

Railroads had not then offered their facilities of travel, and journeys had to be made by stage coach or on foot, and it was no uncommon thing for a priest to cover 60 or 80 miles in a day in his circuit of the various stations which were established at Bridgeport, New London, Norwich, Stonington, Tariffville, Thompsonville, and Waterbury, with irregular

stops at other points wherever a few Catholics were known to be located. Every county was repeatedly trav-



DR. JAMES M. REILLY.

Born in New Haven in 1856; received his early education in the public schools; entered Holy Cross College in 1872, studying there for three years; entered Yale Medical School in 1875, and was graduated in 1878; then took a special course of one year in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York; opened an office in New Haven in 1879; he has one of the largest practices in New Haven.

ersed, and mass was celebrated at stated intervals by previous arrangement. Is it any wonder that Catholicity gained a firm foothold? No point, however remote, was omitted or neglected, and no sheep was allowed to wander from the flock for want of proper attention.

In Bridgeport, the earliest date when mass is known to have been celebrated was 1830, by Father Fitton, although it is not improbable that previous to this time one of the Catholic clergy may have stopped there in his journeys between New York and Boston. Father Fitton made regular visits until 1832, when Father McDermott was stationed in New Haven and relieved him from his duties at that end of the parish up to 1837, when Father Smyth succeeded him, and he, in 1841, purchased a site for a church which was dedicated under the title of St. James the Apostle, on July 24, 1843, the congregation at that time numbering about 300. In the November following, the Rev. Michael Lynch was placed in charge of this congregation, and the missions of Derby and Norwalk included in his parish.

In the same year churches were established at New London and Middletown, the former being dedicated in April, 1843, and the latter on the 18th of November following. The next year a separate diocese which included the states of Connecticut and Rhode Island was established at Hartford, and the Right Rev. William Tyler, D.D., was consecrated its first bishop, March 17, 1844. At that time the total number of Catholics in Connecticut was estimated at almost 5,000, with only three priests and four churches, and to these were added a church at Norwich, which was dedicated on Christmas Day, 1844, and one at Stonington the year following.

It is quite impracticable in a limited review to give the incidents connected with the building of each particular church ; those at Hartford and New Haven being quite sufficient for the purposes of this article, which is meant rather to show the spirit of the people and the times, than to elaborate on later day achievements, when by very force of circumstances and natural growth of Catholic population, the religion made rapid strides, and churches sprung up as if by magic, and while it is no part of my mission to go into detail as to when and how the

various Catholic institutions connected with the Church, the convents, schools, and orphan asylums, came into being and attained their present standing, yet, I cannot forbear alluding to them in a general way, to show that the Church, as the mother of her flock, attended faithfully to her work, and overlooked no part of her motherly duty.

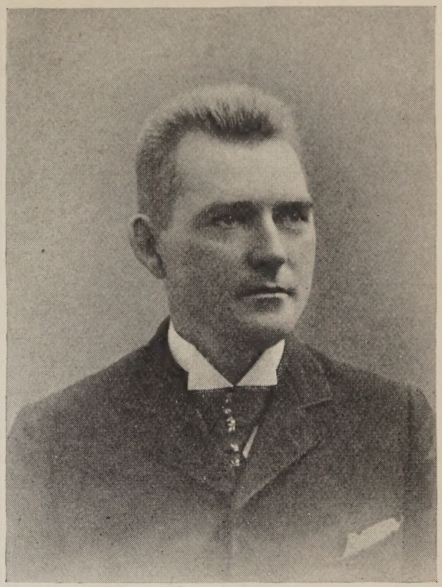
As early as 1835, a Catholic school was established in New Haven in the vestry of the little chapel. There it was that Timothy McDermott, a brother to Father McDermott, presided over a baker's dozen of little ragamuffins, male and female, and impressed on them the first rudiments of their American education.

And woe to the unfortunate boy who was considered "thoroughly bad," for no false modesty or useless sense of propriety intervened to prevent him from receiving his punishment on the spot where his mother used to bounce him on her knee, without even the thin seat of a trousers to mollify its infliction.

Whether because of these incidents or not, the girls were later placed under the tutelage of Mrs. Rosanna Toole, also a former teacher in Ireland, and an excellent lady, who made a living by keeping a small shop and taught school for recreation and the benefit of the parish. Later on, Mr. McDermott having departed, and the children growing quite numerous, she devoted her whole time to teaching, and included boys and girls among her scholars.

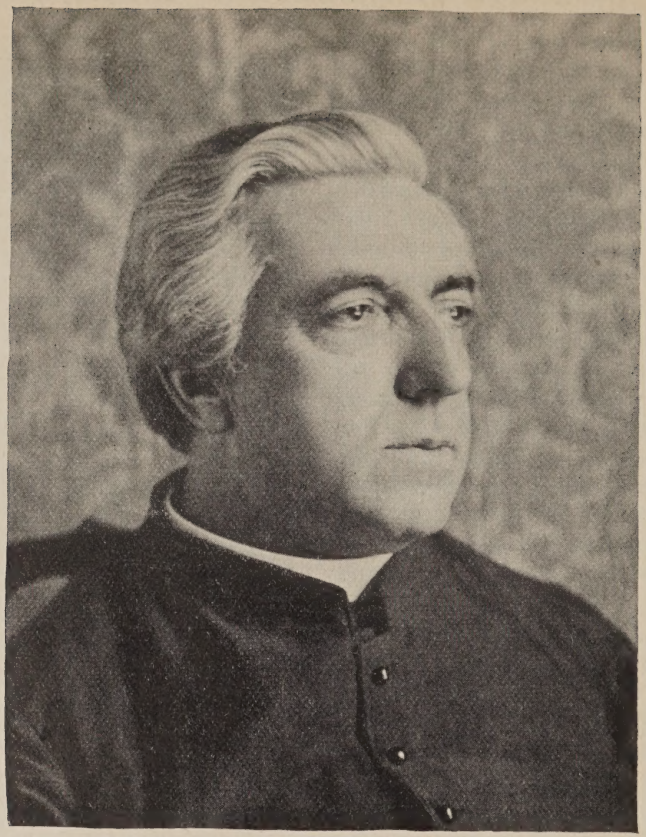
. . . . . .

During the past quarter of a century the growth of Catholicity in Connecticut has kept pace with the marvellous growth of the faith in other sections of the country. There is now, according to the last census, a Catholic population of 250,000 in the diocese of Hartford. That is, the Catholics number one third of the whole population of the state, as against one twentieth, 50 years ago. There are 150 churches, 41 chapels, and 38 stations ; 96 of the churches have resident priests. The 48 parochial schools are attended by 20,000 children. The other institutions include 10 academies, 3 orphan asylums, 1 home for the destitute and aged, 44 religious communities and convents.



JAMES T. MORAN.

Born at North Haven, Conn., Sept. 19, 1864; graduated from Hillhouse High School of New Haven, and was president of the Alumni Association; studied at Yale Law School, received degree of LL. B. in 1884, and graduate degree of Master of Law in 1885; when 21 years of age, admitted to Bar, and has practised law since in New Haven; a member of the law firm of Tyler, Ingersoll & Moran; Councilman for three years, and president of the Board in 1888; director of Free Public Library of New Haven from 1889 to 1892; in September, 1893, elected a member of the Board of Education for three years; secretary of the State Democratic Club; president of the Catholic Club of Sacred Heart parish in New Haven; president of the New Haven Union Co., publishers of the Daily and Sunday Union.



REV. E. D. MCCLURE,
Pastor St. Patrick's Church, Brockton.

A MODEL PASTOR.

BY EDWARD GERARD.

WHAT a zealous pastor, with the assistance of a united and helpful congregation can accomplish in parochial matters in the course of a few years, is well illustrated in the career of Rev. E. D. McClure, the popular parish priest of St. Patrick's Church, in Brockton. When in September, 1887, Father McClure was installed as pastor in his present charge, he was confronted with a church debt of some $40,000. The sacred edifice was badly in need of repair; the strains from the organ every Sunday furnished auricular evidence that the instrument in use had long ceased to be a joy or an aid to devotion; the rapid increase in the Catholic population of the city had made apparent the need of a new cemetery for the interment of the deceased faithful; the parochial school built the preceding year called for completion and payment.

With an energy characteristic of the man, Father McClure successively undertook the several burdens his new pastorate presented; with what success, the present aspect of St. Patrick's and its financial status will make manifest. To-day the parish debt is a thing of happy memory; happy, because only a memory, the entire indebtedness of $40,000 having been cleared in a surprisingly brief period.

The church has been thoroughly ren-

ovated, with new pews, handsome fresco decorations, and the addition of electric lights. In the choir, a fine new organ, put in a year ago, at a cost of $5,000, enables the church to hold the musical portions of its service on a par with its prominence in every other respect. Besides these improvements in the church itself, Father McClure has bought a convent for the 14 Sisters of Charity, who teach in the parochial school, and a new place of burial, the latter at a cost of $4,500. In keeping with his labors for the material advancement of his parish, have been Father McClure's efforts for the spiritual and educational progress of all his parishioners. In the parish school are instructed 500 children, boys and girls, the former receiving all the grades of a grammar school education, and the latter the additional training of the high school. The teachers are the efficient Sisters of Charity from the House of that order in Nazareth, Kentucky.

The school building is a brick structure, containing eight class-rooms and other apartments, and is situated but a few minutes' walk from the church, in an airy enclosure surrounded by beautiful maple trees. The Sisters' convent adjoins the school, and on the grounds is also a comfortable house, where the janitor resides. In the Sunday-school 900 children are carefully grounded every Sunday in the doctrines and practices of the Faith.

Father McClure's methods of obtaining the money necessary to accomplish his great work have differed somewhat from those in vogue in other parishes. His plan was to establish, early in his pastorate, a Parish Fund Society, members paying the comparatively small monthly fee of 25 cents. This society has been his chief reliance in liquidating the parish debt and making the improvements outlined in this sketch. By it, with the aid of the receipts from a fair and a couple of bazaars, he has raised and expended during the seven years of his incumbency some $70,000, a phenomenal sum, when the shortness of the time and the moderate circumstances of most of the parishioners who have generously helped him are taken into consideration. During his resi. dence in Brockton, Father McClure has seen Catholicity spread and take firmer root in the city, its growth being fos tered and strengthened by his own useful service and genuine popularity with all classes. His parish numbers over 6,000 souls, and in caring for their spiritual needs, he is assisted by two curates, Fathers Francis Ryan and Ambrose Barry.

The success which has accompanied this indefatigable worker in Christ's vineyard, in his present labor, is but the development of his successful career elsewhere. Endowed naturally with a love of work and executive capacity to make his will effective, his entire life has shown the combined result of both qualities. He is a native of Ohio and a graduate of the theological schools of Montreal and Niagara. Ordained to the priesthood on June 4, 1871, his first sacerdotal ministrations were performed in Woburn, Mass., where he labored as assistant priest for six years. Promoted to the pastorate at Georgetown, Mass., in 1877, he at once demonstrated his great constructive and organizing abilities. During the 10 years of his residence here, he was in charge of the missions in West Newbury, South Groveland, Boxford, and Rowley. In West Newbury he built a church, enlarged the one in South Groveland, and paid off the indebtedness of that mission. These works were accomplished in spite of the labor entailed by the erection of a parish rectory in Georgetown which he left entirely out of debt in 1887, the date of his transfer to Brockton as the successor of Father Dougherty. His seven years of earnest, priestly toil in his present position together with his genial and sympathetic character have greatly endeared him to his people. In his home are many evidences of artistic taste, and it is there he proves himself not alone the hard working minister of the gospel, but a most cheery, jovial and helpful companion.

"The house was an old rambling structure."

A VICTIM OF PROGRESS.

AN EPISODE IN AN ABANDONED FARM DISTRICT.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

THE Vaughan Place had been a family possession for four generations, and when it fell to Bryce Vaughan, soon after the war, was considered one of the best farms in the neighborhood. Each successive owner had been a careful and intelligent tiller and stock-raiser, and had passed the farm on to his children in better condition than he had received it from his father. To say that a horse or cow, or a basket of fruit or vegetables, was from the Vaughan Place was to give it an unwritten patent of excellence.

Bryce had not taken part in the war. He was a non-combatant, and did not believe in aggression or retaliation. He had paid for a substitute because he had been obliged to, but had declared that it was an unwarrantable imposition.

His younger brothers, Stutely and Saunders, had not shared his views. Stutely had volunteered and been killed at Bull Run, and Saunders had gone recklessly through his four years and come out unscathed. Afterward he had drifted west into a questionable sort of guerilla existence, and had finally been lost sight of.

When the farm came into his possession Bryce was a shy, middle-aged man; caring little for politics or the outside world, and only thoroughly happy when at work among his cattle or farm crops, or planning some new improvement about the place. The house was an old, rambling structure, dating back into the early part of the 18th century, and beginning to show signs of decay about the jambs and sills, and

upon the roof. But the boarding was still good, and the great, massive timbers seemed to be as sound as when taken from the primeval forest. Bryce declared complacently that the building was good for at least another 150 years.

Sometimes the neighbors suggested alterations or improvements, but he always shook his head. The house suited him best as it was, he said, and any changes he could make would only be for the worse. It would be like dressing an old statue in modern garments.

So he went on planting new orchards and building new walls and fences, but the house was allowed to remain as it was; only from time to time he fastened up sprays of the old English ivy which clambered about the walls, or replaced a fallen brick, or a plank behind which the wind was beginning to whistle.

At no time in his memory had there been a year when the place had failed to yield a profit, so he went on investing his surplus in new stock and improvements, trusting confidently in the future to provide for its own expenses.

But almost imperceptibly there came a change in the condition of the rural districts. New industries began to spring up in the cities, and there was an increased demand for intelligent labor. Country boys thought they could see a chance to improve their fortunes, and one by one left the farms and sought employment in the towns. Reports of their success came back, and fired the ambition of other boys, and presently the cultivation of the farms was left to old men and children; and as they grew up these younger boys also drifted away, one after another, to join their brothers.

Then the great West began to send in immense train loads of produce, and unwillingly the New England farmers were forced from the markets. Their rocky hillsides could not compete with the rich prairie lands; and gradually the interior farmers began to plant only such crops as were needed for home consumption. With them it became not a question of profit, but a question of living. The one who could make both ends meet was doing well; but even he was generally obliged to eke out with winter hauling of wood, and fall picking of cranberries.

Along the new lines of railroad which began to cross the country the farmer's condition was better. He could remodel himself into a market gardener, or a milk pedler, or a small fruit grower, and do fairly well; but this course was not open to the interior farmer. There seemed nothing for him but to sell out, or to be content with a shiftless, hand-to-mouth existence.

If the young, vigorous blood had not drifted away into the cities it might have been different. Possibly the deterioration of the farms would have been retarded, or even arrested altogether. If some of the useless fields could have been put into apple orchards, and cared for with the same solicitude that was bestowed upon other crops; if the bare hillsides could have been turned into sheep ranges, and the neglected meadows and pastures into stock farms; if the regular crops could have been changed to anything that did not require a speedy and inexpensive market, — perhaps there would have been fewer empty and decaying houses.

But, as a rule, the young men were absent, and the old men were getting too old to change their ways. They

planted a few fields for home use, and allowed the rest to grow up into straggling woodland. During the winter they cut and hauled logs, and during the summer varied their farm work with berry picking and such odd jobs as came in their way.

Vaughan Place was 12 miles or more from a railroad station, and three miles from Maple Root, the county seat. In the days of its prosperity Maple Root had been a converging point for three lines of stage coaches, and its air had been commercially agitated by the rhythmic murmur of a yarn factory and several small cotton mills.

But the railroads put an end to its prosperity. Business men recognized the advantage of cheap freight and quick communication with sources of supply. First, the factories closed and their owners located themselves along the lines of the new railroads; then, one by one, the storekeepers followed their example; and, finally, two of the stage lines were discontinued, and the third changed its daily coach to a bi-weekly, and depended on its mail contract to pay expenses.

Bryce Vaughan was getting to be an old man now, and did not adapt himself to the new order of things. He continued to raise the same old crops, and, failing to find a market at Maple Root, fed what he could to his stock, and allowed the rest to spoil in his barns. But he would not take warning from failure. Times would be better another year, he said, confidently; the old town had not been prosperous for 150 years to go into rack and ruin just because a new-fangled idea was snorting across the country. Things would come out all right. So he continued the same old planting year after year, and year after year enough produce spoiled to have paid the entire expenses of the farm.

But money grew more scarce, and in spite of a horse or cow sold now and then, he was at last obliged to let his hired man go; he guessed he could run the farm alone, he said, grimly. But after that the weeds seemed to gather more thickly, and obstinate thickets and briars began to spring up in the fence corners and along the walls. He fought them stubbornly for awhile, and only gave up the contest when more important work crowded him elsewhere.

There were several good apple orchards on the place; but they had been long neglected and only gave small returns. The meadows and pastures had grown almost worthless under the invasion of daisies and thistles, and other farm vagabonds. Bryce only cut an acre or two of grass around the barn, — just enough to carry the remnant of his stock through the severe weather, — and the rest was allowed to mature and decay undisturbed.

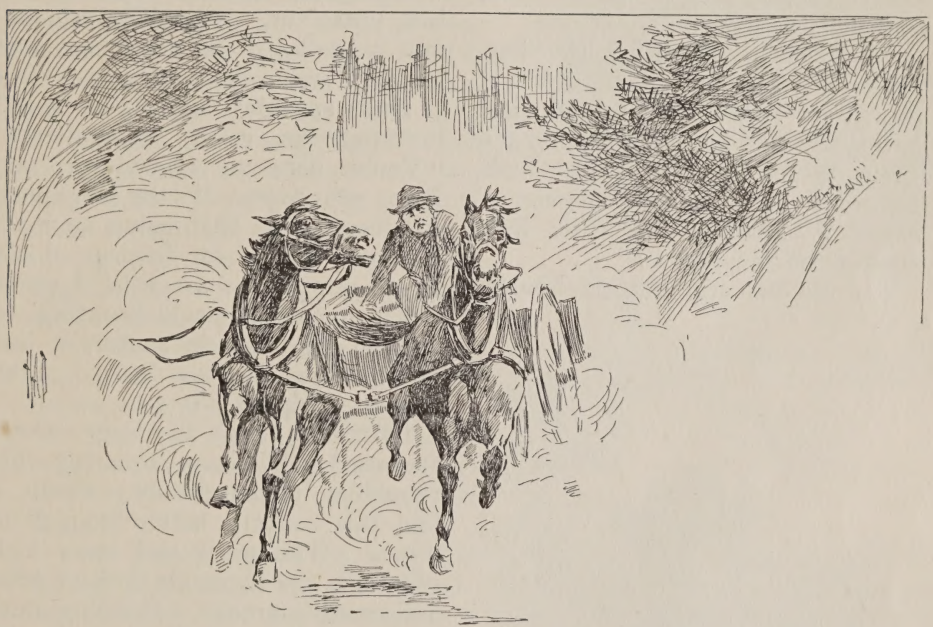
He lived alone, and his expenses were very small. Each fall he stored a few barrels of apples in his cellar, and picked a wash-tub full of cranberries from his bog. These, and a bushel or two of meal and the milk from his one cow, were about enough to stand him through the winter. In the summer anybody could "pick up" a living, he said.

One crisp October morning he harnessed his two remaining horses to the lumber wagon. It was time to purchase his winter's provisions, and he had the list carefully made out on a bit of paper now folded in his pocket. Meal, molasses, salt, matches; and as he slowly backed the horses between the thills, he wondered if it would not be possi-

ble for him to keep coals alive in the fireplace over night; wood was plentiful and matches cost money.

He was still engaged in the problem as he drove out through the woods toward the main road. Perhaps he was less careful than usual, or possibly there was some strange object or an unusual noise in the bushes that startled them; whatever present condition of fright the wagon would inevitably be overturned and then — he shuddered at the thought.

Suddenly a lithe form sprang before the horses, and almost before the old man could realize what was happening, their heads were swerved into the bushes, and they were brought to an abrupt standstill.



the reason, the horses gave a sudden plunge and dashed madly down the road, dragging the lines from his hand as they ran.

As the wagon rocked and bounded from side to side the old man could do nothing but cling to the seat, and wonder how long it would be before he would be thrown out. Only a short distance ahead was an abrupt turn to the right, and on the left was a steep descent into a wild, rocky ravine. If the horses made the dangerous passage in their

"Are you all right, sir?" an eager voice asked.

Bryce Vaughan raised himself tremulously from his position in the bottom of the wagon and gazed at his questioner. It was a strong, bright-faced boy he saw; not more than 16 or 17, and just now stroking the horses gently, and talking to them in low, soothing tones.

"Yes, I guess I'm all right," after a long, deliberate scrutiny. "But who be you? Somebody used to horses' ways, I be bound."

"I was brought up on a Texas cattle ranch, and have always been accustomed to horses," was the reply. "I had one of my own from the time I was eight until it — was sold last spring. There," hurriedly, "I reckon yours are all right now. Shall I turn them back into the road?"

"No, time enough yet. How come ye way up in these parts? Lookin' for work? Got folks round here? Kinder strayed off the trail, ain't ye?"

"Not exactly," replied the boy, gravely. "I know about where I am. Fact is, we were sold up last spring, and this journey was arranged for us before the sale. I am looking for a man named Vaughan — Bryce Vaughan. I think he lives somewhere round here?"

The old man straightened himself suddenly on his seat. "Yes, he lives in the neighborhood," suspiciously; "poor's Job's turkey, an' 'bout as mean as they make 'em. I s'pose somebody's been tellin' ye how he lived all alone, an' how 'twould be a mercy for some strong feller to come along an' put his shoulder to the farm. Now, I tell ye," raising his voice, "old Bryce is a clost friend o' mine, an' he'll be able to look arter his work for a good many long years yet. Neighbors talk an' talk an' talk, an' he don't care that for 'em," snapping his fingers. "But I ain't speakin' agin you, boy," lowering his voice apologetically. "You've done me a good turn, an' I like your ways. It's the neighbors' continual jabber that makes me mad. If I was lookin' for help, or if old Bryce was lookin' for help, I guess either one of us would be willin' to try you. But we can't afford it jest now; times is too hard. Like farmin', I s'pose?"

"Better than anything else," answered the boy, squaring his shoulders unconsciously; "and I like this country better than I do Texas. The grass and trees look different, and there are lots of hills and running brooks. Farming must be pleasant here. Seems to me I could make some kind of a living even if I was 12 or 15 miles from a railroad. We were 40 miles from even a store, down in Texas. If I had a farm here I would try to make everything count. Why," stepping into the road and throwing back his head indignantly, "I stopped at a place below here yesterday, and the man said he expected to have more than 50 barrels of apples spoil in his orchard this fall. He said apples were not bringing much, and he didn't think he'd bother to pick them; and he had two horses and

a pair of oxen standing idle in his barn! Why didn't he sell his apples, even if he only got enough to pay for working his teams; and there were lots of other things on his place going to waste just the same. No wonder he finds times hard!"

"I guess it's Peleg Kettle you mean," said the old man dryly. "He is a leetle slow; but then, most of us round here are sorter driftin' that way. When folks get discouraged they're apt to go kinder easy. But I like your way o' lookin' at things, an' mebbe we'n strike some sort o' trade. Come to think on't, I ain't sure but I'm gettin' like old Peleg an' need somebody to stir me up a leetle. I guess we'n scare up work enough on the farm to keep two goin'. Ye won't expect big wages, bein' so young, I s'pose?" with sudden cautiousness.

"I don't wish to hire out," answered the boy quietly; "I'm going to live with Mr. Bryce Vaughan."

"Sho, ye don't say!" sarcastically. "Where'd ye get them sort o' idees? Who told ye 'bout old Bryce?"

"My father, before he died last spring, planned it all out for us; but the sale left no money, so I had to work during the summer as a cowboy. We left Texas last week."

"An' come all this way to see old Bryce?" incredulously. "Who was your father, anyhow?"

"Saunders Vaughan!"

"What?"

The old man was now clambering hurriedly from the wagon, and his grim, wrinkled face was working curiously under the influence of some strong emotion.

"I am old Bryce," he said, sharply, as he caught the boy and held him at arm's length; "but I thought Saunders was dead years an' years ago. I thought I was the only one

o' the family left, an' that 'twa'n't no use to keep the farm up as I wouldn't need it long an' there wa'n't no one to take it arter me. An' to think Saunders had a son all the time, an' I didn't know it! But come!" jubilantly, "climb into the wagon an' let's be gettin' back. The old farm's kinder run down now, but it has the makin' of a fine place yet. We'll show the neighbors whether times are hard or not. Why, boy, I'm 20 years younger'n I was this mornin'. But climb in! climb in."

"There's the children waiting for me," expostulated the boy, hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry. "I'll call them." Quickly forming

a trumpet with his hands he called loudly: "Mary!" "Bessie!"

"We were in the woods gathering chestnuts when we heard your horses," he explained. "I told the girls to wait for me while I ran to see what was the matter. There, that's Mary's voice," as a faint halloo came from somewhere off to the right. "They'll be here in a few minutes."

"Who are they?" curiously.

"Why, my sisters, of course! Mary's 15, and a splendid cook. She kept house for us on the ranch. Bessie's eight, and the brightest little thing you ever saw," enthusiastically. "You can't help liking her."

"Two more of 'em! two more of 'em!" Bryce Vaughan murmured, but not so low but the boy overheard. "No danger of the old stock runnin' out. Thank God for all his mercies! The farm's goin' to seem like old times agin."

WHY FEAR TO DIE?

BY DENIS B. CASHMAN.

"To His likeness" ye are made! behold
In man His wondrous power he did unfold!
The noblest of His works! The godlike soul
Far greater than the glorious spheres that roll
In dazzling light through space supernal
Decay they must, but the soul's eternal.

II.

From out the earth each hour and minute,
Dart countless souls to the great Infinite;
From town and village, sea and shore;
From where war's cruel cannons roar,
Incessant streaming from the world
Through endless space are the millions hurled.

III.

We see our dear ones vanish one by one:
A year — a day — and we, too, will be gone;
Whither? we ask in doubt and dread. To where
Is calm repose, or where man's fear
Says all is horror; where the chastening rod
Is swung by demons or withheld by God?

IV.

Alas, we know not, but we feel the good
Who live believing that the Saviour's blood
For them was lavished; who sin repent,
And meet forgiveness through His sacrament,
Shall find a blissful rest. To all 'tis given
Believing thus to merit Heaven.

V.

Too true, the hand of death the bravest fear;
E'en nature shudders when the reaper's near.
Yet 'tis but a gasp, and the soul takes flight,
From doubt and darkness to eternal light.
To His bright presence, where the souls have fled
Of countless millions by the angels led.

VI.

Why fear to die? — a month, — a day;
We're e'en forgotten ere we reach the clay.
The air that throbs with the shouts of the brave
Who march from their tents to the open grave,
Scarce echoes the sound of the fierce attack
When oblivion shrouds their last bivouac.

VII.

We, too, are marching away from camp,
Our path illumed with flickering lamp
(While the sexton digs with tireless breath)
Till the flame blows out, and we're grasped by death.
Still we'll boldly tread, though the grave be nigh,
God's peace awaits us. Why fear to die?

WHAT SHALL I DO TO SUCCEED?

Shall I be a Saleswoman?

EXPEDIENCY, rather than any peculiar aptitude or inclination seems, in great part to determine the average girl's adoption of the livelihood offered by the mammoth commercial emporiums of to-day.

Book-keeping, stenography, typewriting, etc., demand special preparation, which interferes quite frequently with their selection by those desirous of immediate income. Then, too, their ranks are reënforced of late more rapidly than depleted, whereas the nation's growing love of luxury, so often commented upon, causes constant increase in the numbers of those catering thereto, and consequently the demand for saleswomen is perennial.

At first glance it would seem that little more than the facility obtained by experience is necessary to the attainment of such success as this place of commercial life offers, but a little investigation will convince one that in it, as in all other occupations there is "room at the top" only accessible to effort.

Granting the experience easily acquired — there are few usual occupations wherein the natural aptitudes of woman can be more effectually utilized. The spirit of inquiry leading to knowledge, the patience that takes the outward form of politeness, the gifts of order and arrangement which attract attention, the quick discernment, so often purely instinctive, — all these natural attributes need but free play to become factors of success.

On the other side the Atlantic, a term of apprenticeship is still insisted upon, I believe, for learning the routine of "sales" as of other occupations, and the intimate knowledge of detail thus obtained, can hardly fail to be advantageous to the merchant and the customer.

Here, with our national assurance of our national "brightness," this is dispensed with in great measure; but it has always seemed to me that where the individual has not striven to replace it by personal inquiry and attention, both merchant and customer are each in turn the loser. Conceding, however, that to be American is to be "bright," let us turn to the discussion of natural attributes and their usefulness.

Unlike most other positions, there is, usually, no very great difficulty in securing an opportunity in this line. Advertisements generally appear during the seasons known in trade as "spring and fall openings," and her experience in answering such give our girl her first lesson as to the importance of natural attributes. The "business man," or woman, who selects from among applicants is quick to notice these and determines choice thereby.

Once installed in the position obtained thus (or perhaps by the easier method of friendly influence) — the process of "climbing to the top" may be considered fairly begun. The "inquiry that leads to knowledge" is first to be cultivated — knowledge of the "stock," as it is technically known, whatever its nature — its qualities and possibilities. There is knowledge to be found in the chance remarks of customers regarding it as well as in the official information that will certainly not be refused if applied for.

The customer who insists, for in-

stance, that a rival establishment sells "precisely the same article" at a lower figure than the one just mentioned must be convinced that the cheapness is apparent only. Points of difference easily overlooked must be explained, and to do this requires more than superficial knowledge of the article in question. Here, patience and pol teness play their part — the most important of all — because before them even the unreasonableness of the parvenu and the bargain seeker vanish.

This question of mutual politeness has been so much discussed from both sides the counter, and both have been so well supported, that it seems doubtful whether the courtesy, theoretically woman's strong point, is not sadly wanting in practice. However this may be, there are few accomplishments of higher commercial value than this same commonplace politeness. The beginner whose possession of it excites comment, develops into the saleswoman whose customers constitute a personal following, for sake of which she is a welcome applicant and a valued employee when secured.

That talent for order and arrangement is desirable it is easy to understand, for catching the eye is a very necessary preliminary to catching the dollars of the average purchaser, and the quick discernment of which I spoke, enabling one to comprehend requirements not always well expressed is, from all points of view, a happy qualification.

Long hours and inadequate compensation are generally considered the adjuncts of the saleswoman's position, and some may ask information of "the place at the top" and whereof it consists. Investigation fails to show that the hours differ much from those of other employees. The exactions of holiday times (so called) are growing less each year as public opinion demands, while the weekly half holiday bids fair to become a general summer institution.

Comp ensation for beginners is low. For the average worker average compensation seems the rule, and the place at the top — while not so unattainable as is supposed — is well salaried and responsible.

In this as in all vocations we can cite shining examples of what perseverance has accomplished. There was recently as superintendent of one of the largest dry goods houses in New York, a woman who had commenced life as cash girl in the same store and she on promotion took the place of another who retired to marry a member of the firm. This second incumbent who supervised hundreds of employees of both sexes, and directed the operations of every department, even the packing and shipping, once told the secret of her success as she understood it: "No one in authority or otherwise ever saw me idle for I never was," she said, "during business hours. I worked none the better for being observed and none the worse for lack of observation."

Another representative of the sex, through the use of the self-same levers of determination and attention, holds to-day the foremost position in a similar establishment (also in New York), buying for and directing the most important departments, and dictating largely the policy of the firm which means so much in commercial life.

Such positions may be unique, but they belong to our sex by right of fitness in many ways. They are attainable, as has been proven and approaching their boundary line, come many little less responsible.

The successful buyer must, of necessity, be evolved from the girl who learned all possible of a subject, and so came to be regarded an authority thereon. The high-salaried saleswoman who is lightly bound by rule and system, and therefore envied of many fellow-workers, is the development of the girl who set to herself the task of attempting to please all, and gradually became a necessity to those accustomed to her methods.

I do not think that the ambitious beginner, with a fair share of physical

health, a fair education, and fairly good temper, taking hold of this position as "the duty nearest her," needs to be discouraged by dread of its limitations. They do not exist for one who brings to the struggle conscientiousness that glorifies the most commonplace duty, ambition that seeks daily betterment, and courtesy that bespeaks its like of all men and women.

SHALL I SEEK A "MAIL ORDER" POSITION?

THERE is another branch of our commercial life to which I believe the fairly educated girl peculiarly well adapted — the Mail Order Department now included with the modern conveniences of most large houses. This is the outcome of our increasing belief in advertisement, as well as of the general education of the masses, and while comparatively new in its present systematized form, bids fair to become of primary importance.

The magazines and newspapers starting from our large cities, know but geographical limit to their wanderings — hence, their advertising power is practically limitless. No section of our great country so remote, that these messages of civilization fail to reach, and no feminine reader so obtuse as to ignore the excellence of Uncle Sam for messenger, when she wishes to test the variety of the show which her city sisters enjoy at "first-hand."

I remember seeing once on the desk of a Mail Order Department, a letter dated, "Cantonment on the Uncomphagre," containing an order for a hat such as described in a recent magazine, not by the flowery pen of a fashion writer, but as the drawing card of a shrewd advertiser's "opening day" in an eastern city.

Who, as well as a woman, can understand such letters describing needs, and leaving to the reader the task of supplying them satisfactorily. I can imagine this work fascinating, and well fitted to prepare for higher. There is a large amount of character reading possible. There is the constant contact with phases of life unusual to the city girl, and above all, there is continual demand for varied information, which is the best incentive to the study, by the way, generally neglected when school days have closed. Even geography assumes interesting features when the Uncomphagre and "such ilk" have to be located, and the possibilities of traffic therewith considered.

Then the habit of accuracy is cultivated until it becomes the second nature so invaluable in business. I have seen an envelope preserved as a souvenir of the slight inaccuracy of a mail order clerk, who, in addressing it to a town in Indiana, wrote Ind. as abbreviation for the state. Many months afterward, envelope and contents were returned from Aden (en route for India) where some official discovered that Indiana, not India, was the goal of the tourist.

Meanwhile somebody must have had an irate customer to placate, and for this very purpose, I should invariably choose a woman, for I hold that the art of tactful correspondence is another of her natural attributes. True, we have fallen upon the day of typewriting and dictation, but we have not, by any means, outlived the appreciation of the "home made" letter. Even in business its place and influence are still valuable.

The gift of correspondence deserves development in the education of our girls — for it is a power, and no merely a social one. We, of the sex, know how the sex regard the typewritten communication so devoid of the personality, that in the most prosaic dealings is attractive to women. Therefore, to explain a why or wherefore — a substitution or a delay apparently inexcusable to a waiting correspondent, to give assurance of personal interest, or to placate the aggrieved, the girl who possesses this knack of tactful correspondence, should be in-

valuable, and the supply of her kind is not likely to exceed the coming demand.

Dictation apparently dwarfs phraseology, except for the fortunate few born equal to our modern requirements. Probably ease can be acquired by practice, and the graceful correspondent be equally graceful as interpreted by the typewriter — another possibility our ambitious girl may strive for.

I think she will find the same demand for patience and politeness, for system and memory, for inquiry and discernment in this Mail Order Department as in any other, but with less of monotony and less of actual friction to counteract. The rewards of merit are equally attainable, and there is much in the routine that tends to the higher development of originality and all natural brightness.

MARGARET M. HALVEY.

Shall I Be a Real Estate Broker and Insurance Agent?

I HAVE no hesitation in recommending the real estate and insurance business as a good and independent means of livelihood for any woman who is well educated, and who has business capacity.

A disadvantage which bars the way to many women wishing to start in business for themselves, is the fact that capital is required for most ventures. The woman who wishes to open a store of any kind must have considerable money or credit before she can lay in her stock or renew it. This disadvantage is not felt in the real estate business; a beginner need only have the ability to meet her small running expenses. As her business increases, she will find a horse necessary, the board of which must be added to the expense column.

The details of the business are readily mastered by any ordinarily intelligent woman; its ultimate success will, of course, depend upon her business capacity and the resources of her territory.

Book-keeping is a very necessary accomplishment for the real estate woman, and she must also have ability to conduct a mercantile correspondence, and possess a retentive memory, with a gift for pigeon-holing items of information for future use. She must necessarily be wide awake, with an ever-open eye for possible business, and in this, as in almost every other line where success is a desideratum, prompt methods are the most effective.

It is so well understood that courtesy and affability are essential in conducting business, that it is hardly necessary to touch upon the fact here.

In summing up the advantages, I may say there are very few losses in this business; returns are prompt, usually, and profits well assured, since the law fixes the rate at two and one half per cent. on house sales, and five per cent. on land sales, though, of course, a customer may pay as much more as he chooses, which he often does as an incentive to a quick or cash sale.

Renting house property, which is a considerable feature of the real estate business, is more precarious in its returns than are sales. Sometimes the customer will go and look at the house, and thence go direct to the landlord or owner and hire it without reference to the agent, when, unless she has taken the name of the person, she naturally loses her commission. I once sent a person to look at a house, the key of which was, for convenience, left nearby, and this person took the key and moved in without notifying either the owner or myself — involving a probable loss to both of us.

Fire insurance, which goes very naturally with the real estate business, is in itself a very good means of livelihood for a woman, and while it is as yet by no means a common occupation for women, there are several who are successful insurance agents in Massachusetts alone.

The minutiæ of the business are exceedingly simple, the risk is nil, and the profits are adequate and equable. The commission allowed varies with the different companies, and ranges from 15 to 25 per cent. on the premium written on the face of the policy, which means that when the policy is renewed the agent receives the same commission as for new business.

Many will wonder how a woman can properly estimate the value of property to be insured; but this is done for her by books of rating prepared by the Board of Underwriters in the case of city or town property. A reference to these books simplifies the agent's work and prevents all error. In the country other methods, equally simple, are employed.

I am convinced that the business, in all its parts, is one for which woman is admirably adapted, and one which she is capable of carrying on as well as would a man.

It is in this and kindred occupations that woman's honesty — conceded, even by those who criticise her as mentally inferior to man, to be a finer sense in the ordinary woman than in the ordinary man,— will tell, because honesty is an essential for a successful business in this line in which the temptations to be tricky and "smart" are very great. A real estate agent must merit the confidence of his patrons, and a few shady transactions found out will forever destroy it. The community will have no use for him hereafter.

There are already in the West a number of women who have made large fortunes in this business, one woman of whom I know having amassed $100,000 within a very few years.

The very best word, I think, that a successful business woman can give to those of her sex who are as yet aspirants for the good things which industry has to bestow, is this: Go ahead! what other women have done, you may do; there is room for all who are willing to work!

CARRIE E. WEBBER

This excellent series of articles on feminine vocations, which has run through six issues of the Magazine with great profit to our readers, is brought to a conclusion in the present number. — ED.

MODERN CHIVALRY.

BY MARY M. NIXON.

A GAGE he threw — In days of yore,
When ladies fair had knights galore,
Who them did worship and adore,

It would have called to dangers, then,
To doughty deeds, or lion's den,
But, ah! old times have changed, you ken.

Within her hand the glove she caught,
And weapons feminine she sought,
With zeal and earnestness she wrought.

She mended every rip, though slight,
Sewing a soft kiss out of sight
Into his gage — her modern knight.

HUSH! SANTA CLAUS IS COMING!

HOPE OF OUR HOMES.

A PARIAH OF THE PAVE.

EDITH M. NORRIS.

A MAN made in the image of God!

Men forgot that when they saw the grotesque figure covered with the big letters of an advertisement, which a species of grotesque ingenuity had made to look as ridiculous and fantastic as possible.

The wind bit sharply along the street, but did not hinder the mocking jeers of the passers by whose obliviousness to his humanity struck an icier chill to the heart of the humiliated wretch than the snowy slush which oozed through his broken boots.

. . . . . .

Boom! boom! clanged all the clocks of the city sounding with brazen tongues the noon hour.

Such a poor bare room! Such a sweet, childish face aureoled on the dingy pillow! One of those pure pale flowerets which sometimes brighten and make purer for awhile the waste places of poverty. Such a gaunt, haggard woman sewing by the table on which are set the preparations for a meagre meal!

A step on the stairs brings a flush to the child's wan cheek, and she casts a rapturous glance of welcome at the shabby figure that enters softly and cheerfully.

"Well, little one; see what I have brought you," are the words he utters, holding out to the child an orange.

"Oh, papa, and you really have got work at last?"

"Yes, girlie; we don't get oranges without work, do we?"

"Is it a pleasant place, father?"

"Very pleasant, dear, and lots of fresh air to work in, too, and to know that I am earning something for you and mother makes it more than pleasant. Give me something to eat, Margaret. You know I must hurry back to the — office."

. . . . . .

Without doubt the queer walking advertisement of "Potts' Patent Pellucid Pellets" is queerer than ever today. How he shambles in his gait — stumbles even!

"Drunk," says somebody, with a leer of amusement. But he stumbles along headlessly, for his thoughts have wandered from Potts' Pellets to a small, newly dug grave; and every footfall around him sounds only like the thud of earth upon the tiny coffin whose price he is earning this afternoon.

THE UNFORGIVING ONE.

From the Scandinavian.

VIRGINIA MCSHERRY.

THERE was once a prince of Denmark who murdered his father and afterwards succeeded to his throne.

The parricide seemed happy, and his palace resounded with the noise of continual feasting. Nevertheless the king was suffering. There was a deep wound in his soul. He was haunted by the hallucination that his hands were covered with blood. One night, in the midst of a great festivity, he suddenly cried, "Put out the lights!" The frightened courtiers immediately obeyed their sovereign, and made the brilliant hall as dark as midnight. But behold, at the end of the great apartment, a pale light seemed to rise, and a phantom with fiery countenance silently advanced towards the king with extended hands.

'Shade, that pursuest me," said the terrified king, "who art thou?"

But the phantom, still mute, walked onward.

"Stop," cried the king, frozen with fear. "Speak! What is thy name?"

The phantom came nearer, silent as the tomb, and over the hall was spread a lurid glare.

"Ah! I recognize you, horrible spectre," said the king. "You are my father!"

"No, I am not thy father," at last the shadow answered. "Thy father would forgive thee, infamous murderer though thou art! But I, I never forgive. I am Remorse!" Remorse that destroys in the soul the peace of God, the blessed quiet of conscience.

AFTER THE STORM.

BY FANNIE MCMAHON.

I PLUCKED a red rose after the storm,
And its heart was filled with tears,
Like to a soul which the battles of life
Have filled with sorrow and fears.

I culled a white bud after the storm,
And its petals were sweet and pure
As the heart of a fair young child,
Who has naught but love to endure.

THE STORY OF THE COAL.

BY S. B. D.

In the library sat little Ruth, gazing earnestly at the bright, glowing fire in the open grate, looking for the queer and beautiful pictures which I am sure all of you have seen some time or other in a coal fire. First there was the head of a dog, a splendid big dog, just like Watch, who lived next door, and was the terror of all tramps who dared set foot in the yard; there, over in the corner, were a horse and rider; presently the rider fell off and rolled headlong down into the glowing bed of coals. There was a castle, and Ruth, who had been reading of the castled Rhine, thought she could trace the river running in a narrow stream of flame across the grate.

"I wonder where coal comes from, and what it is made of," she said aloud.

As she spoke a little red coal danced out and up to her, with the evident intention of finding a resting-place on her knee. As she started back in fear of being burned, a queer, thin little voice said,—

"Don't be afraid, little girl, I heard you wondering just now where the coal came from, and how it is made, and feeling in a very social, confidential mood, I thought I'd just come out and tell you all about it."

"Yes?" said Ruth, pulling her hair to see whether she was awake or not. "Yes, I would like to know, but I never knew before that coal could talk."

"Oh!" laughed the coal, and burned redder than ever. "Oh, yes, we can talk! I learned ages ago, when the world was young."

"Why, how old are you?" queried Ruth. "I am only five, and I'm lots bigger than you."

"Well, I don't exactly know myself, but by the nearest computation I must be somewhere in the neighborhood of a few million years."

Ruth wondered very much what "computation" could be, that made anything so dreadfully old, and said,—

"Why that's older than Methuselah!"

"Oh, bless you, yes!" answered the coal. "I lived ages before Methuselah was born."

"Where did you live?" asked Ruth, now thoroughly interested in this antediluvian antiquity.

"Well, I lived down, deep down in the earth; once, so long ago that I can scarcely remember it, I lived in a forest. I wasn't coal then, but grew on the bark of a fern; millions of us spores, as you would call us in those days, fell to the ground, and with other vegetable growth were subjected to great heat, moisture, and pressure. This was what is known by scholars as the carboniferous age."

"What big words it uses for such a little thing!" thought Ruth.

"For thousands of years, so many I never could tell you how many, we lay there until one day we were broken off in pieces by men with picks, and found ourselves in a large damp place, lit by little lamps which the men wore in front of their caps. This was a coal mine, and the men were miners. We were next put in large cages, as they were called, and pulled up by machinery to the top of the mine. And then, once more, after so many years, we saw the sunshine. After going through the process of screening, which is the separation of the larger from the smaller coal, we were loaded on cars and brought by railroad to this city, where we became first the property of the coal dealers and then of your father. And now what next will happen us I am sure I cannot tell; we shall be thrown out to lie and shiver on an ash heap, I expect."

"I will keep you myself, always," said Ruth, "for telling me such a nice story. I will put you away in a pretty little box, as mamma does her rings, and that can be your house as long as I live."

"Much obliged, I'm sure," said the coal. "Speaking of your mother's rings, perhaps you do not know that I am second or third cousin to the diamond that flashes so brilliantly in one of them."

"You?" rather doubtfully exclaimed Ruth, not being able to see the slightest resemblance between this insignificant little lump of half-burned coal and the beautiful diamond which sparkled with all the colors of the rainbow on her mamma's hand.

"Yes, I. You see, the diamond is the purest form of carbon found. Now I am not so closely related as the coal which is burned in your kitchen range; that belongs to the family of Anthracite, which is much harder and contains more carbon than the Cannel family, of which I am a member. So, you see, while your kitchen coal may be first cousin, I come along third or fourth, but near enough to claim relationship."

"Ruth!" called mamma from the next room, "come, it is your bedtime."

Ruth very thoughtfully went upstairs and made ready for bed, and holding closely in her chubby hand the entertaining coal, drifted away into the beautiful land of Nod.

Phonetic Spelling Lesson.

Combine two letters of the alphabet in such a way that, when spoken, they form a word. Example: A girl's name. Answer: K T (Katy).

1. A climbing plant. 2. A kind of material used for dresses. 3. Not difficult. 4. To try. 5. Void. 6. To surpass. 7. A county of England. 8. To covet. 9. A river of Asia. 10. Set in order. 11. A nocturnal quadruped. 12. An architectural moulding.

E. C. M.

The Cunnin' Little Thing.

When baby wakes of mornings,
Then it's wake, ye people all!
For another day
Of song and play
Has come at our darling's call!
And, till she gets her dinner,
She makes the welkin ring,
And she won't keep still till she's had her fill —
The cunnin' little thing!

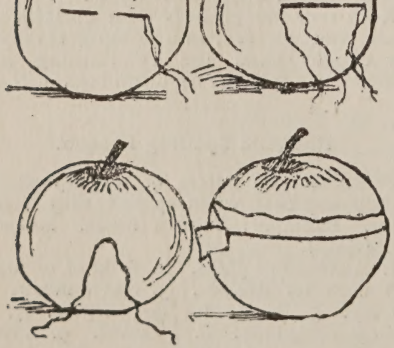
When baby goes a-walking,
Oh, how her paddies fly!
For that's the way the babies say
To other folks "By-by!"
The trees bend down to kiss her,
And the birds in rapture sing,
As there she stands and waves her hands —
The cunnin' little thing!

When baby goes a-rocking
In her bed at close of day,
At hide-and-seek
On her dainty cheek
The dreams and dimples play;
Then its sleep in the tender kisses
The guardian angels bring
From the far above to my sweetest love —
The cunnin' little thing.
— *Eugene Field in the Chicago Record.*

THE MYSTERIOUS.

An Apple May be Sliced Without Parting the Skin.

An apple can be cut in halves without breaking the skin. With a fine needle and thread take a stitch in the apple just under the skin, as shown in figure 1, and draw the thread



through carefully. Now place the point of the needle into the hole from which it just came, and pushing it gently under the skin, take another stitch, figure 2. Keep doing this until you have gone around the apple, but in taking the last stitch be careful to draw the needle from out of the hole it made when inserted to make the first stitch. Now the thread completely encircles the apple only just under the skin and the two ends of the thread are seen hanging loose, figure 3. Crossing these threads, pull them steadily and firmly in opposite directions, and in a few moments the apple will be cut completely in two, and the whole of the thread will have been drawn away through one small hole. If nicely done no sign of a breakage will appear on the surface, although the apple is cut into two parts.

A Delusion Dispelled.

Time was that the business of life insurance was looked upon as a delusion and a snare. Men in general had little time, and less inclination to fathom its supposed complications. Thus it was up-hill work to convince men of its intrinsic value. There were men, however, who, having made its principles and methods a life study, perceived in the intricacies and inequities of the business, the reason for such apathy in so important a matter. They set about simplifying methods, and reconstructing plans, until they finally evolved a system of mutual insurance, having all the plainness of fire insurance, with the largest degree of security to beneficiaries, equity between policy-holders, and furnished at the minimum of cost.

This plan which has been successfully operated for 15 years, is known as the Safety Fund System of pure life protection, and is operated solely by the well-known Hartford Life and Annuity Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn. About 50,000 policy-holders are insured upon this plan for nearly $100,000,000. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been saved to these in the low cost at which their policies have been carried, while nearly $9,000,000 have been paid to the beneficiaries of those who have been so unfortunate as to die.

A member's Safety Fund of $1,000,000, par value of trust fund securities, is held by a Trustee for the sole benefit of policy-holders, while the earnings of the Fund furnished to persistent members semi-annual dividends which aid in further reducing cost. Taken altogether, the Safety Fund System is held to be beyond doubt, the best form ever devised for furnishing protection to the family or estate against that loss which inevitably comes to both when the bread-winner passes away.

EQUIVOCAL.

Brown — Prof. Doremi is one of our great musicians, is he not?

Town — He's well up in the scale, certainly.

Strategy — Captain — "What is strategy in war? Give me an instance of it." Sergeant — "Well, strategy is when you don't let the enemy discover that you are out of ammunition, but keep right on firing."

THE EDITOR'S REVIEW.

With this number, the new Donahoe's brings the second year of its existence to a successful close, and it is in no spirit of hollow boasting that we ask our kind subscribers and the general public to note the wonderful progress made by the Magazine in that brief period. Starting under untoward conditions, with a circulation necessarily curtailed by the limitations of the original publication, its development in popularity, circulation, and influence has been admittedly phenomenal. To-day Donahoe's Magazine is recognized as a power among the periodicals of the country, and each succeeding issue brings tangible proof of its increasing sturdy growth. The causes of the Magazine's rise to its present high standard are patent to all who read its pages. Recognizing the need among Catholic periodicals of one, which, while treating of subjects based upon the solid rock of Catholic truth and principle, would diversify its discussion of both with articles of a political and an economic character directed to the settlement of the social well-being of the whole American people, intersperse through all the purely literary charms of poetry and romance, and gratify the æsthetic sense of its readers through the medium of artistic illustration, the new Donahoe's hesitated not to depart radically from its older lines and traditions to meet newer necessities and purposes. The result has been a Catholic monthly conforming in every phase of its policy to all the requirements of the highest type of a popular American magazine. That the management gauged the popular want correctly, and made no error of judgment in catering to it, is sufficiently evidenced by a constantly increasing list of subscribers, and the growing patronage of commercial concerns, quick to perceive the best means of reaching the people.

The Magazine's successful course to the present time will continue to be its guide in the future. Our readers will continue to enjoy the fruit of the best thought and study of representative Catholic writers, and of others whose views do not antagonize truth or the best interests and progress of the whole American people. In its lighter matter, it will furnish an abundance of the best short literary sketches and stories, which current popular taste demands.

Its various "departments" will be developed and strengthened so as to become of even greater weight and authority upon the subjects treated. In a word, the policy of Donahoe's Magazine will continue to be firmly Catholic without being merely catachetical; broad without being weak in principle; unflinching in its defence of Catholic truth without being uncharitably narrow to honest dissenters; sympathetic with the advancement of the people without being unjust to the rights of any. We ask the American Catholic public if our policy is not well worthy of their sympathy and support? We ask the clergy throughout the country if our effort, reaching as it does the intelligences of the millions in

a way impossible to the pulpit, does not merit for us their hearty coöperation and encouragement? We ask Catholic parents everywhere if our Magazine is not well deserving of the perusal and study of their families? The lines we have laid down necessitate a liberal and widespread support to be made successful, and we are confident that our appeal for patronage is made to willing, interested, and helpful readers. The list of writers who have contributed to past numbers, and from whom we shall publish articles from time to time in the future, is given in one of our pages at the end of this issue. This list of names alone is a sufficient warrant for the value of the matter to appear in our pages during the coming year. We earnestly request that every reader of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE will refer to it, and also carefully read the liberal inducements we make to new subscribers and for the continuance of those already on our rolls.

AT a recent meeting of the Boston School Committee, Mr. S. A. Wetmore, one of the newest members of the board, brought out some very startling and significant facts concerning Boston's public schools. In presenting an order looking to the securing of at least $1,000,000 for new school buildings, Mr. Wetmore said in the course of a trenchant argument: —

> As an enfranchised member of this community, as one of those responsible for the usefulness of the public schools, I feel ashamed to say to the parents of Boston, "It was our purpose to give all your children a sound, free education; but we find you have so many children, and we have so little money, that, unless you can afford to send them to private schools, some of them must grow up as did the pickaninnies of the South under the blight of slavery."
>
> The cold, unanimated fact is that Boston is forced into the position of denying education to many of her children, and hundreds more are huddled together in rooms outside our school buildings, exposed to the dangers and evils engendered by unsanitary conditions, and suffering the deprivations of pure air and free light. Even we, sitting here through session after session, may not know individually how deplorable the general condition of our schools is, and to what straits some of them have been reduced.

Taking one school district after another, the speaker then showed that a total of 3,400 Boston children were deprived of proper educational advantages, nearly 1,000 of these children being denied admission to the schools altogether, for lack of room, and the remainder huddled together in rented places in such a way as to make their fitting instruction an impossibility. Mr. Wetmore's address was a strong arraignment of the powers controlling the city's annual appropriations, and his facts cry shame upon the forces that give them existence.

In the light of his statements, too, how cruel and unjust are the strictures of prejudiced opponents upon the city's parochial schools! Here are 14 private institutions supported at great sacrifice of private, personal means, doing a work for the children of Boston which this address declares Boston is, by reason of circumstances, denying them.

Remove the parochial schools, and the number of neglected little ones in this self-vaunting, educational, and cultured paradise, would be more than quadrupled. Mr. Wetmore's argument was not made in favor of parochial schools; but the inevitable corollary of his statements is, that the parochial schools are at present giving to thousands of children the instruction and training the city withholds. The situation is its own best commentator, and the ranting irresponsibles who clamour

that no good is done except as they do it, or wish it done, should draw from it for once a reasonable, broad, and sensible conclusion. There is plenty of room and of labor for the parochial school as well as the public school in every great city, and signs are happily not wanting that the aims and purposes of the parochial system are being more intelligently understood, with the consequent admission of its vast usefulness as a helper in the ever-increasing burden of the education of a city's children.

The American Persecutors' Association showed its hand in the recent elections, and, creditably to the nation, it proved to be only a shrunken, withered member of the otherwise healthy body politic. There is no danger that this amorphous, political growth, whose only animating principle is venomous hatred of the religious liberty guaranteed to American citizens by the constitution, can obtain other than a sporadic and transient power in the republic. There is eternal enmity between man and the serpent, and serpentine methods in American affairs will never meet aught but the contempt and derision of true Americans. The A. P. A., through its secret workings, succeeded in catching the Republican party napping here and there in the caucuses before the recent elections, and thus gained a passing influence in that party's conventions; but its hideous aims and purposes were dragged into the light of day through the press and on the platform, and the revelation was so revolting to the spirit of our institutions, that it retires from the campaign discredited and disowned by the party it had fastened itself upon, and despised by the liberal minds of all other classes. It is doubtful if anything more striking, more stirring, or more broadly American on the subject of the A. P. A. was uttered during the campaign than the words of Senator George F. Hoar in Faneuil Hall, at a banquet of the French American Republican Club of Massachusetts: "The question of whether a foreigner may emigrate to America and make his home here," said he, "has been settled, and it shall not be reopened" (loud applause). "We are living here beneath the shelter of the stars and stripes; Catholic and Protestant, Irishman and Yankee, Frenchman and German, Hebrew and Pole; we have taken each other for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health; and we shall live together in peace and in unity, until the death of the republic do us part." (Tremendous enthusiasm and cheers.) This utterance should become historic in America. It should be spread broadcast through the land, as the answer of every true American to the baneful efforts of those who attempt to disseminate principles of religious intolerance among us. The fight against the A. P. A. is not a Catholic one. It is the battle of intelligent, patriotic citizens, of all religions, against a principle which is essentially inimical to each.

The principles of this mole-eyed fanaticism are as subversive of free institutions as is the political corruption so scathingly rebuked in certain localities by the latest votes of the people. Both have been scotched — not killed — by the recent manifestation of the popular will; the death of both must and shall be compassed when the nation is thoroughly aroused.

Meanwhile, the Catholic duty of the hour is to aid in the purification of

politics and public life, by applying Catholic principles, especially that one which underlies the Seventh Commandment to the conduct and control of municipal, state, and federal office. Were all Catholic politicians true to the spirit and teachings of their faith, the braggart voice of the A. P. A. might rave in vain, and its tyranny would pass dishonored and beaten from the politics of the country.

Groups of incensed Jews, in several great cities of the land, took occasion to make the death of the late Czar an occasion of rejoicing and thanksgiving. Though the Jews have been brutally persecuted in Russia, death is too solemn to be made a cause of hilarity, however great the provocation. Even Russian Czars can safely be trusted to the hands of Providence. However much or little these unseemly rejoicings may have represented the feelings of the more intelligent and circumspect classes among the Hebrew population, we are reminded of the humanizing teachings of Christianity, as compared with those of the old dispensation, which demanded an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Moreover, the spirit of Christianity will serve to call out the best rather than the worst instincts in the new Czar. He is naturally and constitutionally on the side of peace and mildness. Though his father was intolerant to Roman Catholics, the Holy Father was among the first to express condolence after his death. This is the spirit of the new gospel brought to humanity by our blessed Saviour. It is mightier than czars, and conquers tyrants without inflaming their ire.

"Labor has its rights," said Cardinal Gibbons in a recent sermon on "Labor," "chief among which is the privilege of organizing and forming into societies, calling themselves mutual protective societies. When corporations combine it is quite natural for the laboring man to follow their example." But it does not follow from this, as His Eminence proceeded to show, that strikes are always judicious or even just. This fact has been recently emphasized by the return of the Fall River operatives to work, and by the vote of the West End Railroad employés in Boston, not to resort to extreme measures for the redress of grievances until all other means have been exhausted.

From statistics furnished by Carroll D. Wright, of the eight years ending Dec. 1, 1888, we find that the loss to employés by strikes amounted to nearly $73,000,000, while the employers lost only one half this amount. Let us hope that good times are now in prospect. Both parties in Congress are pledged to let the tariff alone, and both, in their eagerness to get on top, have promised us an era of great prosperity. If there is any potency in politics to give us good times we ought to have them now.

The tide in the affairs of women, which has mounted so many of the feminine profession on the bicycle, the rostrum, and the ballot-box, has not yet reached its flood. There is gnashing of teeth in their New York circles that luck did not give them a constitutional amendment this year, which has given so many other unexpected things to people who watch the boiling of the political pot. When the convention met in Albany to invent new means of annoying the peaceable inhabitants of the state, the ladies of the suffrage

movement were on hand to annoy the delegates. They were told that these gentlemen were favorable to the great cause, but as there was little likelihood of success for anything the convention would enact, it might injure the cause of woman suffrage to insist just then upon an amendment. The women went in to win, however, but failed to get on the proper pressure. The convention turned a cold shoulder to them, and they went home with the pleasant prediction of political prophets that the convention would not be successful anyhow, for David Bennett Hill was certain to overthrow its amendments. Alas! he did nothing of the kind. The work of the constitutional convention was adopted at the polls. All kinds of reform secured an amendment more or less harmless, while the one great cause was left with only the bitter sorrow of an opportunity lost, and it will not come again for twenty years.

WHAT is wrong with the people of the United States? Four times in six years they have changed the political complexion of the executive or legislative departments of the federal government, and with such emphasis, in the shape of tremendous majorities, that one is tempted to forget the pleasures of victory in wonder at the meaning of these frequent wide swings of the pendulum. It looks as if the people, who are led by their feelings more than by their reason, in despair of relief for hard conditions, were rushing like children from one friend to another in the vain hope of getting help by violent change. Peoples in healthy social condition do not act with such violence. They change administrations slowly, and usually by small majorities. They are comfortable enough to afford the luxury of debate and consideration, to delay approach to change. We all know the unfortunate state of farmers in various parts of the West; the failure to get living wages in the manufacturing and mining centres of the East; and the steady decrease in the rate of wages whether one party or another be in power. Are these the reasons, the causes of frequent and violent change, which comes as unexpectedly to the administration as to the opposition? It is a matter worth inquiry. If the two historic parties have come to that pass that they can no longer give us a regime which will command the confidence and respect of the people beyond two years, then the time has come for them to retire. Our leaders are already beginning to argue another swing of the pendulum for two years hence: it ought to be made a swing that would put an end to unrest for ten years to come.

THE school children of Rochester, N. Y., killed 8,500,000 caterpillars during the past summer, as the result of big prizes offered by the Genesee Valley Forestry Association. Many of them spent their vacations in killing these insects, whereby to capture the $650 offered in prizes for the best killing records. Though the destruction of the caterpillars was a very proper object, it is questionable whether such encouragement of the killing instinct in children is to be recommended. The instincts of our nomadic ancestors, whose chief occupation was hunting and killing, are still latent in their successors. In that age the methods of punishment and execution were cruel and barbarous and the humanities of

Christianity little known. It would seem to be very unwise to bring the old instincts to the surface again in children, even for the best purposes. If caterpillars are to be killed or other pests hunted for, children are not the proper agents of extermination.

The University at Washington has announced the regular publication of a quarterly bulletin which is intended to keep the world informed of the passing history of that institution. The authorities have their own ideas as to what such a publication should be, but are ready at the same time to hear what the outside world thinks of the project, and even to consider suggestions. No doubt, it will be in a measure a learned affair, and so the prospectus states: if, in addition, it provides the interested with a faithful and useful account of what is going on among the faculty and students each quarter, what they are doing, saying, attempting, it will satisfy a long-felt want with regard to a most mysterious place of learning. In some parts of this country it is known only through the denunciations of its enemies. Its friends must go to Washington to learn the conditions of its existence. The names of its faculty are not known intimately even to the interested; and the general public hardly feel conscious of its existence. It would be helpful to the University if its officials steadily cultivated the press, and found some means of keeping us all acquainted with the hundred interesting matters which make up daily life in so great an institution. The new Bulletin ought to be before all things a distributer of University news.

We commend to the earnest perusal of educators the strong plea made in Donahoe's this month by Mr. Ray Greene Huling for a removal of some of the obstacles to the entrance of high school graduates into the colleges of the country. Mr. Huling is head master of the Cambridge high school, and his essay is the utterance of the latest and wisest thought upon a subject that has engaged the attention of teachers for the past 10 years. Doctor Huling is Secretary of the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools, and his ideas as expressed in this article were made the subject of commendatory addresses at the association's recent annual meeting in Boston, by President Eliot of Harvard College, President Walker of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Professor Ephraim Emerton of Harvard, President Hyde of Bowdoin College, and several other prominent educators.

This Magazine learns with deep sorrow of the death, on Oct. 16, of one of its most esteemed contributors, Rev. Denis B. Collins, of West Winfield, N. Y. He will be long remembered by our readers for his graceful poems, one of which, "His Reverence the Priest," was widely copied by the press. Father Collins was born in Ireland 33 years ago, and came to this country at the age of 21. After graduating from St. Charles' College, Maryland, and being ordained to the priesthood in 1888, at St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, he was appointed assistant to Rev. Father Sheehan, at St. Patrick's Church, West Troy, remaining there four years. Two years ago he became pastor of St. Joseph's Church at West Winfield. Father Collins was an intimate friend of John Boyle O'Reilly. At the time of his death he had in preparation a a book of poems which he intended publishing during the coming year.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

Saintly Lives.

THE LIFE OF JOHN GABRIEL PERBOYRE, a priest of the Lazarist congregation, is a very interesting one from many points of view, and might have been made more interesting for Americans, had the translation from the French been better done, and the translator been allowed to adapt the chapters to American comprehension. It is an undoubted fact, blamable or not, critics do not say, that the details which go to make up sanctity in one nation are misunderstood, sometimes, ridiculous, in another. The inexperienced will laugh at some things which in France excite wonder and edification, and they will find many of these things in the volume devoted to the happy and useful career of Father Perboyre, now declared Blessed, and therefore entitled to a place on our altars. His history was brief but glorious. In the short space of thirty-nine years, he won distinction as a clever student, a successful professor, a noble priest, a good administrator and educator, and a daring missionary; this career he crowned by giving his life up for God in the mission field of China a half century ago. With a subject like this an author should not fail to win distinction; but in this case the translation indicates failure, not wholly due to the translator. A good portrait is given of the martyr, and the details of his career are set forth with fidelity. There is an undoubted charm in the story besides; b ut there is neither point not picturesqueness in its presentation. The mortification which the martyr loved pursued him in his biography. Very few of the writers who take up the lives of the saints are at all fitted to describe them to this age. Cardinal Newman was a master in describing the saints. Healy Thompson does this work well. Cardinal Capecelatro has given us a finely competent life of St. Philip Neri. They work upon a simple principle: That the human in the saint should never be lost sight of, and the average inability to understand a saint be always kept in mind. Ordinary readers dread the lives of the saints, not knowing it is the biographer's method which should be blamed. No romance can surpass the life of the least saint; but either a saint or a Feval should write it. However this volume makes good reading, and will be welcomed. [Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.]

THE LIFE OF MARY MONHOLLAND, a Sister of Mercy, by a member of her Order, is a more natural book than the preceding: probably because the author was not writing the life of a martyr or a saint, but of a holy woman who worked hard and well for her people and her Master. It is a pleasant account of the hardships a pioneer nun met on the frontier, in the district now occupied by Chicago. Incidentally some curious and interesting anecdotes are given, which show how interesting in detail must have been the life of Miss Monholland. As for instance the allusions to the services of the Sisters during the war, the story of the young sculptor who became a Catholic through chiselling a head of the Virgin, and died just after finishing it, the twelve hours spent by Bishop Duggan in the condemned cell with a Missouri outlaw, locked in by accident and forgotten, and other matters. Readers will be surprised to hear how much of the glory lavished on Florence Nightingale was really due to the forgotten Sisters of Mercy, who worked by her side in the Crimea. The book is very interesting, though a few statements might have been properly omitted, and the style would have stood polishing. Faults which can be overlooked in the remarkable absence of eulogy from the book. [Chicago: J. S. Hyland & Co.]

The Story-Tellers.

AN explanation for the multitude of novels pouring monthly from the press may be found in the fact that, in reading, as in digestion, the elements of nutrition must be accompanied in their journey through the body by much waste matter, such as vegetables in great part provide. As we have become a nation of readers, it is only natural that much waste reading should accompany the solid, nutrient productions of scholars. Hence the crowd of novels, and hence too the willingness of clever writers like Marion Crawford to furnish any amount of waste entertaining material, as their readers will buy it. This author's latest, LOVE IN IDLENESS, is a pretty story of Bar Harbor, fit to while away an hour, and not worth more than the statement that Mr. Crawford wrote it. The number of these waste novels which he is writing will make it easy for the proper kind of publishers to keep us supplied with Crawford novels long after he has gone to his rest, as was done in the case of the authoress of Dora Thorne. [New York: Macmillan & Co.]

This judgment cannot be passed on Mary Hartwell Catherwood, who has made name and many friends by her beautiful and able stories of life in ancient Quebec. She has risen steadily in power, finish, and interest, until her latest book, THE CHASE OF ST. CASTIN AND OTHER TALES, is simply fascinating. It is a collection of border tales, loosely connected by means of the characters,

and breathing the very spirit of Canadian life in the ancient time. The pathos of these stories is delicate and penetrating, the sentiment delicious and true. Miss Catherwood is in love with her Canadians. [Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

The revival of Herman Melville's once famous stories will hardly be appreciated by the well-wishers of our literature. Forty years ago his four best books, now republished, TYPEE, OMOO, MOBY DICK, and WHITE JACKET, enjoyed considerable popularity. They are stories of the South Seas, and of life on whaling vessels and war-ships, well written, pungent, full of curious incident, and with many opportunities for an illustrator. The young would not read them, however, as the style is suited to mature minds only, and the elders would get out of patience with the author for the strong undercurrent of suggestion that runs through the descriptions of life among the natives of Polynesia. Melville was highly thought of in his day, but his popularity waned and deservedly. The rude power of description he possessed has been surpassed again and again by less popular writers. Libraries will do without his books to the advantage of young readers. [New York: United States Book Co.]

Paul Bourget has written the STORY OF A SAINT with a sympathetic hand, and few will read the charming story without tears. It has a value in it that gives a view of what Italian spoliation of the monasteries meant in recent years. The old monk in charge of a deserted convent is the saint, and two other characters serve to display his saintship. Bourget's conclusion is that the age of miracles is not yet passed, but that saints are scarce, which to arrive at, he gives the details of his stay at the convent under charge of the old monk whom destiny has left to suffer amid the ruins of the past. The publishers have paid the story the tribute of fine press-work. [Boston: Roberts Bros.]

A very superior order of story is that told in unconventional fashion by Alyn Yates Keith in A HILLTOP SUMMER. Two young ladies settle down for a vacation in a quiet, old-fashioned country place, and make acquaintance with their neighbors. In a pleasant, easy way the reader makes the same acquaintances, and while getting delightful glimpses of country roads, woods, brooks, and mountains, walking to meeting and to the post-office, taking tea here and there, learns the wonderful human history which belongs to every place where men live and die. Tears and laughter mingle in each chapter, and when the last is reached, one longs to search out Hilltop, make acquaintance with the characters and shed a few tears on the grave of Abner. The story is told so indirectly that until it is almost ended, there is hardly a suspicion of the author's intention. Although opposed to the multiplying of books, we beseech Alyn Yates Keith to give us another book on delightful Hilltop. [Boston: Lee & Shepard.]

Of the same character is DANVIS FOLKS, by Rowland E. Robinson. The story of the doings of common people, with their slang, mispronunciation, odd figures of speech, habits, and customs, is getting more popular in our time. The significance of it is large. The Danvis folks are the New England people of 50 years ago, and strangely enough there is a Canadian among them. His English might be better imitated, but the resemblance is close enough to draw a laugh from the experienced. [Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

In the matter of story-telling, however, let us all stand up and award the palm to Andrew Lang as the story-teller, par excellence. He has just issued his fourth book of fairy tales, the most charming collection of real and unreal wonder stories since the days of the actual Mother Goose. They are like mouthfuls of ice cream, each delicious and perfect in itself, and eloquent of the merits of successors. They begin right at the very door of the story, and close at the gate of the kitchen garden. Plums are princes, and princes are plums, much quicker than a modern revolution could change them. The birds, beasts, and fishes talk back to people, and have their opinion of all things, being ever kind to children. It takes art and power to write a story for children, which can hold the elders, while poking fun at them, and Mr. Lang has done it. He has only edited the stories, and this is the fourth, or yellow book, the others being red, green, and blue. The illustrations are nearly as fine as the tales, and altogether the children will be well provided for a whole winter with this happy collection. Thoughtful parents who are looking for books that will interest without injuring their little ones can turn to this series. The most indifferent child reader will surrender to the charm of these stories. [London: Longmans, Green & Co.]

LITTLE MISS FAITH, from the pen of Grace Le Baron, is a story for very small girls, and has its place in the world of books, otherwise the money-making publishers would never put it on the market. Its only justification is that the author knew the persons who would read it with benefit and pleasure, and felt that her work was not in vain. It has a pleasant lesson of patience in sickness, and of politeness and charity, and of loving generosity; and it flows along like a very little brook, beside which a timid little girl might play all day without getting cold or frightened or drowned. The pictures are pretty, and the publishers have done much to please the little readers of the little book.

Oliver Optic, our dear, commonplace old friend of thirty years, is still turning out his inexhaustible stories for young people, with as little pretension to style as in the days of his novitiate. His latest book is from the press of Lee & Shepard, and comes to the public in a dazzling binding of blue and gray,

with gilt stamps of G. A. R., and confederate veteran medals on the cover. The binding alone will force the most sceptical to open the book, which is one of the old time war-stories of the author, full of daring episodes, struggles for the Union, patriotic sentiment, and long dialogues intended to convey much information in a little space. The valuable feature of the present volume, whose title is BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER, is the descriptions of life in Kentucky during the war of the Rebellion. The scenes are placed on a plantation run by a New England farmer, who had succeeded to a fine estate, once owned by an elder brother. The change from the simple manners of a farm-house in the North to the comparative splendor of a slave-owner's life in the South, is taken very sensibly by the Lyon family, and the amusing situations resulting from the change are thoroughly appreciated. The war scenes are thick enough to suit the boy-readers, and the adventures arising from the struggle between brother and brother, between the two political elements in the state, are most exciting. Perhaps a Southern boy could not read the book with equanimity, since the villains are too often Southern people, but Oliver Optic has made a sincere effort to be fair to all parties, and with a few wry faces now and then, the boy whose sympathies lie south of the line might feel interested.

The illustrations in PULLMANTOWN (Kerr & Co., Chicago), would destroy all chances of popularity for the best story ever written. If the people in the famous town of Pullman resemble their pictures — if George Pullman looks like the drawing of him in this story of social conditions, then no one need wonder at all the misfortunes that have befallen the workers and their lord. They deserved them. Pullman could not continue to cumber the earth, with employers and workpeople, whose proportions are an outrage on the average human form, and whose expression, even with their backs turned, tempt every observer to do them bodily harm. The story itself is harmless, sketchy, almost foolish. The writer has lived in Pullman, and there is a sincerity about the sketches of life among the poor people that makes up in part for their incompleteness. It is possible to write a very strong book, story, or essay, on the conditions prevailing in the model town of the west, but no writer has yet attempted it. This STORY OF PULLMANTOWN, by Nico Bech-Myer, is only exasperating. It tells nothing. The correspondents of the daily journals told more in their hasty letters during the recent strike. The author writes well, and could have given us an interesting book. If she again takes up the pen on this subject, let her first provide for the incarceration of her illustrators. They ought not to be allowed at large, unless to take pictures of Mr. Pullman.

MY LADY ROTHA is one of Stanley Weyman's stories which have lately risen into popular favor deservedly. The author's popularity is one expression of the revolt against Black, and the wild school that routed him from the market with the abominations of Sarah Grand and others. We who are tired of analysis, who desire to enjoy ourselves as with old friends, who wish to leave the present, and to get out into the romantic past, find Weyman and his stories the pleasantest conveyance from now to anywhere. He has the cleverness to handle delicate themes without wounding sensibilities. The periods and places chosen by him for delineation so far, cover treacherous ground. The religious disturbances, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, are easy only to the partisan hand in writing, and one might well offend either party, or limit his own audience to a sect; but Weyman offends not at all. He has the skill of the journalist in letting certain things alone. We get the story, and only suspect the differences that lie beneath. The historical side of the present story is Protestant, but no offence can be taken at its presentation by the Catholic, while the interest is heightened by the difference of religious views among the chief characters. Needless to say, the story is charming, and not to be laid aside until read. The character of My Lady Rotha is sweet and attractive, and her fidelity to the faith, with the generous devotion of her Protestant follower who tells the story, and lets no difference of religion interfere with his affection, will please all Catholics.

Fog and Nonsense.

There is much to be learned from the vagaries of our literary fellow-men, from the odd, sometimes painful, often laughable mixture of truth and error, style and insipidity, light and fog, which their writings embody. Here, for instance, are two volumes from the pen of Dr. Paul Carus, one a manual of philosophy, the other a statement and an explanation of fundamental problems, which bring a smile to the lips of the Catholic reader by the philosophic confusion reigning in them. The author is sure enough of his ground as far as his feet are concerned: he believes in all things that are, and particularly in Monism. He has no faith in Christianity except as its terms serve to express his own theories. He is one of a thousand teachers of contradictions, whose labors are only of use to the world, in that they keep a certain number of printers and booksellers in bread. As an illustration of philosophy in Chicago, and outside the church the books are good. [Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.]

Of the same character, but without either the honesty or ability of Dr. Carus, is a foolish creature, from the wild pen of C. W. Post, on the Science of Life, with the title I AM WELL! "Sickness, sin, and disease," says this writer, "are creations of the human

intellect:" and he has no use for any one or anything, from the Deity down, that would controvert his opening statement. He is more certain of its truth than a sound Catholic of the truth of a dogma. As the aim of the book is to show how disease may be cured, by convincing patients that disease does not exist, it can be understood how large a task he has on hand. To complete it he has drawn upon his imagination in serious questions, in a way to drive theologians and philosophers stark mad. [Boston: Lee & Shepard.]

Mr. Henry S. Salt has written a book on ANIMALS' RIGHTS from the standpoint of a materialist and has done it so thoroughly as far as the animals are concerned that one might fancy him a survival of the Egyptian fittest, — that is a member of the race that worshipped animals in ancient days. His argument is easily understood: animals are closely related to men in nature and destiny: therefore they are entitled to the best treatment consonant with their nature and destiny. Not believing in Mr. Salt's premises, we cannot too warmly condemn his conclusions. Let us be kind to the beast as becomes the humane, but let the differences between beast and man remain unconfounded. [New York: Macmillan & Co.]

As long as society is fairly smothered in books, the office of the Index is almost out of date. Formerly no one read a book after it had been placed on the Index: now it needs be placed on the Index to have it read, they say in France: and this bon mot has a bit of truth in it. For the multitude of good books is such that for variety some will read only those which the devil has touched up. Two stories entitled "Mollie Miller" and "Sirs, only Seventeen" are of the kind that help to discourage society in its efforts to read. One wonders why they were printed, being neither witty nor wicked only cheerfully stupid. And the illustrations in the first-named are hideous. [Boston: Lee & Shepard.]

New Music Received.

FROM Oliver Ditson & Co.: Voice—"Maidens who laughed thro' the Wines," words by Oliver Wendell Holmes, music by Sebastian B. Schlesinger; "The Night," duet; L. Mililotti. English version by M. J. Barnett; "Under Starry Skies," Christmas Song, violin obligata, by E. B. Story; "Thy Heart," words by L. W. Barquet, music by Henry J. Repp; "The Pastor's Daughter," words by M. A. Cuming, music by T. A. Darby; "Scotch Johnnie," words by Nina Layard, music by J. L. Molloy; "The Veteran's Dream," words and music by Gen. Luther Stephenson; "Springtime of the Heart," from the German, Fr. Von Wickede; "Confidence," sacred duet, Geo. B. Nevin; "Sleep On," serenade. F. E. Parker; "A Benediction," O. Barri; "The Song of Songs," low voice, arranged from Balfe, Victor Vane; "The Hum of Bees," words by Marion Haig, music by J. L. Molloy; "Immortal Harp," from "Sappho," Ch. Gounod. English version by J. M. Barnett; "Give me the Good Old Farm again," song and chorus, by Harry Chase; "I won't go up to Riley's any More," Andy Shay.

For the piano—"Lottie Polka," G. W. Ulrich; "Dainty Fingers," waltz, S. G. Pratt; "Single File," march, S. G. Pratt; "The Merry Coaching Party," B. C. Klein; "Pollywog," waltz, S. G. Pratt; "Fluttering Butterflies," concert piece, C. Bohm; "A Mexican Village Scene," B. C. Klein; "A Prelude," S. G. Pratt; "Sword and Saddle," Cavalry march, P. Wachs; "Sunset Reverie," Richard Goerdeler; "Gallant Troopers," M. Cannan; "Superba," lancers, T. H. Rollinson; "Mine Ever," waltz, U. J. Alsdorf; "Harvest Moon Schottische," J. H. Rayder; "Constancy," romance, Wm. Fink; "A Doll's Dance," S. G. Pratt; "Electric Storm," Galop, by L. Kessler.

For the mandolin—"Of Thee I am Thinking," Strelezki; "Pas de Quartre," Lutz; "La Cachercha," (Gondoliers) Sullivan.

For the voice—"Love, Come back to Me," John F. Gilder; "Make Believe," soprano in A, by P. A. Schnecker; "Across the Still Lagoon," soprano and alto, Henri Logé; "Lullaby," from "Jocelyn," alto or baritone, B. Godard; "Private Tommy Atkins," S. Potter; "Dolly's Lament," C. D. Arnold; "Life's too Short to Growl," Felix McGlennon;

White-Smith Music Publishing Co: Voice—"In my Dreams," Louis Campbell-Tipton; "Sunset Hour," H. Leston; "Madrigal Duet," soprano and tenor, F. E. Sawyer; 23d Psalm, quartette, male voices, Herbert Johnson.

For the Piano—"Ferdinand and Isabella," march, Louis Campbell-Tipton; for violin and piano "Villanelle," R. Stretti.

"The Lord's Prayer," mixed quartette, M. H. Andrews; "Farewell, Oh Beauteous Night," Harold Leston; "The Arrow and the Song," duet, Frank E. Sawyer; Gavotte for violin and piano, R. Stretti; "Feu des Sylphis," morceau de salon, Wilhelm Lege; "Danse Antique," B. Godard.

A Valuable Addition

to the culinary list is Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream, an absolutely pure, unsweetened condensed milk so carefully prepared that it keeps indefinitely, and is always available for every recipe calling for milk or cream.

W. S. MALTBY, the world-renowned trick and fancy rider, is making a trip to the Pacific coast in the interest of the Keating Wheel Co., of Holyoke, Mass., returning via the southern states. Mr. Maltby will give exhibitions on his Keating bicycle and establish agencies in all the principal cities.

Do you wish to know how to have no steam, and not half the usual work on wash day? Ask your grocer for a bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and the directions will tell you how. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this new department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith and God's Church that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the 8th of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington street, Boston, Mass."]

A Chicago reader writes: We Catholics believe that the Pope is infallible in matters of faith and morals, but not in civil affairs; if the Pope declared a certain question to be a matter of morals, which to us appeared to be a civil one, are we obliged to accept his decision?

Certainly, for we are not the judges of the judge, a kind of superior court which can limit his jurisdiction at our own convenience. In the civil courts of supreme rank, such as the supreme court of the United States, there resides the power to decide what questions may properly be brought before these tribunals for adjudication. This is very proper and reasonable; because, although the sphere of these courts is defined by the state constitution or by precedent, it is manifestly impossible for constitution or precedent to make immediately evident every case that belongs to the supreme court. There will be reasonable doubt in many questions whether a state court, or a court of minor jurisdiction, would not be competent to decide them; and often they may not be brought to court at all, but sent to the government departments for settlement. Therefore, the supreme courts can determine what matters are proper to be brought before them; and this is as much their right as to give judgment. In the same way it belongs to the infallible Pope in matters of faith and morals, both to decide the right and wrong of questions, and to determine what questions come under his jurisdiction. The Pope is the executive of the Church, the legislator, and the judge. His court is of last resort. Its decisions are binding forever in faith and morals; and no matter how a question appears to us, the decision of his court ends all discussion. The same thing occurs in the supreme courts of the nations; their decisions, though certainly fallible in fact, in practice are made practically infallible. They are mostly irrevocable. Beaten or victorious in the supreme court, one is beaten or victorious forever in the particular question. Catholics who can so regard a civil decision, often find it hard to accept a papal decision with equanimity; although faith tells them that the latter is absolutely without defect, never to be reversed, while the former may be overturned by history, legislation, or a change of judges. The question of our correspondent is interesting, because it names the method which insincere Catholics will employ to avoid the consequences of a papal decision. They will deny the jurisdiction of the court, and assert that the question submitted was purely of a civil character, not concerned with faith and morals. Our correspondent can easily foresee the consequences of such action. Once admit that the court cannot decide what questions should be brought before it, and you assume the existence of a superior power which can absolutely distinguish civil from doctrinal and moral questions. The Pope would no longer be the supreme court of the Church. A curious phase of this question is the attempt of partisans to turn a question of method or discipline, upon which the Pope has passed judgment, into a question of doctrine or morals; thus placing their opponent in the attitude of heretics and rebels. Eng-

lish churchmen have tried this method upon the Irish hierarchy two or three times in the last decade, and have caused much trouble without winning any laurels. Between partisans who claim an infallible decision where none existed, and partisans who deny jurisdiction where doctrine or morals is really concerned, there is evident room for large trouble at any time.

A Charlestown reader asks why incense is used in the ceremonies of the Church, and what is its origin in that connection.

The burning of perfumed gums is a custom nearly if not as old as the human race. Where it began would be hard to say, for it is found in the social, political, and religious ceremonies of Oriental nations as far back as their history goes. In our day one of the ceremonies in common use among wealthy orientals, when receiving distinguished visitors, is to wash the visitor's hands and incense him in the vestibule. In the very earliest history of the Hebrews, we read of the use of incense in their religious ceremonies. The Egyptians also used it. The Greeks and Romans had the same custom. In the trials of persons suspected of professing Christianity, a popular god of the Roman empire had his statue close to the seat of judgment, with a small brazier of live coals opposite. To cast a few grains of incense on these coals was looked upon by the court as an act of worship to the god, and the Christian performing this rite was liberated usually, and heartily condemned as a sinner by his Christian brethren. The significance of the ceremony in our Catholic sanctuaries is two-fold: having been used in the great temple of Jerusalem where alone the one God was rightly worshipped, its use has descended by right to the Catholic temples, where alone the one God is rightly worshipped through His Divine Son; and the sweet perfume ascending to heaven from the burning coals, typifies the virtue which should rise like perfumes to God from hearts burning with love for Him.

An æsthetic inquirer from Chicago writes that "the bishops, priests, and nuns of the present day seem fond of doing odd things; for example, she knows one or two bishops who write poetry, a nun who writes novels, and a priest who rides a bicycle; are not these occupations at variance with the dignity of their state, and with their usefulness in their vocation?"

Hardly. The poets, novelists, etc., would surely maintain that these acts are worthy the attention of the Pope, and glorious enough to make kings and queens better rulers by their intelligent cultivation. The Pope writes poetry; the genial Archbishop of Halifax writes novels; Henry George rides a bicycle. The essential thing seems to be to do these things well. A bishop who wrote bad poetry, a nun who wrote novels like Dora Thorne, a priest who rode a bicycle like Pharthon rode in Apollo's chariot, — would set us all a weeping; for if miserable performance meet with ridicule in ordinary persons, what disgust and dejection would not all suffer at the appearance of the wretched poem from the bishop, the slobbery novel from the nun, and the crazy bicycle steered by a priest! But when these things are done well, what cause for complaint need even an æsthete have? Rather should not his heart expand at sight of these accomplishments in the religious we all respect and love? Have we not all rejoiced in reading Newman's verses that he was a cardinal, in weeping over Faber's hymns that he was a priest, in studying the wonderful Callista and Fabiola that their authors were of the hierarchy? What a new flavor tickled our palates in reading Neiel to know that the author was a Dominican nun! As to the bicycle, how much better that the good priest should have the wheel outside of him than gyrating in his stomach or his head! And we are assured that for any one, lay or cleric, whom dyspepsia is worrying, the pneumatic tire, revolving on a good road, is fatal to the tireless procession in a defective stomach or an overworked brain. Our correspondent might be shocked to read in history that bishops,

priests, and nuns of other days did odd things in their time. St. Francis de Sales wore silk and satin and a beard; the Sulpician priest, Olier, wore a delicate moustache and goatee; the Primate of Armagh, according to Lingard, travelled on foot to Dublin, leading the cow that provided his table with milk; Pius IX. carried a bandanna handkerchief, of great size, through the most solemn ceremonial, and took snuff; why, then, should not a priest ride a bicycle, a bishop write poems, and a nun write novels? We might not like the bicycle among the hierarchy, or among the nuns; yet the Popes rode on mules, and other bishops have honored the donkey: so you have a precedent for the bicycle. One must not be too æsthetic in matters of relative importance. When the bishop, the priest, the nun, look for such relaxation as the law allows, the poem, the novel, and the bicycle are in the highest degree proper means of amusement.

An inquirer from Philadelphia asks if the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore decreed permission to Catholics to join the society known as the Knights of Pythias, or if Mgr. Satolli granted such permission.

Neither the Council nor the Delegate have touched this matter. There has been newspaper talk about joining societies outside the Church, and Catholics have been misled by the reports in the journals. The propriety of permitting Catholics to join societies of such character as the Knights of Pythias has often been discussed by the bishops without any particular result, except to urge the Catholic body to form their own organizations, and to have as little to do as possible with societies that ape religious forms, and become in some manner sects with ritual of their own. The Freemasons, however, are the only society of this sort forbidden by name to Catholics, and on this score it is maintained in various quarters that membership in the Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, and other societies is not attended with ecclesiastical penalties other than those inflicted by the bishop of each diocese. The general sentiment is against the affiliation of Catholics with other than the most harmless organizations, which are numerous today and easily known.

A lady from Kansas inquires as to the precise dates when the sacrament of penance and the season of Lent were introduced into the Church.

Penance, like the other sacraments, was instituted by our Lord, and it is by His ordinance, not by the command of men, that every Christian is bound to confess his sins to a priest, the representative of Christ, in order to receive the graces of the sacrament. These graces are the forgiveness of sins committed, and special strength to resist temptation thereafter. The adversaries of the Church have again and again tried to prove that confession is an invention of the priesthood; they argue that because no mention of auricular confession is found in Christian writers of the second century, therefore it must have been invented by designing men. The faultiness of the reasoning is evident. There is much yet to be learned as to the habits and customs of remote centuries, and until those centuries are fully known, it will be pouring water into a sieve to declare that such and such customs did not exist in those times. Meanwhile the antiquarians and archæologists, the students of ancient times and other investigators, find in wall paintings and carvings of the early centuries many proofs that confession was practised by the early Christians; we know by faith that it must have been as well known to them as to us, because it was instituted in its present and everlasting perfection by Christ Himself. The custom of celebrating Lent began in the piety of the first Christians, who always strove to imitate the practices of the Saviour. His forty days' fast in the desert was their model, and individually and in bodies they entered upon that long period of repose, fasting, and prayer often three times in a year. It did not become a general law of the Church

until the fourth century perhaps. St. John Chrysostom wrote in the fourth century, that "as many persons used to come to the communion thoughtlessly, especially at the time of the year when Christ first gave it to His disciples, our forefathers appointed forty days for fasting, prayer, preaching, and holy assemblies, that all men being carefully purified by prayer, almsdeeds, fasting, watching, tears, and confession, might come with a pure conscience to the holy table." At one period in the history of Christianity, Lent and its fastings were highly ridiculed by the enlightened reformers of the world. Strangely enough in our day the season has again become popular, both among Christians and pagans, not only for its benefits to the souls of men, but because the medical men have found it a great help to the health of communities. The Catholic Church has never failed to observe it with all the exactness and devotion possible, and to-day the pagan world acknowledges her wisdom in that respect.

A Boston subscriber asks if waltzing is forbidden by the Church, and who first laid down the prohibition.

There is no law of the Church which forbids waltzing; prohibition of it is always local, either in the laws of a provincial council, or in the statutes of a diocese; and often the prohibition comes simply from the parish priest. The variations of opinion among ecclesiastics spring from the differing circumstances that surround the dancing of waltzes. In general, the close and continued contact of persons of opposite sexes required by the waltz has made churchmen suspicious of its modesty. The music, too, is more sensuous than the average dance music. In polite society, etiquette requires that the dancers have the lightest possible contact; the opposite rule prevails at our popular picnics and balls. Natural delicacy ought to be strong enough in woman at any age to prevent the ordinary exhibitions in waltzing, but it is not; so the Church leaders, the pastors of dioceses and parishes, whose knowledge of results in these matters goes deeper than the average, put a prohibition on a dance which too often offends Christian modesty and natural delicacy. The general response of dancers to the prohibition is, that they are unconscious of any harm in waltzing. That is undoubtedly true. But with the churchmen against them, and the strict rules of modesty and etiquette condemning the embrace of the waltz, it is better for them to do without a pleasure to which attaches so much odium, and perhaps actual danger to weaker souls.

"SPEAKING of Christmas presents," said Mrs. Bleacher White, to a company of her lady visitors, "my husband made me a present last year that, I'm sure, none of you can guess." Each made her guess; but no one came near the truth. At last, when the curiosity of her guests was excited to the highest pitch, Mrs. Bleacher White said, "Of course, you all remember what a condition my face used to be in with those horrid pimples and blotches."

The company politely affected ignorance, although she used to be known as Nutmeggrater White, on account of the roughness of her skin.

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Bleacher White. "You must have seen it. You couldn't help doing so. Why, sometimes I looked such a fright, I dare not go out of the house for days and days. Well, what should my husband do last Christmas, but bring me home half a dozen bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla!"

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla!" was echoed in various tones of surprise.

"Yes," continued the charming and vivacious hostess, "and I took it all. And now, behold the result! Not a pimple, nor blotch, nor mark to be seen. My husband declares that I look ten years younger, and all on account of his Christmas present."

Every lady silently determined, pimples or no pimples, to commence a course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla the very next day.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" relieve Throat Irritations caused by Cold or use of the voice. The genuine sold only in boxes.

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